A HANDBOOK

OF

ENGLISH HISTORY

BY

M. J. GUEST

REVISED AND ADAPTED BY

F. H. UNDERWOOD, A.M.

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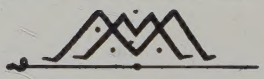
OF

ENGLISH HISTORY



ENGLAND AND HER DEPENDENCIES, 1878.

A HANDBOOK

OF

ENGLISH HISTORY

BASED ON

THE LECTURES OF THE LATE M. J. GUEST

AND

BROUGHT DOWN TO THE YEAR 1880

WITH A

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER UPON ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY

FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD, A.M.
AUTHOR OF HANDBOOKS OF "ENGLISH LITERATURE," ETC.

WITH MAPS, TABLES, ETC.

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PREFACE.

GUEST'S "Lectures on English History" were prepared for the "College for Men and Women" in London, and apparently were printed substantially as they were delivered. As regards style they have the merits and faults of compositions intended for oral delivery; but in substance they are of the highest order of excellence. For its compass, Guest's History is the most interesting, impartial, complete, and satisfactory ever published. It is written from ample knowledge; and the treatment is original, — presenting the topics and events in a fresh and entertaining way. It rejects the common abstracts and digests of previous writers, and is largely filled with citations from the old chroniclers, taking the reader back to the original sources of information. It recognizes the progress of civil and religious liberty, and looks to the future with hope. It is praiseworthy for its serene, Christian spirit, its sympathy with the oppressed, its high ideals of justice and social order, and for the absence of the feeling of caste, which makes so many English books offensive to American readers. It will not take the place of the larger works, such as those of Hume, Macaulay, Freeman, Lingard, Froude, and Green, but it gives as much detail as can be available in schools, and it will be a valuable addition to any private library. The author was a friend and admirer of the lamented Green, but he had clear and original views of his own.

The matter was considered extremely valuable for the public schools of the United States, but it was evident that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to use the book as a text-book in the form in which it appeared. The author wrote as an Englishman for English readers, and the whole point of view would need to be changed. The American pupil cannot speak of "our army," "our laws," or "our gracious Queen." Equally inappropriate would be the author's natural expressions of gratulation for auspicious events, and the occasional outbursts of national pride. Those who are the inheritors of English blood have a just pride in whatever is good and great in English history; but our view of affairs must be from this side of the Atlantic, and from the stand-point of democracy. To change all this would require a frequent rewriting of sentences.

The oral method of Mr. Guest, moreover, had its disadvantages. The fulness of phrase which is so necessary for a listener may become an unpleasant redundancy for a reader. There is no occasion for encumbering a printed sentence with superfluous words. Mr. Guest seemed also to carry the notion of simplicity to an extreme; and in the endeavor to avoid a learned vocabulary he often made use of tedious circles of little words, which gave a painful impression of "letting down" to the presumed capacity of learners.

When these two main objections were duly considered, it was found necessary to rewrite the history; and in this way the work has been somewhat condensed, without omitting important facts or apposite comments.

Mr. Guest did not continue his narrative beyond the reign of George III.; in fact, there is little mention of events after the battle of Waterloo; and, to make the work more complete, chapters have been added, bringing the history down to 1880, and concluding with a concise survey of English Literature during the present century. In some places new matter has been added, — as, for instance, upon Dun-

stan and Henry VIII.; but all additions, including the editor's notes, are carefully distinguished.

The treatment to which the original work has been subjected may appear at first blush harsh and ungracious, and it was undertaken with sincere reluctance. But the merits were so many and so great, and the difficulties in the way of its general use so obvious and decisive, that it was deemed, on the whole, necessary and praiseworthy to place the author's original methods and his noble and humane views in an acceptable form before the youth of this country.

The useful maps have been retained, and another, showing the Saxon kingdoms in the tenth century, has been borrowed from Freeman's.

Owing to the decease of Mr. Guest there was no opportunity to confer with him upon the subject of this revision.

F. H. U.

Boston, July 29, 1885.

PREFACE

TO THE ORIGINAL WORK.

In these days of many books it seems necessary to give a few words of apology or explanation for venturing to add another to the number, especially on a subject already so well worked as to be almost trite. The only apology I can offer is, that in writing these Lectures I had no most distant intention of making a book. They were genuine Lectures, given week by week to a class of students in the College for Men and Women in Queen Square.

My pupils and I having wandered for some time in the intricate mazes of modern English Grammar, and finding the study somewhat barren, I proposed that we should turn our attention to English History, as likely to bring more interest, variety, and fruitfulness to our work. When I began to prepare the lessons, I found indeed innumerable books, but no book, no one book, which was not either too learned, too copious, too trivial, or too condensed for my exact purpose. I had neither power nor ambition to bring new materials, but I had to choose and shape afresh those already so bountifully provided, in order to reach my aim, which was to awaken a real and vivid interest in so noble a study as that of the life and growth of England through 2000 years.

Whilst owning obligations to so many, I may, perhaps, be permitted to express my special indebtedness to Mr. Green, not only for the constant guidance of his most original and

delightful "History of the English People," but also for his valuable suggestions as to the authorities most helpful in the study of each period.

It seemed likely that others might have felt a need similar to my own, and that the Lectures might be useful to readers as well as hearers.

A point which, perhaps, needs explanation, is the large number of quotations and extracts I have given. My reason for doing this was the great desire I felt to induce my pupils to read for themselves; to enjoy individually the same delight which I found in the old literature of our country; to live themselves back as far as possible into the very times of which we were speaking; to breathe the same air, think the same thoughts, feel the same feelings as our fathers had done.

To read or hear the facts, opinions, and inferences gleaned by another person from those old books, is like reading travels in unknown lands, and seeing them with the traveller's eyes; but to study the old books themselves is like travelling in those lands and seeing them with our own. The very first advice my book is meant to enforce is — Read, read for yourselves.

If I may seem occasionally to abate somewhat of the respect due from a writer to his unknown readers, my excuse must be, that in preparing these lectures for the press, I have never been able to forget the kindly faces of the dear friends and pupils who surrounded me when they were first given, and who made my work so truly a labor of love.

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GUEST'S ENGLISH HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

PRE-HISTORIC ENGLAND.

Pre-historic England and its inhabitants. The palæolithic period—man and the contemporary animals. The neolithic period. The bronze period.

The history of England should begin with an account of the country as it was when man first appeared upon the scene. In the first period the land which now forms the British Isles was joined to the mainland of Europe. (See map.) It is clear from the enormous spaces covered with ice which we see in this map, that it must have been much colder then than it is now. But though we have now no snowy mountains, and no glaciers, England is in the same latitude as Labrador, which is now as cold as Greenland and Iceland; and it is well known to physical geographers that England was formerly in a somewhat similar condition.

In spite of the cold there were a very great number of animals living in England at that time, which are now found only in the Zoological Gardens. There were two kinds of elephants; two kinds of rhinoceroses; lions larger than those now living in Asia and Africa; bears equal in size to large horses; huge hyænas, hippopotamuses, bisons, reindeer; very large stags and elks, besides many other smaller animals. The proof of this is that in a great many parts of England, in very old caves, and buried in very old gravel, the bones, horns, teeth, and tusks of these creatures have been found in large numbers. Anatomists are able to distinguish the bones and teeth of different animals with perfect certainty.

The animals.

This seems to prove very clearly that England could not then have been an island. For these great creatures could not have got over the sea. They could not have swum so far; and it is certain, even if men had come across in boats, they would not have wanted to bring these fierce wild beasts with them. Another evidence is that in many parts of the sea, between England and the Continent, there have been dredged up bones and teeth of the same animals, which had lived and died in those parts when they were still dry land. And the same sorts of bones, tusks, etc., are found in great numbers on the mainland opposite to England. The sea is not very deep in any part of the German Ocean, and it is known by other proofs that sometimes land rises above the sea, and sometimes sinks below it.

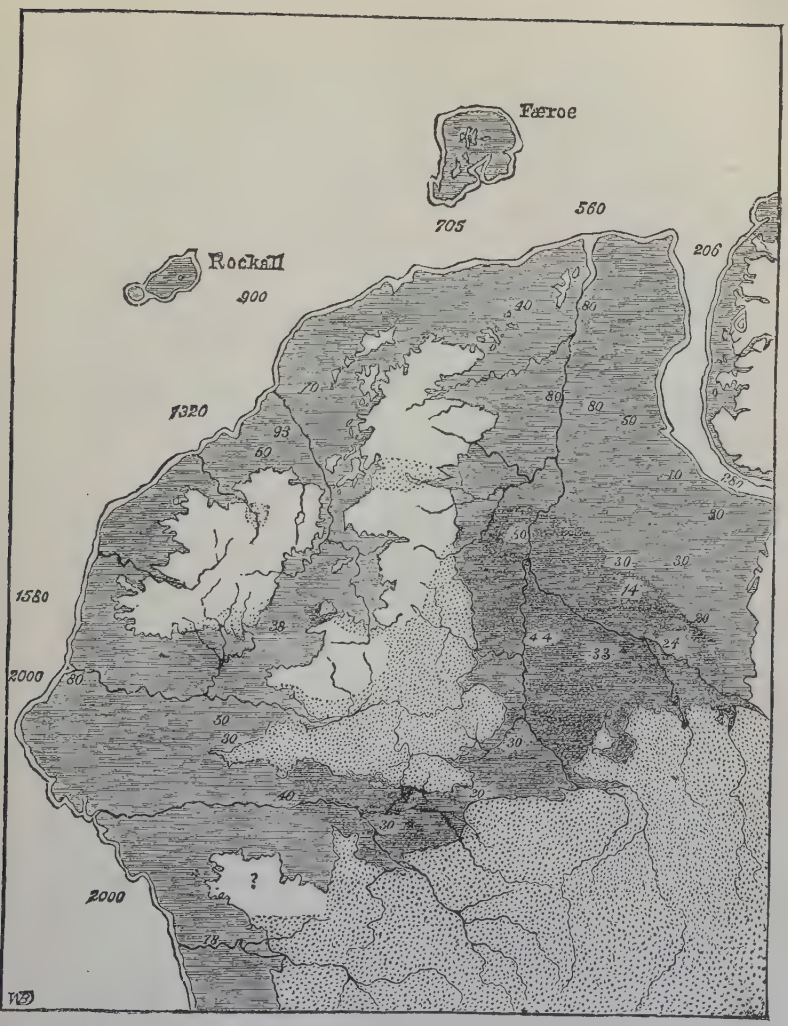
Amongst all these great, fierce, and strong animals, there was another remarkable animal living, much smaller than the lions and elephants, and apparently very helpless. This creature had a bare skin, with no fur, no wool, and very little hair. Which of these creatures was likely to be crushed, devoured, and stamped out first?

Yet that very one is living, triumphant lord and master; and the lions and elephants, the bears and the hyænas, are gone forever out of England, and many of them out of the world.

That poor defenceless creature, though he had no horns nor claws, had what none of the others had — a marvellous power of *thought*, and a marvellous power of *improvement*. No other animal could come near him in that. And by thought and intelligence he subdued or survived all the others. Set in the midst of all these fierce enemies, and so helpless, he thought of what no brute has ever in the world thought of — he thought of making a tool; something that he could use instead of the weapons they had growing on them by nature. And though his first tools were very rude and rough, they were the wonderful beginning of all the innumerable things we have to help us in our works. Of course these wild savage men could not write to tell us of their tools, but we have just as good proof of them as we had of the existence of the elephants, for they are dug up in multitudes in the very same places where the horns and tusks are found, and may be seen in the museums.

Man.

These earliest tools were naturally made of stones, bones,



PHYSIOGRAPHY OF GREAT BRITAIN IN LATE PLEISTOCENE AGE.

Shaded area = Land now submerged. Dotted area = Region occupied by animals.
Plain area = Region occupied by glaciers.

or horns. Men had not yet, nor for a very long time after, the idea of working in metals. A man picked up a stone and shaped it to a point or a cutting edge; it could then be used as a hatchet, knife, an awl, or an arrow-head. He used it, no doubt, for all sorts of purposes, especially for killing animals and cutting up the flesh. But these ancient men could also make a peaceable tool, such as we use now — namely, a needle. Their needles were made of the bone of reindeer or horses, carefully smoothed and rounded on fragments of sandstone, and the eyes were neatly pierced with a sharp stone awl. As they had no thread, and knew nothing about spinning or weaving, they most likely wore clothes of skin, or the bark of trees, and threaded their needles for sewing them with the tendons of reindeer. Probably they used tendons also for bow-strings.

His first arts.

These savage men could also produce fire; for in the caves where they lived their old hearths have been discovered, and great quantities of charcoal. Most likely they roasted their meat, for they had not yet learned to make pots or sauce-pans. Nor had they learned to make houses; at least, all we can find out about their dwellings is, that they lived in caves when they could find them. As the hyænas, lions, and bears also liked the caves, we may be sure there were many fights who should get possession of them, and sometimes the men conquered, and sometimes the wild beasts. They had not yet learned to till the ground, but lived, as the lowest savages always do, only by hunting and fishing. They do not appear to have had any domestic animal, not even the dog.

They were fond of ornaments. The skeleton of one of these men has been found (though not in England) with *bracelets* of sea-shells round the arms and wrists, knees and ankles. They also adorned themselves with beads of coral and teeth of animals.

Stranger still, some of them could draw, or, as we should rather say, "engrave," or incise on pieces of bone or ivory.

One of those ancient artists made a picture of an elephant, such as lived at that time (now called a mammoth), which had a long hairy coat and mane. As no such elephants exist now in the world, we should have thought this a fancy of the artist, had it not been for the discovery, in Siberia, of the frozen bodies of some of the very same

animals, which had been buried in ice and frozen gravel for thousands of years, with the fur and hair still in good preservation.

The people who lived before history was written, and of whom we know nothing but from what they left behind them, are named after the tools they used. Those just described are called "palæolithic," meaning "ancient stone," because their tools were principally made of stone; and at this period were very different from those of the next set of people we know anything about.

These are called "neolithic," meaning "new stone." They were greatly improved in many ways from the palæolithic men. For one thing, they could make their tools much better. They still made them of stones; but they had learned to shape and polish them beautifully, so that they were far more convenient and useful.

The second period.

By this time the great wild beasts had disappeared; instead of lions and elephants, we find with the polished stone implements the remains of dogs, pigs, oxen, sheep, and goats. Very likely Britain was an island by this time, but was larger than it is now; for there were great forests growing where there is now sea. On many parts of the coast there may still be seen, at low water, the relics of these forests, stumps of large trees, etc., sunk beneath the sea. Most of the country was covered with rocks, forests, and morass, which afforded shelter to elks, bisons, and reindeer. Reindeer moss is still to be found growing on some of the old commons near London; at Keston, for instance.

The neolithic men had begun to be more civilized in their food. They seem to have eaten corn * and to have kept tame animals, instead of depending only on the chase. They ate beef, pork, and hares, also goats, horses, and dogs. Some learned men believe that they were cannibals, and ate human flesh also, but this cannot be proved. They had stone implements for crushing or grinding corn.

Improvement.

They had also learned two other great arts, though they were still very rude: the making of pottery, and spinning

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* Wheat, rye, or barley. "Corn," by which in the United States is meant maize, was first found in the Western Continent.

and weaving. Pieces of rough pottery are often found in their caves, and some pieces of woven stuff, either of straw or of flax, and also stone spindle-whorls.

As far as we can judge, though they sometimes lived in caves, they had also learned to make a rude kind of house. It was most likely the neolithic men who raised many of the mounds or tumuli, of which there are great numbers in England, as well as in other parts of Europe, and which are generally tombs. Many of them have been opened, and skeletons found in them. Sometimes they contain a large, hollow chamber, with walls of rough stones, and a stone passage leading to it. Within the chamber may be found a number of skeletons, sitting or crouching, just as they were buried. With the human beings were often buried the things which in life they valued most; with warriors, their weapons; with women, their ornaments. "When a great man died he was placed on his favorite seat, food and drink were set before him, his weapons placed by his side, his house was closed — sometimes to be opened again when his wife or children joined him."* So it seems that the tumuli may have been sometimes the real houses where the people had lived; and sometimes they were, perhaps, imitations of them. Many people think that both these and the palæolithic men showed a belief in the immortality of the soul by providing their dead with necessaries and pleasures. They probably thought that the weapons, food, etc., had a kind of spirit also, which would attend the spirit of the man after the death of his body.

The neolithic men were rather a small race — their skeletons show that they were about five feet five inches in height. The implements they could make were, among others, axes, wedges, chisels, hammers, poniards, and lance-heads. They could also make ornaments of gold.

After this we come to another period, where another great advance is discernible. Men had by this time learned to work in metals. Of the implements in common use, very few are of stone, or bone, or horn. Almost all our tools and weapons, knives, ploughs, spades, swords, guns, needles, etc., are of metal. It was a vast step forward to have found out how to work metals. The third period.

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* Sir John Lubbock.

Gold, which the neolithic people had employed for ornaments, is soft and easy to work, but of very little use either for sharpness or strength. Our tools are, of course, principally made of iron, but that was far too difficult a metal to begin with. Copper seems to have been the first *useful* metal noticed by man. Iron is hardly ever found, except in ore; but copper is often found native, and, not being very hard, it can be beaten into shape. Iron is difficult to cast, but copper is very easy. It seems, however, to have been soon discovered that copper is more serviceable when mixed with a small quantity of tin. It is then called bronze; and bronze is the commonest metal found in ancient deposits. No implement of pure tin has ever been found, and hardly any of pure copper; but many thousands of bronze implements have been found in England, Ireland, and various parts of Europe; therefore this period is called the bronze period.

It is not certain whether the people who made the bronze implements were the descendants of the neolithic men, but it appears most probable that they were, and that they had gradually progressed. It is almost certain that we have many of their descendants among us still, and are even partly of their race ourselves.

These people seem to have given up living in caves, and to have learned to build houses. We do not know much about their houses from anything found in England, but those who lived in Switzerland made curious villages upon the lakes, supported on strong piles, and so did those who lived in Wales and Ireland. In the Swiss lakes, round about the remains of the old piles, innumerable relics have been found, which tell us a good deal about the way of life of these people. We may even see the very food they used to eat.

Further improvement.

They had a great deal of corn. Bushels of grain have been found, and even pieces of bread, or rather, unleavened cakes about an inch thick; wild apples and pears, sometimes cut in halves or quarters, dried, and stored up for winter use; stones of wild plums, seeds of raspberries and blackberries, shells of hazel-nuts. They had also domestic animals.

They could certainly weave linen; for many remains of linen tissue have been found in England among their bronze implements in some of the tumuli. In Denmark the grave and coffin of a chief were opened, and his whole suit of

clothes were found, as if he had been buried in them. The body was very much changed; the bones were turned into a kind of blue powder. The brain was the least changed of all; it was found at one end of the coffin, covered by a thick woollen cap. The body had been wrapped in a coarse woollen cloth, a woollen shirt, two shawls with long fringes, leggings, and at the other end of the coffin were some fragments of leather, doubtless the remains of boots or shoes. In the coffin with him were found also another cap, a small comb, and a knife, packed in a little box, and by his side a bronze sword in a wooden sheath. This man had probably died late in the bronze period, for most generally in the earlier times the dead were burned, and the ashes collected in an urn.

As to the implements they made, the commonest are called "celts," which could be used for chisels, hoes, or axes, and which were cast in moulds of sand. They could also make very beautiful swords, with ornamental handles; daggers, spears, arrows, knives, and fish-hooks, and pretty bracelets, brooches, hair-pins, and buttons; for they had by no means outgrown the love of ornaments.

They had likewise improved very much in making pottery, and in decorating their jars and vases with different patterns. But they did not yet know how to make them flat at the bottom, so as to stand steady; they were mostly round, and had to be supported on rings of earthenware. Many of the large vases seem to have been used for storing nuts and other fruits for winter use.

It is supposed that these were the people who built Stonehenge, that mysterious circle of stones on Salisbury Plain, which has always been considered one of the wonders of England; but this is not quite certain.

Still later, or in what are called "historic" times, we find the people of whom we read had left off using stone and bronze, and had their tools and weapons made of iron, as we have now. As iron is much more difficult to work than bronze, it is evident that men must have improved greatly in skill; but we know very little about the way they first took to it. Only it is believed that the first iron used was not smelted out of ore, but was some of the "meteoric" iron which sometimes falls from the sky, and which is almost pure metal. Some of the oldest names for iron we know of — the Greek and the Egyptian — mean

Iron.

the "starry" and the "sky-stone," or "stone of heaven." And when they had found how keen, how hard, how precious, the heavenly metal was, they would soon think it worth while to take a great deal of trouble to purify that which they found mixed up with baser matters on earth.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROMANS.

The Romans — their position in the world at the beginning of British history — their armies, navy, colonies, religion, and morality; their laws — treatment of subject nations — habits and amusements — their slaves.

When we come to "historic" times, that is, times in which people observed and wrote down the events which happened, we do not, at first, find that the inhabitants of Britain did so about themselves. But other and quite trustworthy people wrote of them.

It was mentioned in the last chapter that Great Britain and Ireland were once joined to the mainland of Europe; though long before the historic period that had ceased to be the case. Still there has always been a very close connection between the British Isles and the Continent, and we can never understand the history of England without knowing something also about the state of Europe. The first people, from whose writings we learn something about the country and those who lived in it, were the Romans, who were for several hundred years the most important nation in the world.

The Romans.

Egypt, with its pyramids and temples, and its records of hoar antiquity, — Palestine, the seat of the Jews, and the birthplace of the Christian religion, — Phœnicia, whose genius developed picture-writing into the alphabet, and so created literature, and whose ships visited every known shore, — Asia Minor, with its rich and beautiful cities, — Greece, to whom the world owes, perhaps, its largest debt for its inheritance of science, letters, and art, — Italy, with its outlying islands, and its many races fused at last in one, — Gaul, Hispania, and the African coast, — all the nations around the Mediterranean Sea were conquered by Roman armies, and governed by Roman laws.

In very ancient times there was a state of perpetual war; a state in which a man could only feel secure in the possession of his lands or his flocks as long as he had strength in his own right arm to defend them. It was not thought at all disgraceful, but very honorable, for a stronger man to surprise and take them for himself. The people of one family helped and befriended one another; and as families increased in number they gradually grew into tribes, which hung together and supported each other; and the successful tribes, again, by degrees grew into nations; and it was the natural state of things for them to be at war with all other families, or tribes, or nations.

The Romans had begun in a very small way, by building a rude little village, which in the course of years grew into the stately city of Rome; while they themselves grew into the great conquerors and masters we have seen. It is supposed to have been about 750 years from the foundation of the city to the birth of Christ, which occurred soon after the time when Britain first took her place in written history. Some of the wiser of them had begun to think it time to stop in the career of conquest, though they did add some other provinces afterwards.

The Romans regarded their army as more important than anything else. The officers were what we now term gentlemen; the common soldiers were of the lower orders, and recruited in all, even the most distant, provinces; but mostly from the north rather than from the south, because they were braver and stronger. It was considered a great honor to be a soldier; much more honorable than to be a mechanic or a laborer. Every soldier took a most solemn oath, which was called a "sacrament;" so solemn was it that Christians have taken that name for the sacred ceremonies in which they pledge themselves to follow Christ. The soldier swore never to desert his standard, to submit his own will to the command of his leader, and to sacrifice his life for the empire. The standard was a golden eagle, which was worshipped as a god; and it was thought impious as well as disgraceful to desert the eagles. The soldiers were well paid, but very strictly disciplined. They were, if not at war, constantly exercised; and, in exercising, their arms were twice as heavy as the real ones. They were taught to march, run, leap, and swim; and thus became very hardy and active. Their generals

The army.

would not only look on, but take part in the exercises themselves.

The whole army was divided into legions, each of which was like a little army, complete in itself, and comprising all sorts of soldiers. The heavy-armed footsoldiers had helmets, breastplates, greaves, shields, spears, and two-edged swords. Each legion had also a band of cavalry, with lighter arms; also had its own artillery, — of course not cannon, but battering-rams, and machines for discharging great stones, which were used in sieges before gunpowder was invented. There were, perhaps, 12,500 men in a legion, and in the palmy days of Rome she possessed thirty of these mighty forces. They were encamped along the banks of great rivers, as the Rhine, the Danube, and the Euphrates, and on the other borders of the empire, to keep off the barbarians who were swarming outside. There were men from the conquered provinces, who had not been trained and drilled like the regular soldiers, but who fought in their own fashion, under Roman officers, and who were called auxiliaries.

The navy.

The Romans were not powerful on the sea, and their navy was by no means equal to their army. The Mediterranean was the only sea they wished to command, and they seldom thought of venturing outside the narrow straits which led to the great ocean beyond. They believed that their divine hero, Hercules, had been through those straits in performing some of his great deeds, and had set up a pillar on each side in remembrance of the feat; and though they were really frightened by the sea, they tried to lay their fears on the ground of religion. For one man, Drusus, did try to make some way beyond the "pillars," and to find out something more about Hercules; "but," says one of their wisest historians, Tacitus, "the roughness of the ocean withstood him, nor would suffer discoveries to be made about itself no more than about Hercules. Thenceforward the enterprise was dropped. Nay, more pious and reverential it seemed to *believe* the marvellous feats of the gods than to know and to prove them."

Religion.

We do not know how much Tacitus himself believed of those labors of Hercules, for when we try to learn about their religion, we seem to find that at the time he wrote there were two religions prevailing; one for the common and ignorant people and the women, and another for the well educated. The first had become gross

idolatry. Not that it had been so from the beginning; for it seems, in the earliest times, to have arisen by giving names to natural things, as the sun, the sky, the dawn, and the wind; and by degrees forgetting what those names meant, fancying that they were the names of real people, and at last worshipping them as gods and goddesses. The principal god was Jupiter. That name really meant "the Sky-Father," or Father in Heaven; but this first beautiful meaning was lost after a time, and many of the tales told of Jupiter were very degrading; as were also those of the other gods and goddesses.

The wiser and more thoughtful of the people longed for something better and truer than this. They could not believe tales in which the gods are represented as being much worse than good men, or, indeed, than most bad men. They had conquered the Jews some time before this, and it is very interesting to read what Tacitus says about them. He speaks of them, on the whole, with great contempt and disdain, but he is much struck (for he mentions it several times) with their *spiritual* religion. "The Jews know but one Deity, to be conceived and adored by the mind only. For profane and unhallowed they hold all such as, out of materials mortal and perishing, use to fashion their gods after the likeness of men; they hold that the Divine Being, eternal and supreme, is incapable of all change, incapable of ever ending." The same writer tells us that the first Roman who subdued the Jews, "exercising the rights of a conqueror, entered their temple. Thenceforward it was rumored about that within it he had found no images of the gods, but the residence of the Deity, void of any."

Some of the wiser, then, among the Romans, longed for a religion more like this, and one which they could believe; for they could not be content with a mere dreary unbelief. They wanted something spiritual, and they wanted a pure morality. Some of them felt and wrote as nobly as Christians could. One of them, Epictetus, who lived not long after the time I am describing, and who had a very unhappy outward life, wrote these beautiful words: "I will say unto God, 'Did I ever find fault, or accuse Thy government of affairs? I was sick, because Thou wouldest; others also have been sick, but I willingly. I was poor, because Thou wouldest; and therefore joyful in my poverty. I never was in authority, because Thou wouldest not; and Thou knowest that,

therefore, I never desired authority. Did I ever appear before Thee with a sad and dejected countenance, as one who had suffered a repulse, or been disappointed of his hopes? Behold, I am ready to obey whatever Thou shalt enjoin; if it be to quit the stage, I go. But, before I leave the world, I render to Thee my most humble thanks that Thou hast been pleased to admit me into this theatre, to be an admirer and spectator of Thy works."

Many others, however, were mere infidels. But even the philosophers generally conformed outwardly to the religion of the people. They were very tolerant, and never interfered with the religion of the people they conquered, unless it prevented them from obeying the laws and living orderly lives. In fact, they were quite ready to adopt and believe in the gods of other nations as well as their own. No doubt this, and their dissatisfaction with the old religion, prepared the way for their accepting Christianity. We know there were a great many Christians in Rome even in St. Paul's time, and that their religion, in spite of persecutions, finally took entire possession of the Roman world.

Toleration.

The Romans were the wisest and best makers of laws the world had ever seen. Indeed, all modern Europe has learned more or less from them, and many nations, especially of the so-called Latin races, are still governed almost entirely by the Roman or civil laws, though in England the origin of law is quite different. We can see in the New Testament how in general the Roman governors were on the side of justice against the tyrannous bigotry of the Jews. Pontius Pilate would have liked to save Christ; he knew that He had done nothing worthy of death, and it was only because he lacked firmness that he gave way. And the various Roman governors and officers of whom we read in the Acts were, on the whole, far more just and fair than the leading Jews. "It is not the manner of the Romans," said Festus, "to deliver any man to die, before that he which is accused have the accusers face to face, and have license to answer for himself concerning the crime laid against him." And we remember how when the Jews at Jerusalem saw the chief captain and the Roman soldiers "they left beating of Paul."

Laws.

To be a Roman citizen was a great honor and privilege. The Romans were very liberal in granting this favor.

First, they gave it to all the freemen of Rome; then to all the dwellers in the province of Latium, in which Rome stood; then to all Italy. Afterwards it was given to many people and cities in conquered provinces. St. Paul, "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," was a Roman too (Acts 16: 37).

Colonies.

The Romans were in one thing very like the English. They had great skill and aptitude for colonizing. Some people have the power of taking root in other lands and making a home there, taking their language, customs, and religion with them. In modern days no people have done this like the English. The Greeks were the first colonizers, and after them the Romans. It was for the interests of the colonists to live in friendship with the natives; they were farmers and merchants, and so gained a great influence for their nation, besides what was acquired by fighting and conquering. In after times they had nine colonies in Britain, some of which are large cities now, as London, Bath, Chester, and Lincoln. By degrees the conquered and civilized people of the provinces were promoted to honor and trust; they were not only allowed to be citizens, but to command legions, and to have seats in the senate of Rome. Afterwards some of them even rose to be emperors; but at this period there were no emperors; the government had been republican for hundreds of years. The conquered provinces also learned to speak Latin like their conquerors. In some of these countries the language is still a modified Latin, as in Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, and some others. All these languages are called *Romance*, because they all came from the Romans.

Their language is a grand and beautiful one, and they have left us many noble books of history, poetry, geography, and philosophy. They were fond of fine buildings, stately temples, arches, and theatres. Their houses were very handsome, and ornamented with pictures and statues. Some of them, though not the finest, were buried under the ashes of Vesuvius, at Pompeii, and kept in beautiful preservation for 1800 years, with the paintings still on the walls.

Tastes and habits.

They spent immense sums of money in bringing pure water to their towns, and making delightful baths. They were also great travellers, and they made the finest roads the world has ever seen. Some of those they made are still existing; quite a number of them in England.

The ladies (like all other ladies in the world, I suppose) were fond of fine clothes and ornaments, and the Senate or Parliament tried to put some stop to their extravagance. They wore silk dresses when they could get them; but a pound's weight of silk in those days was worth a pound's weight of gold. It was considered an ornament to a lady to wear silk, but a disgrace to a man. Pearls and diamonds they also sought after; indeed, it was partly to look after pearls that they came to Britain, though it seems they did not find any worth having. They got them from Cape Comorin, as we do.

The Romans, from being travellers and colonists, became acquainted with many fruits and plants which did not grow naturally in Italy and other parts of Europe, and these they brought home and planted in their gardens and orchards. They were the first to plant in Europe apricots, peaches, and oranges. They also planted vines in places where they had never been heard of before, but where they still flourish and produce fine wines, as in Burgundy. They studied, too, how to improve the feed of cattle, and brought different sorts of grasses and other herbs from foreign parts, such as luzern, which is still in use.

The description thus far is of a brave, honorable, and on the whole a just nation (allowing for the universal feeling about *war* at that time), and which really did great good in the world; but cruel elements in their character and some savage customs prevailed, which are painful to recall.

The first is, that they had immense numbers of *slaves*. In the old and warlike times, if the conquerors did not kill the conquered, they always made slaves of them; that was sometimes from mercy and pity, and sometimes for convenience. So that in all old histories, that of England included, we shall find there was a large class of slaves. Slaves.

A slave could be bought for about three shillings, when an ox cost tenpence; and what with buying and conquering, and the slaves themselves multiplying, the Romans had at this time a vast number of them; one single family possessed 400. Among these, strange as it may appear, there were some very well-educated and superior people. Some were doctors, some were tutors to the children, some were artists. Most likely this class of slaves were generally treated with great kindness and respect, but the lower ones were often

used very cruelly. When they became old and useless, the masters used to put them on an island in the river, and leave them to perish. The ladies would sometimes tear their faces, or pierce their flesh with the long pins of their brooches. One slave was crucified for killing and eating a favorite tame bird. If a master was murdered, there was a law that all the slaves in the house, unless in chains or quite helpless through illness, should be put to death. Still, probably these great cruelties were the exception, and not the rule.

As for the amusements of the Romans, it is almost incredible how horrible they were. One of their great delights was to see wild beasts tear each other to pieces. They had fights of bears and bulls; also of elephants, tigers, giraffes, even crocodiles and serpents. Three or four hundred bears might be killed in a single day; or they would have four hundred tigers fighting with bulls and elephants. On one great occasion no less than five thousand animals perished.

Amusements.

Sometimes they would have men — poor slaves — brought from foreign lands to fight with the wild beasts. They would dress criminals in the skins of animals, and throw them to bulls, which were maddened by red-hot irons. Even women would sometimes fight, and one is said to have killed a lion. Some of the great theatres where these dreadful "games" took place are still existing. The largest of these is called the Coliseum, at Rome, and would hold more than 80,000 people.

At other times, instead of wild beasts, they would have men fighting with one another. These men were called gladiators or swordsmen. There were many thousands of them, who were trained very carefully to kill one another for the pleasure of the lookers-on. Lord Byron wrote these tender and indignant lines about a dying gladiator, which fill our hearts with a pity the Romans never felt: —

> "I see before me the Gladiator lie;
> He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
> Consents to death, but conquers agony,
> And his droop'd head sinks gradually low —
> And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
> From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
> Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
> The arena swims around him — he is gone
> Ere ceased the inhuman shout
> Which hail'd the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother, — he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!"

CHAPTER III.

THE BRITONS.

The ancient Britons — their language, religion, education, commerce, and arts — their relations on the Continent — their connection with the great Aryan family — their descendants in the present day.

It was about fifty-five years before the birth of Christ that Julius Cæsar, one of the greatest of the Roman generals, was in France, or Gaul, as it was then called, with an army.

B. C. 55. Julius Cæsar.

He was one of the most famous of the Romans; not only a victorious soldier, but also in other ways a wonderful man. Some time afterwards he was killed in Rome, as we may read in Shakespeare's play; but we have nothing to do with that now. What most concerns us is that he himself wrote long and very interesting histories of his own wars, of which some extracts will be given. It may be observed that he always speaks of himself in the third person; so he does generally in Shakespeare's play.

The people of Gaul, though conquered, were not very submissive, and often gave the Romans trouble. They used to get help from some neighbors who were even fiercer and more turbulent than themselves. These neighbors came from over the sea; but in some parts the strip of sea was so narrow that the Romans could look across from Gaul to the land opposite, as we can now look from Calais to Dover. The Romans, being great travellers, and very fond of exploring, must have found it a great temptation to see that land dimly in the distance. Was it an island? was it part of the Continent? who lived there? what grew there? At any rate these troublesome barbarians must be put down.

Gaul and Britain.

Before this time there had been sometimes merchants coming and going. There was one thing to be got in Britain which was very rare everywhere else, and, indeed, is so still, namely, tin. Nearly all the tin of commerce until quite lately came from Cornwall and the isles of Scilly, though much is now brought from the island of Banca.

It is almost certain that the "bronze" people, who lived not only in England, but also were scattered over great part of Europe, got the tin to mix with their copper from Cornwall. Most probably, also, the Phœnicians, who were the great traders of old, knew something of the southern parts of Britain; for, though the Romans were afraid of passing the "pillars of Hercules," the Phœnicians had founded a colony at Cadiz, on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; and, as they were good sailors, these colonists might easily have found their way to Cornwall. But by this time the trade in tin, and perhaps in skins also, was carried on between the ports of Gaul and Britain.

The people last mentioned in the first chapter were those who made bronze implements. The inhabitants of Britain had now learned to use iron. That is far more difficult to work than copper and tin; so they must have improved greatly in skill, or they must have been another race of people. That question may be left for the present, while some account is given of the Britons, derived from Roman sources.

The Britons.

The people were very brave, fierce, and quarrelsome; though Julius Cæsar says that those who lived in Kent were the most civilized. He tells us that the island was well peopled and full of houses, built after the manner of the Gauls. We learn from another Roman, Strabo, what sort of houses the Gauls had. They were constructed of poles and wattled or hurdle work; round, and with lofty, tapering, and pointed roofs. They do not seem to have had any windows or chimneys, and must have looked rather like huge bee-hives. A very delightful old English writer, Fuller, who tells the history of Christianity in our island, describes the difference between a common house and a palace. The "palace," though also built of hurdle-work, was white, "because the rods whereof it was made were unbarked, having the rind stripped off, which was then counted gay and glorious."

Dwellings.

Cæsar mentions the villages and towns, but adds, "What they call a town is a tract of woody country, surrounded by a wall or high bank, and a ditch for the security of themselves and their cattle against the incursions of enemies." *

* The town was like a township in the United States, but inclosed.

The more civilized people, in the south, understood something about agriculture, manuring the land, and storing up corn in underground granaries. None of the Britons would eat hares, fowls, or geese; but there were plenty of cattle all over the country, though at this time there were neither donkeys, cats, nor rats. The inland and more ignorant people never sowed their land or grew any corn, but lived by their flocks and herds, and by hunting. They wore coats of skins, and had their own skins painted blue with the juice of a plant. This, Cæsar says, "makes them look dreadful in battle."

Food.

However, they were not mere savages, as they could work in iron, could make wheeled carriages, and were, in particular, very clever at basket-work. They could even make boats of wicker, covered with the skins of animals, and very good wooden boats also. A great many ancient boats and canoes have been dug up in different places, especially at Glasgow. Some of them were formed of a single oak stem, hollowed out by blunt tools, probably stone axes, aided by the action of fire. Some were cut beautifully smooth, and must have been made with tools of some metal. The first of these, most likely, belonged to the stone period, and the next to the bronze. Then there was one regularly built of planks, with ribs, and with prow and stern like ours. This was probably of the iron or British age; it had been partly fastened with metal nails, but, as these had quite disappeared, we do not know if they were bronze or iron.

Boats.

Besides the domestic animals, there were a great many wild ones, which have now quite passed away from our islands; as the brown bear, the wolf, the wild boar, and the beaver (the town of Beverley is named from the beavers which used to live there). All these still live wild in other parts of the world, and it is less than two hundred years since the last wolf was killed in Scotland.

State of the country.

Imagine England as it was then, compared with what it is now. Even in the most quiet and remote parts now there are peaceful fields with corn or grass, and bordered with hedges; there are firm roads, safe foot-paths with gates or stiles; churches, schools, pleasant houses and cottages, with their gardens and orchards. Many of the cottages are by no means what they ought to be, but they are

"palaces" indeed to those damp and dark wattled huts standing in the midst of wild forests and marshes, undrained, and full of fierce, wild creatures.

Julius Cæsar, who had been a great deal in Gaul, says that the people there had the same religion as the Britons; but Britannia was looked on as a sort of holy place, and those who wished to learn the religion most perfectly travelled there for instruction. This religion was sometimes called Druidism, and the priests were Druids, who, besides attending to sacred affairs, were judges of the people, and had charge of the education of the children. Cæsar says they worshipped Jupiter, Apollo, and the other gods of the Romans, but they certainly did not bear those names. He does not mention images, but they must have had a great many, for one of themselves, Gildas, writing some hundreds of years later, after they had long been Christians, says that "they almost surpassed in number those of Egypt," and might in his day (A.D. 546) "be still seen mouldering within or without the deserted temples, with stiff and deformed features, as was customary." Cæsar goes on to say that they offered human sacrifices, and though they chose as victims, by preference, robbers and other criminals, yet, if there were none of these to be had, the innocent were often made to suffer. He says, "some prepare huge images of osier-twigs, into which they put men alive, and, setting fire to them, those within expire amidst the flames." It is now believed that these "images" were more like great pictures or outlines drawn on the ground, with osier fences around them, where the victims were burnt. **Religion.**

They had a great reverence for some natural objects, especially running streams, trees, and serpents. The tree they most honored was the oak, and, still more than the oak, the mistletoe which grew on it. Though mistletoe often grows upon apple-trees, it is very uncommon upon oaks, and whenever a plant of it was found on an oak-tree there was a grand ceremony. A solemn procession was formed, two white bulls were sacrificed, and the sacred plant cut with a knife of gold. It was considered to have wonderful and mysterious powers, and to cure diseases. Perhaps it really had some medicinal effect, for it has been used, even in modern times, as good for epilepsy.

The Druids kept a good part of their religion secret, as too sacred for the common people. It was often the case

with old religions that there were certain mysteries belonging to them which only a few were allowed to know. Some people think that there were Druidesses as well as Druids; but if there were, they were not told the secret doctrines; it appears to have been thought that women could not keep a secret. The Druids seem also to have been a kind of magicians. In an old translation of the Bible into a branch of their language (the Irish), the magicians of Egypt are called the "Druids of Egypt," and the wise men from the East are called Druids also.

Though their religion was in parts so cruel, and in parts so superstitious, they had some very good and great ideas. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and considered that this faith "contributes greatly to exalt men's courage by disarming death of its terrors." They studied astronomy and "the nature of things," and taught their pupils a great deal of history and poetry.

As to their medicines, besides the mistletoe they used other herbs; but they mixed up with the real use of the plant a great many magical notions. There were most minute and fantastic rules about the gathering of these plants. The person who collected them was sometimes to be dressed in white, or to have his feet bare: sometimes he must use his right hand, and sometimes his left. Sometimes he had to go by moonlight, or when some particular star might be seen in the sky; at other times he might go in the sunshine. Sometimes he would have to fast before he might venture to touch them. Some of these superstitions have gone on through many centuries of Christianity. Even now we occasionally hear of "wise" men and women working marvellous cures, and who practise something very like them.

Origin.

The origin of the Britons cannot be shown by the usual historical methods, but by the aid of the science of language, and by certain sure analogies in the history of other nations, we are able to state with confidence certain general facts.

The Aryan family.

The conclusion to which historians and philologists have come is that all the nations of Europe belong to one great family, which is called the Aryan family, and they are all blood relations to one another. We know this from the kinship of their languages. Here are a few of these common words in some of the principal

languages of Europe, and it will be seen how much they resemble each other: —

English.	Latin.	Greek.	German.
Father	Pater	Patēr	Fater
Mother	Mater	Mētēr	Mutter
Daughter		Thugatēr	Tochter
Night	Noct-	Nukt-	Nacht
One	Un(us)	En	Ein
Three	Tres	Treis	Drei
Eight	Oct(o)	Okt(ō)	Acht

Some of our common words are very oddly spelt, and not at all according to the sound when they are spoken, as daughter, eight, and night. But in German and Greek the letters which seem useless in English are really sounded; and in the oldest of all the Aryan languages, an Indian one called Sanskrit, these words have nearly the same letters in them. The Sanskrit word for daughter, which is thousands of years old, is "duhitar," and the Sanskrit word for eight is "aght."

These are only a few specimens, but there are really many more; in fact, there is quite reason enough to convince learned men that all these nations, many of them living so far apart, and seeming so very different from each other, must have sprung from one stock or family, which is called the Aryan family. The word "Aryan," as far as can be made out, means "one who ploughs or tills."

There was a time, then, at an immense and unknown distance, when the forefathers of these nations, the Indians and Persians, Greeks, Italians, Germans, Slavs, French, and English, and others, were all one people, speaking one language, and living together somewhere in Central Asia. But after a time there was a series of separations. One after another, tribes and families parted off — some east, some west. Some went to India; some came to Europe. And they did not generally come into uninhabited lands, but into countries where there were people already living. These they either destroyed or drove into the farthest corners. Those who went to India pushed the old inhabitants down southward. Those who came into Europe, and from whom we descend, pushed the old inhabitants westward. **The dispersion.**

It appears that the first of the Aryans who came into

Europe were a tribe or race called Celts;* they certainly came farther west than any of the others. They settled themselves in parts of Italy, parts of Spain, in France, in England, Ireland, and Scotland. These were the people whom the Romans found in Britannia, and who are called the Britons; and we know that they were an Aryan race by their language. There are plenty of people living still who speak the same language (though the English do not), viz., the Welsh, the Irish, the Highland Scotch, and some others.

The Celts.

These Celts found in Spain, France, and Britain other people already settled, who were most likely the *bronze* or the *neolithic* people. No doubt they killed most of them, but some are believed to be living in Europe still, in the Basque provinces, in the northwest corner of Spain; and their language, which is not an Aryan language at all, is most likely the same old language which the makers of the bronze implements spoke.

It must now be explained why it is supposed that some of the English are partly descended from these old races. It is because there are two types or kinds of people in England, as well as in other parts of Europe, who are very different from one another in appearance. One tall, large, fair-complexioned, with light or red hair and blue or gray eyes; the other short, dark-complexioned, with dark hair and dark eyes. They are so unlike each other, that if we were not accustomed to them we should almost be obliged to think they belonged to different nations. Of course there are now all sorts of connecting links: some dark people are tall; some fair people are short; but if we went along the eastern coast of England, and noticed the people born and bred there, we should find nearly all of them tall, fair, and blue-eyed; while in South Wales we should find nearly all short, wiry, and dark. The Romans found just the same distinctions when they came to England. Tacitus says some had large limbs and red hair; some had tawny complexions and dark, frizzly hair. Those who have studied the subject say that the Aryan people — the Celts — were the tall, fair ones; and the bronze or neolithic people, whose land they took, were the short, dark ones. The

The two races.

* This word should be *Kelts;* but the false spelling is firmly etsablished by long, though ignorant, usage.

neolithic men, it will be remembered, were only about five feet five inches high, as is shown by their skeletons; their sword-handles, too, are small. And the Basque people are mostly dark and small.

Evidently in Britain the Celts so thoroughly conquered the old inhabitants, that, though they did not destroy them all, they quite put an end to their old speech, and when the Romans came they found no language spoken except different varieties of Celtic.

But we have not even yet arrived at the people whom we must call our real, true forefathers. They were far away from Britain until long after this time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ROMANS IN BRITAIN.

Julius Cæsar in Gaul. Invasion of Britain. Agricola. Progress of Civilization. Introduction of Christianity.

BEFORE the time when Julius Cæsar came, there is no written history of Britain. But, a very long time after he went away, people began to make up a pretended history of the Britons. It could not be a true one, because the writers had no means of knowing what had happened, or the names and exploits of kings who had lived and died (if they ever lived at all) hundreds of years before. There may, indeed, have been traditions; but if we consider how stories are changed in repetition, we shall see that we cannot put any faith in those old tales. King Lear and his daughters are said to have lived in the times they describe; and their story is very interesting, though almost certainly it is not true as history.*

This is what Julius Cæsar himself tells us about his first coming to Britain: "Though but a small part of the summer now remained, for in those regions, Gaul stretching very much to the north, the winters begin early, Cæsar nevertheless resolved to pass over into Britain, having certain intelligence that in all his wars with the Gaul the enemies of the commonwealth had ever received assistance from thence. He indeed foresaw that the season of the year would not permit him to finish the war; yet he thought it would be of no small advantage if he should but take a view of the island, learn the nature of the inhabitants, and acquaint himself with the coasts, harbors, and landing-places, to all which the Gauls were perfect strangers; for almost none but merchants resort to that

B. C. 55. The Roman invasion.

* Still more distant and absurd is the story of the grandson of Æneas, Brut, and his coming to England, which was the subject of a poem in later times.

island, nor have even they any knowledge of the country, except the sea-coast, and the parts opposite to Gaul. Having, therefore, called together the merchants from all parts, they could neither inform him of the largeness of the island, nor what or how powerful the nations were that inhabited it, nor of their customs, arts of war, or the harbors fit to receive large ships. For these reasons, before he himself embarked, he thought proper to send C. Volusenus with a galley to get some knowledge of these things, commanding him, as soon as he had informed himself in what he wanted to know, to return with all expedition."

When Volusenus returned, giving what information he could (which was not much, for he had been afraid to leave his ship, or trust himself in the hands of the barbarians), Cæsar made all preparations for the crossing. "He weighed anchor about one in the morning, and about ten o'clock reached the coast of Britain, where he saw all the cliffs" (the tall, white cliffs of Dover) "covered with the enemy's forces. The nature of the place was such that, the sea being bounded by steep mountains, the enemy might easily launch their javelins on us from above. Not thinking this, therefore, a convenient landing-place," he sailed about eight miles farther, "stopping over against a plain and open shore. But the barbarians, perceiving our design, sent their cavalry and chariots before, which they frequently made use of in battle, and following with the rest of their forces endeavored to oppose our landing; and, indeed, we found the difficulty very great on many accounts, for our ships, being large, required a great depth of water, and the soldiers, who were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed, and laden with a weight of armor, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast-high amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy; while they, fighting on dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of all their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could boldly cast their darts and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances served to spread a terror among our men."

The soldiers seeming to hang back, and "demurring to leap into the sea, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion, having first invoked the gods for success, cried out aloud, 'Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you will betray the Roman eagle

into the hands of the enemy; for my part, I am resolved to discharge my duty to Cæsar and the commonwealth.' On this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy; whereat, our men, exhorting one another to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him; which being perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they also did the like, and boldly approached the enemy."

Difficulties.

Thus the Romans first set foot on British ground, from which they did not finally go away for nearly five hundred years, though they had many a hard fight before they could establish themselves. Cæsar had the greatest trouble with his ships, for the storms of these northern seas broke so many of them to pieces; and the Roman sailors were greatly puzzled by the tides, for they were most accustomed to the Mediterranean Sea, where there are no very observable tides. Cæsar says, "That very night it happened to be full moon, when the tides on the sea-coast always rise highest — *a thing at that time wholly unknown to the Romans.*" The war-chariots were quite new to the Roman soldiers, and terrified them very much. "Their way of fighting with their chariots is this: first they drive their chariots on all sides, and throw their darts; insomuch that by the very terror of the horses and noise of the wheels they often break the ranks of the enemy. When they have forced their way into the midst of the cavalry they quit their chariots, and fight on foot; meantime the drivers retire a little from the combat, and place themselves in such a manner as to favor the retreat of their countrymen, should they be overpowered by the enemy. Thus in action they perform the part both of nimble horsemen and stable infantry; and by continual exercise and use, have arrived at that expertness, that in the most steep and difficult places they can stop their horses on a full stretch, turn them which way they please, run along the pole, rest on the harness, and throw themselves back into their chariots with incredible dexterity." It has been said that these chariots had sharp-cutting scythes fixed on to the wheels and other parts, but it does not seem quite certain that this is true, as Cæsar tells us nothing about them, which he would most likely have done when he was describing them so carefully.

With all his courage and skill, Cæsar could not make much headway; he got once as far as St. Albans, but he never

really conquered Britain. It was about one hundred years after his first coming that the Romans sent another great army, which really did subdue a good part of the island. One of the most celebrated British chiefs was a man named Caradoc, which the Romans lengthened out into Caractacus. He led his men very gallantly against the Romans, but at last was taken prisoner, and sent with all his family to Rome. In this calamity he behaved with such calmness and dignity that the people of Rome were struck with admiration, and gave him his liberty. British resistance.

Another famous British leader was a woman, Queen Buddug, improved by the Romans into Boadicea. She may fairly be called a great heroine; but she too was vanquished, and they say poisoned herself for shame and sorrow. It shows how completely afterwards the Britons submitted to the Romans, both in body and mind, that one of them, Gildas, who wrote a history of these times, calls Boadicca, his own country-woman, fighting for her liberty, "a deceitful lioness," and her people "crafty foxes."

The best of all the Roman governors who were sent to Britain, and the one who finally established the Roman dominion, was Agricola. We have his life, written by his own son-in-law, the great historian, Tacitus, who has been already mentioned. He had the deepest respect and affection for him. He tells us of his bravery, modesty, and wisdom, of his skill in war and in the arts of government, and a great deal of this praise seems really to have been deserved. He completed the conquest of southern Britain, and pushed a long way into Scotland, as far as the Grampian Hills. Here there was a terrible fight between the Romans and the natives, whose general was named Galgacus. Tacitus, most likely, heard all about this from Agricola himself, and gives a spirited account of the battle, and of the stirring speeches which the two leaders made to their armies. The fight was a very obstinate and fierce one, but when night came the Romans were victorious, and the Britons fled. In their despair they set fire to their houses; some even "murdered their children and wives as an act of compassion and tenderness. The next day produced a more ample display of the victory; on all sides a profound silence, solitary hills, thick smoke rising from the houses on fire, and not a living soul to be found by the scouts." A. D. 78. Agricola.

Nevertheless, these northerners were never really sub-

dued, and at last Agricola resolved to leave them in possession of their wild mountainous country, building a wall to prevent them from coming farther south. This wall stretched between the mouths of the rivers Forth and Clyde, and was rather a line of forts than what we now call a wall. But it was found impossible to keep all that region in subjection, even as far north as the wall; and some years later the Emperor Hadrian gave up a good deal of it, and built another wall much farther south, between the Solway and the Tyne. The place where the best coals come from is just in that neighborhood, and is still called "Wallsend."

The Roman walls.

Agricola appears to have been a really kind and wise ruler over those who were once conquered. As he knew that "little is gained by arms where grievances and oppressions follow, he determined to cut off all the causes of war. . . . Beginning, therefore, with himself, and those appertaining to him, he checked and regulated his own household — a task which to many proves not less difficult than that of governing a province. . . . All that passed he would know, though all that was amiss he would not punish. Upon small offences he bestowed pardon; for such as were great he exercised proportionable severity."

Though it had long been believed that Britain was an island, it was not till Agricola's time that it became finally known and established. Agricola sent ships from a place supposed to have been Sandwich Haven, and they sailed on and on all round the north of Scotland, discovering the Orkney Islands, till they returned to the same place from which they had started. When in those northern regions they noticed how long the days were, but do not seem to have been aware that this was only in the summer-time, and that they paid for it by very long nights in winter. "Their days in length surpass ours. Their nights are very clear, and at the extremity of the country very short, so that between the setting and return of day you perceive but small interval. They affirm, that were it not for the intervention of clouds the rays of the sun would be seen in the night, and that he doth not rise or fall, but only pass by; for that the extremities of the earth, which are level, yielding but a low shadow, prevent darkness from rising high and spreading."

Britain an island.

Having established peace, Agricola regulated the taxes

more justly, and would not allow extortion. He also tried to tame and teach the wild Britons. The lower people were employed in draining bogs and making firm and excellent paved roads. Some of these roads are still existing in England, especially one which was called Watling Street, and which extended all across England, from Dover, through London, to Chester. There is a very rough old stone to be seen in Cannon Street (which is now built up into a church to preserve it), which is called London Stone, and is believed to be the old Roman milestone from which all the distances were measured.

The Britons become civilized.

He also encouraged and helped the Britons to build temples, halls, and comfortable houses, like those the Romans lived in. These were very large and handsome, built round a courtyard, like the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, and with fine pavements inlaid. Part of these pavements, and other things which have been buried in the succeeding centuries, are often dug up now in London and other places. They made also large and beautiful baths, which seemed to have been something like the Turkish baths in modern use. One of them is still to be seen at Chester.

All this was a great contrast to those wattled huts of the Britons, and many of the people took to the Roman manners very kindly. Agricola took care to have the sons of the chiefs taught Latin, and the other things the Romans learnt; he says they were cleverer than the Gauls; and in time they grew proud of speaking like the Romans, and dressing like them, instead of wearing skins and dying their bodies with woad. With all this they unfortunately learned also a great deal of vice and luxury, and, as Agricola expected, became far less brave and warlike; we shall hear, in the end, how helpless they were when left to themselves. The civilization which is forced on people from without is never so lasting or so beneficial as that to which they attain by a natural development.

Far better than all the arts and luxuries which the Britons learnt from the Romans was the religion. Many Romans, by this time, had given up their old religion and had become Christians, having been taught by St. Paul certainly, and perhaps by St. Peter also. It was never known exactly how Christianity was first taught to the Britons; but it was certainly not by Agricola, or any of the great men, for they had not yet learned it

Introduction of Christianity.

themselves, nor taken any notice of it; but, no doubt, many of the Roman soldiers and colonists who had been converted brought it with them. It is generally thought that a British lady is mentioned in the Bible — Claudia, in 2 Tim. 4 : 21. It is even supposed that she may have been one of the family of Caradoc, who had been taken prisoners to Rome. It is known that a Roman gentleman, Pudens, had married a British woman named Claudia, and both are mentioned by Martial, a Roman poet.

The first Christian church in our country was built at Glastonbury (the tale was that Joseph of Arimathæa built it, directed by the angel Gabriel). Glastonbury was at that time a desolate island, full of fens and brambles; and the church was built, like the British houses, of wicker-work, or rods wattled and interwoven. It was sixty feet long and twenty-five broad. In this the early Christians "watched, fasted, prayed, and preached; having," says Fuller, "high meditations under a low roof, and large hearts within narrow walls."

Though the Roman authorities were generally so tolerant of other religions, they began after a time to persecute the Christians. The reason seems to have been, that though they were quite willing to admit other gods side by side with their own, it was only on the supposition that the old gods did not lose their worship. But Christianity could not be received on those terms. The early Christians and Fathers of the Church did not look on the heathen deities as mere fables and shadows; they believed that they really existed, but were devils, and they taught that the gods of Rome and of all other nations must be utterly renounced. Thus Christianity came to be looked on as dangerous to the established order of things and to the empire.

Persecution.

The heaviest and worst of the persecutions was under the Emperor Diocletian, and this was the first one that reached Britain. This chapter may end with Fuller's account of the first Christian martyr in England. It is a pity that it is so mixed with fables. "The first Briton which to heaven led the van of the noble army of martyrs was Alban, a wealthy inhabitant of Verulamcestre. . . . His conversion happened on this manner: Amphibalus, a Christian preacher of Caerleon, in Wales, was fain to fly from persecution into the eastern part of this island, and was entertained by Alban in his house in Verulam. Soon

304. St. Alban.

did the sparks of this guest's zeal catch hold on his host, and inflamed him with love to the Christian religion. . . . Not long after, a search being made for Amphibalus, Alban secretly and safely conveyed him away, and, exchanging clothes with him, offered himself for his guest to the pagan officers, who at that instant were a-sacrificing to their devil-gods; where not only Alban, being required, refused to sacrifice, but also he reproved others for so doing, and thereupon was condemned to most cruel torments. But he conquered their cruelty with his patience; and though they tortured their brains to invent tortures for him, he endured all with cheerfulness, till rather their weariness than pity made them desist. And here we must bewail that we want the true story of this man's martyrdom, which impudent monks have mixed with so many improbable tales that it is a torture to a discreet ear to hear them. However, we will set them down as we find them. . . Alban being sentenced to be beheaded, much people flocked to the place of his execution, which was on a hill called Holm-hurst; to which they were to go over a river, where the narrow passage admitted of very few abreast. Alban being to follow after all the multitude, and perceiving it would be very late before he could act his part, and counting every delay half a denial (who will blame one for longing to have a crown?), by his prayer obtained that the river, parting asunder, afforded free passage for many together. . . . The sight hereof so wrought with him who was appointed to be his executioner, that he utterly refused the employment, desiring rather to die with him, or for him, than to offer him any violence. Yet soon was another substituted in his place, for some cruel Doeg will quickly be found to do that office which more merciful men decline.

"Alban, at the last, being come to the top of the hill, was very dry, and desirous to drink. Wonder not that he, being presently to taste of joys for evermore, should wish for fading water. Sure he thirsted more for God's glory, and did it only to catch hold of the handle of an occasion to work a miracle for the good of the beholders. For presently, by his prayer, he summoned up a spring to come forth on the top of the hill, to the amazement of all that saw it. Yet it moistened not his executioner's heart with any pity, who, notwithstanding, struck off the head of that worthy saint, and instantly his own eyes fell out of his head, so that

he could not see the villainy which he had done. Presently after, the former convert executioner, who refused to put Alban to death, was put to death himself — baptized, no doubt, though not with water, in his own blood."

The stately abbey of St. Alban's marks the spot where his martyrdom took place.

CHAPTER V.

THE TEUTONS.

The decay of the Roman empire. Origin of the English people. The Germans, or Teutons — their laws, manners, language, and religion.

As the Roman empire seemed to have become too large to be conveniently governed by one man living at Rome, it was divided by Diocletian into four parts, which we may call provinces, each of which had its own sub-emperor, though all were still considered as one empire, and there was one chief or supreme emperor. One of the provinces consisted of Britain, Gaul, and Spain; and the governor or sub-emperor (Cæsar, as he was called) lived very often at York, then called Eboracum.

Constantine the Great, who was the first Christian emperor, was for a long time sub-emperor of this western province, and lived at York. Afterwards the whole empire was joined into one again under his rule, and it was he who founded as its capital the beautiful city of Constantinople, or city of Constantine. 323.

But we are now coming to the time when great disasters befell this mighty empire; when it met with its strongest enemies, who finally broke it to pieces and planted themselves on its ruins. And among these enemies, whom Rome could never conquer, but who conquered Rome, were our forefathers — the true forefathers of the English people. Though there is reason to believe that we are in some small part descended from the pre-historic men of the stone or bronze age, and from the Celts or Britons, yet the main stock from which we spring, and from whom we have our language, our manners, and our government, are the people whom we are now about to consider.

This, which is called the Teutonic race, was a branch, and one of the greatest branches, of the Aryan family. At the time we first hear of them they were, like The Teutons.

other nations in the beginning of their history, wild and barbarous people. They came into Europe some time after the Celts. They were living north of the Danube, east of the Rhine, in Denmark, and in other northern parts. We know by their language that they were all one race, though separated into many tribes.

The principal Teutonic nations are now called the German, Dutch, English, American, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. In old times the principal tribes were called Goths, Vandals, Burgundians, Lombards, Saxons, and Angles. Tacitus says that "Germany" was a name newly invented in his time.

The word "Teuton" is believed by some authorities to mean "speaking plain." These rough, wild people thought, as other uncultivated people do, that their language was the only plain one, and all others were gibberish. Even now we may find English people calling other languages "gabble" or "chatter."

The syllable "Teut" or "Deut" meant clear; as we may see in the German word "deutlich," plain or evident. "Ish" is a mere termination, which we still use in fool-ish, Eng-lish, Dan-ish. So they would say Deut-ish — Deutsch or Dutch.

These people, then, who talked plain, the Teutons or Dutch, began about the time of the birth of Christ to be very troublesome to the Romans; and so they continued, very often being beaten, but never being conquered, until the time at which we have now arrived; and it was owing to them that the Romans went away from the island at last, leaving room for them to come afterwards and turn Britain into England.

We learn most about them from Tacitus, who wrote the life of Agricola. He, who evidently took a great interest in the different nations the Romans had to do with, wrote, also, a long and very interesting description of the Germans, little thinking that these wild people, whom he, as a philosopher, looked upon with curiosity and interest, would after a time be the conquerors and successors of his own great nation.

Tacitus had complained a good deal of the climate of Briton as being dull, damp, and hazy. But the climate of Germany did not please him any better. "Besides the dangers from a sea tempestuous, horrid, and unknown, who would relinquish Asia, Africa, or Italy to repair to Germany — a region hideous and rude, under a rigorous climate, dismal to behold or to cultivate, unless the same were his native

country? Their land, taken altogether, consists of horrid forests and nasty marshes."

The Germans, or Teutons, were in appearance much like the Celts, being descendants from the same Aryan stock; he says they all "had eyes stern and blue, yellow hair, and huge bodies." Both the Gauls and the Germans were superior to the Romans in one point, namely, the use of soap, though it does not seem quite clear whether they employed it wholly for cleanliness, or partly for the purpose of reddening their hair. A strong soap, with plenty of lime or soda in it, reddens the hair, and they appear to have thought it made them look more fierce and terrible. However, they certainly cared something about cleanliness also; for Tacitus tells us, in another place, that "the moment they rise from sleep they bathe; most frequently in warm water, as in a country where the winter is long and severe."

Their appearance.

One very great and good point of the German character was the honor they paid to women. They were almost the only barbarians who were content with one wife; though even with them the kings or chiefs had more, as a dignity. They respected their women extremely, and were very careful of the honor and virtue of their wives and daughters; so much so, that it was found by the Romans to be the greatest safeguard to take hostages from among their daughters.

The women.

When they went to battle their wives and children were lodged near to the field, and to each man "these are the witnesses whom he most reverences and dreads; these yield him the praises which affect him the most. Their wounds or maims they carry to their mothers or to their wives; and these administer to their husbands and sons, whilst engaged in battle, meat and encouragement. Some armies, yielding and ready to fly, have been by the women restored through their inflexible importunities and entreaties. Captivity is far more dreaded by the Germans when it befalls their women."

If the women had to be so courageous, we may suppose what sort of fighters the men would be. "Many who have escaped in the day of battle have hanged themselves to put an end to their infamy. . . . In the day of battle it is scandalous to the prince to be surpassed in feats of bravery, scandalous to his followers to

The warriors.

fail in matching the bravery of their prince. But it is infamy during life, and indelible reproach, to return alive from a battle where their prince was slain." Though they were so energetic in war, a most extraordinary contrast appeared in times of peace. Then it seems that much more of their time they pass in indolence, resigned to sleep and repasts. All the most brave, all the most warlike, apply to nothing at all; but to their wives, to the ancient men, and to any, the most impotent domestic, trust all the care of their house, their lands and possessions. They themselves loiter."

Food and drink.

Their food was very simple; it consisted mostly of wild fruit, cheese, venison, and grain. Some of those who dwelt on the banks of the Rhine had vines and made wine; but the most common drink appeared rather curious to Tacitus. "For their drink they draw a liquor from barley, and ferment the same so as to make it resemble wine." This is still the national drink of the English people.

They were a very social and hospitable race. "To refuse admitting under your roof any man whatsoever is held wicked and inhuman. Every man receives every comer, and treats him with repasts as large as his ability can possibly furnish. When the whole stock is consumed, he who had treated so hospitably accompanies his guest to a new scene of hospitality, and both proceed to the next house, though neither of them were invited; nor avails it that they were not; they are received with the same frankness and humanity. . . . Their manner of entertaining their guests is familiar and kind." They were also fond both of giving and receiving presents.

Feasts.

Besides what Tacitus tells us, we know something about their ways of life from a long poem of their own, which our forefathers brought with them when they came to England, and which contains the wonderful adventures of a great hero, Beowulf. In it there is an account of one of their festivals. All the company received gifts; and besides eating and drinking, they were entertained with music and singing. The queen gave a mantle and collar to Beowulf, who was the principal guest, and with it a pretty little speech, containing some good advice. After bidding him be gentle and kind to her little sons, she adds —

"Here is every man To other true;
Mild of mood; To his liege lord faithful;
The thegns* are united, The people are prepared,
The drunken vassals Do as I bid them."

Thus we see how high a tone the German lady takes. But the last line shows us also the darker side of those feasts. Tacitus tells us the same. "To continue drinking night and day, without intermission, is a reproach to no man." And, as we should expect, this intemperate drinking led to high words, fighting and slaughter.

Their dress consisted of a mantle, which is "what they all wear, fastened with a clasp, or, for want of that, with a thorn." They also used for ornament furs and the skins of sea-monsters; perhaps these were seal-skins. The women dressed like the men, except that they wore linen, embroidered with purple. Dress.

They hated cities, and loved to live apart. The older civilized people, the Greeks and the Romans, loved city life; that was their idea of civilization. People who lived in the country were *rustics*, and quite on a lower level. Another name they had for those who did not live in cities, but in villages or hamlets, was "pagan" (from the Latin *pagus*, a village). That word afterwards came to bear quite another sense, and meant an idolater. This shows us that when the Romans were beginning to learn Christianity, it was at first the more intelligent and the more civilized who were ready to believe it, while the ignorant people, who dwelt in the country, were content with the old religion. But the Teutons, who themselves liked living in villages and cultivating the ground, when they became Christians, had another name for those who still clung to the old gods. They called them "heathen," or dwellers in wild heaths and wildernesses, and these were just as much behind the more civilized among the Teutons as the pagans were behind the Roman citizens. Habitations.

It was, perhaps, one reason why the Greeks and Romans could not maintain their position in the world, that they were never able to get to the idea of a nation, never beyond that of a city; while the Teutons, who did not love cities, grew by degrees from families to tribes, from tribes to small

* Or chiefs.

kingdoms, and thence to great nations, as we shall see by and by in our English history.

At the time of which Tacitus writes "they inhabited apart and distinct." Instead of cities, they planted villages in places where a fountain, a field, or wood invited them. They seem to have felt, as an Englishman does, that every man's house is his castle; for the houses did not touch each other; each one had a vacant place all round it. The villages were also independent of one another, and each had its own free space bordering it on every side, a ring of common ground where they thought the fairies and spirits dwelt. This ring or border-land was called the mark or march; if a stranger entered the march he had to blow a horn, for if he came in secretly every one had a right to kill him; which shows that they still felt, as in old times, that unless they were of one family, or had made special agreements, every man was the enemy of every other man.

Family feeling.

The Teutons, who honored their wives so highly, thought also very much of other family ties. To kill infants was esteemed an abominable sin, whereas among the Romans, and many other nations, it was quite a common practice, and hardly at all blamable to kill them, especially girls. Mothers nourished their own children, and they were brought up in very hardy and healthy habits; the young lord and the young slave just in the same way until the proper time came to separate them. The family all hung together; and each village or settlement was inhabited by relations. "All the enmities of your house, whether of your father or your kindred, you must adopt, as well as their friendships." If any one in the family did a wrong action, if he murdered or robbed a man of another family, it was not looked on so much as his own deed as that of his whole family, his father, uncles, brothers, and cousins; and the whole family had to make it good. All the members of a family were bound to protect each other from wrong, and, if possible, to hinder each other from evil-doing.

They were above everything noted for their love of liberty, though, like the Romans, they possessed slaves, who were, probably, conquered captives at first. But they themselves were free. Each freeman had some land of his own, and had a share in the government.

Even in those remote days may be seen something like

the British constitution. In nearly all the tribes there was a king, a small assembly of chiefs, elders, or wise men, and a great assembly of the whole people, of all the freemen. The House of Commons does not consist, indeed, of all the people, because, of course, in a great country it is impossible for all to assemble; members of Parliament are, therefore, chosen or elected by the people to represent and speak for them. Government.

The king was elected, but always out of one family — a special family which was supposed to be descended from their principal god, Woden.

The chiefs were chosen for their courage and talents, and were always followed by a band of brave and able freemen. They were called aldermen, or, in the old spelling, ealdormen (eldermen). In those days, age was supposed to confer wisdom, and elder or alderman was a title of honor.

Among the freemen themselves there was a certain difference of rank. Some were earls and some were churls. The earls were the most nobly born. The epithet "churl" only meant that a man was of lower rank. No doubt the higher-bred man was more polite; and so to be less polite or less generous came to be called "churlish."

This old Parliament, when there was any important matter to be decided, assembled in the open air. All the freemen both earls and churls, came armed, and sat down wherever they pleased. But it was only the king and the chiefs who spoke. They had probably already discussed the affair in private, and then stood forth, not to command, but to persuade the people. When they had explained what they wished to do, "if the proposition displease, they reject it by an inarticulate murmur; if it be pleasing, they brandish their javelins. The most honorable manner of signifying their assent is to express their applause by the sound of their arms."

As to their language, their "plain speech," as they call it, the very first written specimen we have of it is a translation of the Bible, which was made for a tribe of the Goths, by their bishop Ulfilas, in the fourth century. We certainly should not be able to read it now, but we should find in it a great many words just like our own. The earliest written English also seems very different from our English. So does a child of a year old look very different Language.

from the man or woman of fifty; nevertheless, it is only the same person at another age. And so, or almost so, is our English language as compared with the old English. Of the other Teutonic languages now existing, the German, Dutch, or Danish, we may say they are brothers or sisters, very much like each other, but each with special differences.

There are a great many words which are almost exactly the same in English and German. Here are a few of the commonest: Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Neighbor, Friend, Man, House, Boat, Ship, Ox, Cow, Lamb, Mouse, Bread, Butter, Fish, Flesh, Arm, Hand, Shoulder, Finger, Good, Young, Fine.

The Low Dutch, or language spoken in Holland, is still more like English than even the German, or High Dutch, as they call it themselves.

Religion.

With respect to their early religion, Tacitus says that, "from the grandeur and majesty of beings celestial, they judge it altogether unsuitable to hold the gods enclosed within walls, or to represent them under any human likeness." Still they seem to have had images, which they kept in groves and forests, but which they carried about with them when they travelled.

Their principal god was Odin, or Woden, from whom all their kings were supposed to be descended. He was the god of war, but they also believed that he had invented the letters of the alphabet.

There is an interest attached to the name of their god Tiu. The principal god of the Romans, as will be remembered, was Jupiter, the sky-father. The real word was Ju, to which piter, for pater, or father, was added. The same word came from the old Aryan stock to our forefathers also. In Sanskrit it was Dyu; In Greek, Zeus; in Latin, Ju; in Teutonic, Tiu. The French word for God, Dieu, again, is the same. All these have the same meaning of heaven, and God in heaven. Just as the Romans added the word "father" to the name of their god, so the Teutons also looked on Tiu as their father. His son was Manus, or Man (the thinker). It is grand to find in these old religions how man loved to feel himself the son of God!

Our names for the days of the week, as is well known, were originally given in honor of the gods and goddesses of our forefathers. First, the sun and the moon; then Tiu;

then Woden or Odin; then Thor or Thunder, the god of storms; next Frea or Friga, the goddess of peace and plenty; and lastly, Soetere, of whom little if anything remains but his name. Their beautiful goddess of spring and dawn was Eostre, who still gives her name to the most joyful of the Christian festivals.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH.

Departure of the Romans. The Picts and Scots. The settlements of the English — their treatment of the Britons. Cerdic. Arthur.

From the time of Tacitus onwards, the Teutonic tribes continued harassing the Roman empire, and by the beginning of the fifth century they were giving so much trouble, even in Italy itself, that the Romans wanted all their legions nearer home. They began to withdraw from their more distant provinces, as from Roumania, which was then called Dacia, and from Britain. Before they went away they repaired the wall of Hadrian from the Tyne to the Solway, as the northern barbarians were also growing more and more troublesome. The Romans fully meant to return, but they never did so. The Teutons spread everywhere. There were Goths in Italy and in Spain, Vandals in Africa, Franks in Gaul, and very soon Saxons and Angles in Britain.

410. Departure of the Romans.

The Roman civilization forced on the Britons had done but little good, and much harm. They had been so long governed by others that they did not know how to govern themselves; they had been so used to be fought for that they had nearly forgotten how to fight for themselves. As soon as the strong hand, which had kept them under while protecting them, was lifted off, everything seemed to fall to pieces.

The Britons began to quarrel among themselves. Some, perhaps the least civilized of them, made friends with the barbarians to the north, who were, of course, their kinsfolk. These barbarians, seeing the comforts and wealth of the civilized regions, where the Romanized Britons lived, soon managed to get over the Roman wall, and to make plundering expeditions into the very heart of the country.

Picts and Scots.

The Romanized Britons hardly knew how to defend themselves; they had lost their savage courage, and had not learnt the Roman discipline. One of them, named Gildas, who is supposed to have lived in the sixth century, and who wrote a very curious history of the times after the departure of the Romans, gives an account of the northern enemies.

We have now done with our Roman authorities, with Julius Cæsar and Tacitus; this is the first British book we have had. Gildas, however, wrote in Latin, though not in the masterly style of either Cæsar or Tacitus. Gildas. He evidently tried very hard to write in a fine manner; sometimes he appears to have attempted to imitate the old Hebrew prophets, and it is astonishing what a number of wicked kings and other people he found to denounce.

This is a translation of his description of the Picts and Scots, as those northern invaders were called. "The Picts and Scots, like worms which in the heat of mid-day come forth from their holes, hastily land again from their canoes; . . . differing from one another in manners, but inspired with the same avidity for blood, and all more eager to shroud their villainous faces in bushy hair than to cover with decent clothing those parts of their body which required it. Moreover, having heard of the departure of our friends" (that is, of the Romans), "and their resolution never to return, they seized with greater boldness than before on all the country as far as the wall. To oppose them there was placed on the heights a garrison equally slow to fight and ill-adapted to run away — a useless and panic-struck company, who slumbered away days and nights on their unprofitable watch. Meanwhile the hooked weapons of their enemies were not idle, and our wretched countrymen were dragged from the wall and dashed against the ground. . . . But why should I say more? They left their cities, abandoned the protection of the wall, and dispersed themselves in flight more desperately than before. The enemy, on the other hand, pursued them with more unrelenting cruelty than before, and butchered our countrymen like sheep."

During all these troublous times we can see with reverence the influence of Christianity in the wonderful men who stood, as it were, in the breach, to help the conquered, to tame and soften the conquerors. Probably great injustice has been done to the memory of these saints. Because a great many fables have grown up about their histories, and because some

of the saints in the calendar were noted for what we cannot call virtues at all, we are apt to confuse them altogether, and think the very word "saint" means some useless unpractical bigot. For the most part, however, we have quite forgotten them, or only know their names as belonging to old churches and towns.

But when we read different histories of these times, we find there have been wonderful Christian heroes, leading glorious lives, dying glorious deaths; teaching, baptizing, mediating, feeding the starving, clothing the naked. One such man was in Britain while the wars with the Picts and Scots were at their height — Saint Germain or Germanus, a bishop from Gaul. He had come over to Britain to argue against some heretics. For, unhappily, Christians had already begun quarrelling about words and doctrines which are hard to understand. However, while in the country he was implored to aid the poor Britons against their enemies, and he is said to have presided over the most singular battle that, perhaps, ever took place on English ground. Fuller tells us the story.

St. Germain.

"The pious bishop" (after baptizing multitudes of pagan converts), "turning politic engineer, chose a place of advantage, being a hollow dale surrounded with hills. . . . Here Germanus placed his men in ambush, with instructions that, at a signal given, they should all shout 'Hallelujah' three times with all their might, which was done accordingly. The pagans were surprised with the suddenness and loudness of such a sound, much multiplied by the advantage of the echo, whereby their fear brought in a false list of their enemies' number; and, rather trusting their ears than their eyes, they reckoned their foes by the increase of the noise rebounded unto them; and then, allowing two hands for every mouth, how vast was their army! But besides the *concavity* of the valley improving the sound, God sent a *hollowness* into the hearts of the pagans, so that . . . without striking a stroke, they confusedly ran away. . . . Thus a bloodless victory was gotten without sword drawn, consisting of no fight, but a fright and a flight."

429.

If this victory, however, "not by shooting, but by shouting," was ever really achieved, the Britons were very unsuccessful on the whole. They turned and prayed the Romans to come back and help them. This is part of the

letter they wrote to Ætius, who was a Roman general and consul. "The groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea; the sea throws us back on the barbarians; thus two modes of death await us: we are either slain or drowned." We see how much the Britons were changed from the old days of Caradoc and Boadicea. It was really about time cowards like this got a new master.

For as the Romans had now too much on their hands to come back, the distressed Britons had to look for help elsewhere. This time it was rather like the sheep praying the wolves to take care of them. The people they turned to had indeed been called "sea-wolves."

At this time they were living as three tribes in Sleswig, and near the mouth of the Elbe. They were called the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes; and the Angles were the most important and powerful of them. Though they were near neighbors, they were quite distinct from one another, and continued so long after they came into Britain. They hardly deserved a better name at that time than sea-wolves or pirates. They were good sailors, as the English have always been, and good fighters. They had long been accustomed to go ravaging and pillaging on the coasts of Britain. The English.

In an evil hour for the Britons, Vortigern, a British king of Kent, bethought him of hiring one set of barbarians against another, and of persuading these Teutonic pirates to fight for him against the Picts and Scots, promising them in return, not only money, but lands. "The barbarians," says the Briton Gildas, "being thus introduced as soldiers into the island, to encounter, as they falsely said, any dangers in defence of their hospitable entertainers, obtain an allowance of provisions, which, for some time being plentifully bestowed, stopped their doggish mouths. Yet they complain that their monthly supplies are not furnished in sufficient abundance, and they industriously aggravate each occasion of quarrel, saying that unless more liberality is shown them they will break the treaty and plunder the whole island. In a short time they follow up their threats with deeds." Their arrival.

Their first landing-place was at Ebbsfleet, in the Isle of Thanet, which was then much more of an island than it is now, and separated from the mainland by a difficult and dangerous ford. Vortigern, perhaps, thought that he could

pen them up there, and they would come no farther. But he little knew what he had done. After the quarrels Gildas mentions, and more and more of the strangers coming pouring in, they soon burst out of the island, under their two chief, Hengist and Horsa. The names of both these chiefs meant horse (*hengst* is a German word for horse now), and the standard of Kent is a horse to this day.

They crossed the ford which bounded the Isle of Thanet on the west, and marched towards London, which was a rich town even in the old Roman days, noted as it is now for its commerce. The first great battle with the Britons was fought on the way, at Aylesford in Kent, and the English conquered, though one of their chiefs, Horsa, was slain. After this victory there was a frightful massacre. These "wolves," our ancestors, were still heathens, and very cruel and merciless. The other Teutons who invaded the Roman empire had partly learned Christianity, and with it had become more pitiful, so that they did not utterly exterminate the conquered. But it was a long time before those in Britain learned Christianity. Many of the Britons fled from their homes and took refuge in caves; the same caves where the old palæolithic men had fought with hyænas and bears long ago. In those caves, where, deep down, we find rough flint implements and bones, there are found nearer to the top the golden ornaments of the British ladies, their pins and combs, and beautiful enamelled brooches, and their money with Roman inscriptions.

449. The first battle.

The first of the kingdoms which the Teuton invaders founded was that of the Jutes in Kent. Afterwards the Saxons also began to settle themselves in the southern counties, in Hampshire, Dorsetshire, etc., under their king, Cerdic.

Cerdic was the forefather, either directly or indirectly, of all the English kings and queens, even down to Queen Victoria, and he was called the King of Wessex, or the West Saxons.

495. Cerdic.

Although Gildas speaks so slightingly of the courage of the Britons, still they held out in different parts for a long time, and sometimes beat their enemies back. It was most likely during the founding of the kingdom of Wessex that King Arthur lived and fought (if he ever lived at all), though it is thought by some that his kingdom

Arthur.

was on the border-land between England and Scotland.* He was a British king, and we all know from Tennyson's Idylls that he was continually fighting against heathenism and lawlessness. Those heathen were the Angles and Saxons.

But the efforts of Arthur and the Britons would not avail. The sturdy English pushed on, massacring many of the Britons, enslaving some, and driving others farther and farther west. The Teutons called all people whose language they did not understand Welsh.† Those who live near Italy still call the Italians Welsh, and their country Welshland. Those who came to Britain called the Celts or Britons Welsh, and so we call some of them to this very day.‡ But it must be remembered, that not only those we now call Welsh, but the Irish, the Highland Scotch, and the dwellers in the Isle of Man are descended from the old Celts, and speak dialects of their old language. So do many of the people who live in Brittany in France. So did, till about 100 years ago, the people in Cornwall, which was called West Wales. A very short time since a monument was erected in memory of the old lady who last spoke the Cornish tongue.

It is a curious thing that the British cattle seem to have undergone the same fate as their masters. The Britons had a breed of small and short-horned cattle, which still survive in Wales and Scotland, and until lately were also to be met with in Cornwall and Cumberland. All the English breeds are derived from those the English brought with them, some of which still live wild in Chillingham Park. This breed was formerly called the Urus.

Whilst the rest of the country seemed to be given up to heathenism, in Wales, in Ireland, and in Cornwall the Christian religion continued to flourish, and learning was kept up. It is said that there were 200 philosophers in Caer-leon, which is now a village, but was a thriving city then; and there were some notable saints among them. Many of the villages and towns in Cornwall

Celtic Christianity.

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* The names of persons and places in the Arthurian legends make it certain that the king was ruler in Cornwall or South Wales. An old ballad says he was buried at Glastonbury, A.D. 542.

† It is more nearly correct to say that they called Romanized people Welsh.

‡ The Welsh called themselves Cymri.

are named after ancient saints, whose history is, perhaps, very interesting, but of whom we know scarcely anything. Fuller studied the life of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, and seems to have found it very attractive reading; but he says, "I am sensible that I have spent, to my shame, so much precious time in reading the legend of his life, that I will not wilfully double my guiltiness in writing the same, and tempt the reader to offend in like nature."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ENGLISH.

The introduction of Christianity. Gregory the Great. State of Christianity in the sixth century. Civilizing influence of the Christian teachers. Monasteries. Bede.

We have now heard of the founding of two kingdoms, Kent and Wessex, by the Jutes and the Saxons. Afterwards there came in more Saxons, who founded other kingdoms: the East Saxons, Middle Saxons, and South Saxons, who gave the familiar names to Essex, Middlesex, and Sussex. (Kent is the old British name.) And then came also the Angles, who founded the kingdoms of Northumberland (which was the name given to all the land north of the river Humber), East Anglia, which was divided between the North-folk and the South-folk, and Mercia, which is in the middle of England.

By looking on the map we see that the Angles, who had been the most important of the three tribes before they came to Britain, now got possession of the largest share of the new country, and, by degrees, the whole of the land inhabited by the Teuton invaders came to be called Angle-land or England. The Welsh, however, generally called the Teutons, Saxons, because it was the Saxons in Wessex who made the greatest impression on them; and the Welsh and the Highlanders call the English Saxons to this day. In many histories of England we find all these invaders called Saxons; but it seems better, when we are speaking of them all under one name, to call them by the same which they bear still, the English. As there were but very few of the Jutes in comparison with the other two tribes, and their name soon died out, we may also very properly call them Anglo-Saxons.

The seven principal kingdoms which the invaders founded were Kent, Wessex, Northumberland, Mercia, Sussex,

Essex, and East Anglia. These are generally called the "Heptarchy," which is a Greek word, meaning "the rule of seven." But there never could be said to be a real Heptarchy consisting of seven settled kingdoms. They were always, when not fighting the Welsh, fighting each other, and sometimes there would be more, sometimes fewer, kings. Northumberland was often divided into two parts, Bernicia and Deira, each of which had its own king. Still, on the whole, there may be said to have been those seven kingdoms; and the rest of the country, Wales, Cornwall, and Strathclyde, which was the name given to Cumberland, Westmoreland, and part of Scotland, still belonged to the Britons. Northumberland reached as far north as the river Forth, and the Lowland Scotch are, in reality, Angles or English.

The Heptarchy.

During this time the country must have been in a fearful state, with these heathen warriors marauding and fighting, and taking possession of the land; though when they settled down they seem to have lived quietly in their village communities, as at home. The Britons would not or could not teach them Christianity; most likely they were too proud to learn of their conquered slaves. Fuller says, "This set the conversion of Germany so backward, because, out of defiance to the Romans, they hugged their own barbarism, made lovely with liberty; blotting out all civility from themselves, as jealous that it would usher in subjection."

So, though the Welsh and Irish continued to improve in learning and religion, this had no effect on the English. At last, however, they too learned Christianity, and they learned it from Romans. The history of the conversion of the English is told us most beautifully by an Englishman who lived not very long after it took place, Bede, or the Venerable Bede, as he is called. It is from him that we learn the well-known story how Pope Gregory the Great went into the market-place at Rome, where among other merchandise he saw "some boys set to sale, their bodies white, their countenances beautiful, their hair very fine;" how when he heard of what nation they were, he said, With those fair faces, they should be not Angles, but Angels; and how he never rested till missionaries were sent to England to withdraw those people from the wrath of God, and teach them to sing His praise.

It was in the year 597 that the Roman missionaries, with

Augustine their chief, came to England; landing, as the first English settlers had done, in the Isle of Thanet.

597. The Christian missionaries.

Ethelbert, the king of Kent, "ordered them to stay in that island, where they had landed, and that they should be furnished with all necessaries, till he should consider what to do with them." He was not ill-disposed to Christianity, for he himself had married a Christian princess from France, and, considering the high respect all his race bore to their wives, Queen Bertha's opinions would doubtless have great weight with him.

Still he was afraid to let the missionaries come into his house, "lest, according to an ancient superstition, if they practised any magical arts, they might impose upon him, and get the better of him." So he chose to receive them sitting in the open air. Augustine and his companions came before him, "furnished with Divine, not with magic, virtue, bearing a silver cross for their banner, and the image of our Lord and Saviour painted on a board; and, singing the Litany, they offered up their prayers to the Lord for the eternal salvation both of themselves and of those to whom they were come."

After the conference the king permitted them to live in Canterbury, and to preach to any who chose to listen to them. Here they lived and labored to such good purpose that "several believed and were baptized, admiring the simplicity of their innocent life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine." Before long the king himself was converted, and after that many more of the people followed his example. "Their conversion the king so far encouraged, as that he compelled none to embrace Christianity, but only showed more affection to the believers, as to his fellow-citizens in the heavenly kingdom. For he had learned from his instructors and leaders to salvation that the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion."

Conversion of Kent.

Let us now pause to consider the state of Christianity at the time when these Roman missionaries brought it to England.

Any one who reads the Gospels must be struck with the simplicity of Christ's teaching; how little dogmatism there is in it, how little formality, how little mystery; how much practice, how much kindliness and gentleness, how much faith and trust in God as a father. In the five or six hun-

dred years which had passed since the death of Christ, the Christian religion had, in some respects, changed very much from what Christ had taught, and was on its way to change more.

State of Christianity.

God seemed removed immeasurably farther off. Even Christ seemed more awful and less sympathizing. Men thought much of angels; still more of saints; above all, of the Virgin Mary. She became the ideal of tenderness and purity. It cannot be said that she took the place of the old heathen goddesses, for she was far higher, purer, and more gentle than they; but as some of them had appeared to be wise, smiling, and beneficent, and had been dearly loved and honored, all that love, and much more, was now lavished on the Mother of Christ.

Besides good supernatural beings, they believed very vividly also in evil ones, and in the power and number of the devils. They thought they were ever on the watch to tempt and to beguile.

They had a most wonderful awe and reverence for "relics;" that is, for things which were believed to have belonged to Christ or the saints.

The whole service had become a formal ceremony. The priests and bishops were looked on as most sacred, and far removed from common mortals. The sacrament was far more of a mystery than it had been of old. Images and pictures were used as helps to devotion, though they were not worshipped. We saw that Augustine and his companions had a cross and a picture of Christ.

The greatest change of all, perhaps, was the growth of what is called asceticism; that is, a hatred of the body, of all common, human life, of natural affection, of marriage. The height of virtue, in the opinion of many, was to withdraw from the world, from all useful occupations, from all love and happiness, and to give themselves up to prayer, fasting, and watching.

Though we may think that Christianity had in some things changed for the worse, let us remember with thankfulness how pure, how merciful, how beautiful, it was still, and never cease to love the name of Gregory and Augustine, who taught it to our fathers.

After about twenty years Christianity reached Northumberland. The principal missionary who went there was a certain Bishop Paulinus, who was described by one of those

whom he baptized as "a man tall of stature, a little stooping, his hair black, his visage meagre, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect both venerable and majestic."

The good Gregory was now dead, but his successor, Pope Boniface, took a great interest in the affairs of England, and sent long letters of good advice to the King of Northumberland and his wife. With his letters he sent presents: to the king a shirt, a robe, and a golden ornament; to the queen a silver looking-glass and a gilt ivory comb; and to both the blessing of St. Peter.

The king of Northumberland was at this time a very powerful and influential man named Edwin.*

627. Conversion of Northumberland.

He, too, had a Christian wife, for he had married the daughter of King Ethelbert of Kent. He did not embrace the new religion hastily, but, "being a man of extraordinary sagacity, he sate alone by himself a long time, silent as to his tongue, but deliberating in his heart how he should proceed, and which religion he should adhere to." He afterwards summoned a council of his "wise men" to consider the matter still farther.

Our forefathers were not, indeed, men to change their religion easily and lightly. Though they were still ignorant and rough, they were thoughtful men. They did not care only for food and drink, and for such things as they could see and handle; they reflected also on invisible things: on life, on the soul of man, on his feelings, and his nature. Their language is noted among all its brothers of the Teutonic speech for possessing more words of that sort than any of them, — words about mind and thought, emotions and affections.

The end of their deliberations was that Edwin and all his nobles embraced Christianity, and were baptized at York, a great number of the common people joining them, whilst the chief of the heathen priests himself profaned the altars and destroyed the idols.

Edwin was now the strongest of all the kings in England; his kingdom extended as far north as the Forth, and the capital of Scotland, Edinburgh, is named after him. It was in his days called Edwin's burgh. He also made himself in a certain sense master and head of the whole coun-

*The whole story of Edwin's conversion will be found in "Freeman's Old English History," pp. 51, etc.

try. He governed as a Christian king ought. "It is reported," says Bede, "that there was then such perfect peace in Britain, wheresoever the dominion of King Edwin extended, that, as is now proverbially said, a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island, from sea to sea, without receiving any harm."

But after Edwin's death the Northumbrians fell back into heathenism, and had to be converted over again. This time the missionaries did not come from Rome, but from Ireland and Scotland. The Irish, who had been converted by St. Patrick, were very vigorous and fervent Christians. They sent zealous and holy men to preach the gospel in Scotland, Friesland, Burgundy, Switzerland, even in Italy. One of them, Columba, settled on the island of Iona, west of Scotland, and founded a monastery there, from whence came the missionaries to Northumberland.

The Irish Church.

Though the Irish are now devoted to the Pope, they were not so then; they had some minor differences of opinion; as, for instance, which was the right season for keeping Easter, and how the priests' hair should be cut; and it was disputed for some time whether the Church of Northumberland should own allegiance to Rome or Ireland. In the end it was decided that it should adhere to Rome, as the other English churches did.

In about one hundred years all the land became Christian. The last kingdom to be converted (though lying so near to Kent, which was the first) was Sussex. The Christian missionaries, beside religion, taught the people many useful arts,—they taught the Sussex men to fish! "The bishop," writes Bede, "when he came into the province, and found so great misery from famine, taught them to get their food by fishing, for their sea and river abounded in fish, but the people had no skill to take them, except eels alone."

Conversion of Sussex.

This same bishop, Wilfrid, received from the king a grant of land with "all the goods that were therein." Among these goods were two hundred and fifty slaves. All these he at once set at liberty and baptized.

Other arts too sprang up under the shadow of Christianity. People began to build stone churches with pillars and aisles, and even with glass windows. As the English did not yet know how to make glass, they brought men from France to

do this part of the work, and by degrees they learned the art themselves, though glass was a very rare luxury for many centuries after this. With Christianity too came learning. The Roman missionaries brought Latin with them. Some time afterwards the Pope also sent Greek missionaries, who brought their own language. These last, Theodore and Adrian, were both, Bede tells us, "well read both in sacred and secular literature; they gathered a crowd of disciples, and there daily flowed from them rivers of knowledge towards the hearts of their hearers." They not only taught them out of the Bible, but also gave them lessons in astronomy, arithmetic, Greek, and Latin. "Nor were there ever happier times since the English came into Britain. . . . The minds of all men were bent upon the joys of the heavenly kingdom of which they had just heard, and all who desired to be instructed in sacred reading had masters at hand to teach them." Education.

"In a single century," says Stubbs, "England became known to Christendom as a fountain of light, as a land of learned men, devout and unwearied missions, of strong, rich, and pious kings."

It was Archbishop Theodore who divided the country into bishopries and archbishopries, which have been very little changed since his day.

Now, too, monasteries began to rise all over the land. As they were of immense importance for many centuries, it is necessary we should know something about them; and we will at this time mention the good which they did, leaving the evil until the period when they had begun to degenerate. The life and death of the historian Bede, from whom so much has been already quoted, will show us the fairest side of monastic life. In the monasteries a great deal of useful work was done; it was not all fasting and meditation. When we consider the times, the fighting and tumults which still went on, the ignorance and barbarism, we shall see that in the monasteries there was a refuge not only for religion, but for gentleness, learning, and civilization Monasteries.

Bede tells us that he was born in the territory of the monastery of Jarrow, which was on the coast of Durham, at the mouth of the river Wear. He was given, at the age of seven years, to be educated by the Abbot Benedict, and, "spending all the remainder of my life in 673. Bede.

that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of the Scriptures; and amidst the observation of regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning, teaching, and writing."

We read this about the occupations of the monastery: "The founder, like the rest of the brothers, delighted to exercise himself in winnowing the corn and threshing it, in giving milk to the lambs and calves, in the bake-house, in the garden, in the kitchen." These were all healthy, peaceful, and useful employments. But besides helping to attend to all this, Bede studied religion and all the learning of the times. He knew Latin and Greek, and had read some at least of the old poets and philosophers whom scholars love to read now. He knew as much as could be known at that time of astronomy, physical science, arithmetic, grammar, and medicine. He was also very fond of music, singing, and poetry. He taught all the other monks, and many strangers, who came from all parts to learn of him, and he wrote forty-five books. Most of these were sermons or explanations of the Bible; but others were hymns and poems, or treatises on scientific subjects. One was about spelling. But the one we prize most is that from which so much has been quoted, his "Church History." He was the first English historian. This book was written in Latin, but Bede loved his native tongue, and the last work he did was to translate the Gospel of St. John into English. Is not this a picture of a noble and a happy life? Now read the story of his beautiful death, written by one of his pupils who was with him to the end. He tells us that after the beginning of his last illness "he led his life cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God every day and night, nay, every hour, till the day of our Lord's ascension." He was laboring hard to finish his translation of St. John, he dictating, while one of his pupils wrote. On "the Tuesday before the ascension of our Lord . . . he passed all that day pleasantly, and dictated now and then, saying, 'Go on quickly; I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Master will soon take me away.'" On the Wednesday "he ordered that we should speedily write what he had begun, and, this done, we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him, who said to him, 'Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to be

asked any more questions?' He answered, 'It is no trouble. Take your pen, make ready, and write fast.' . . . Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening, and the above-mentioned boy said, 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered, 'Write quickly.' Soon after the boy said, 'The sentence is now written.' He replied, 'Well, you have said the truth. It is ended.' Then he said, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.' When he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom." 735.

Some of the monasteries of this time seem to have been presided over by ladies. There was one very famous one, of which the ruins are still to be seen at Whitby in Yorkshire, which was ruled by the Abbess Hilda. Hilda. She belonged to the royal family, and must have understood the art of governing very well, for she trained up many clergymen, and no less than five bishops. In her abbey dwelt Cædmon, the first English poet, who made so many and such beautiful verses on the Bible histories, that he was believed to have "learned the art of poetry, not from men, but from God."

Thus we see how the monasteries were like islands of harmony and culture in the midst of wild oceans of discord and strife.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNITING OF THE ENGLISH KINGDOMS.

The kingdoms of the English. The "Bretwalda." Egbert. The Danes. St. Edmund.

England was now beginning to have far more intercourse with the rest of Europe than she had had for a long time. In the fervor of their new conversion, the English began to send missionaries to convert their heathen kinsfolk on the Continent; and by means of them, their zeal and their learning, England became well known and famous; for at that time the country was more learned and more religious than many of its neighbors.

It is now time to look at the state of the Continent, and see how the great empire of the Romans had fared during the centuries which had passed since they left Britain. It will be remembered that the Teutonic or German races were falling upon it on all sides, settling themselves in Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and Britain. By the beginning of the ninth century the Teutons had lost some of these conquests. They had lost forever their African possessions, and had given way to the Arabs or Saracens. The Saracens had also established themselves in Spain and in a part of France.

The Romans and the Teutons.

But, on the other hand, the Teutons were growing stronger and stronger in other parts. There was a great tribe or people of Teutonic race called the Franks, who were now the chief people in Germany and Gaul. Their name means "free men." In English the word "frank" still means open, unreserved, free-handed, free-hearted. As the Angles had changed the name of Britain into England, so the Franks changed that of Gaul into France. They also gave their name to Franconia in Germany. The difference between the settlement of the Franks in France and that of the English in England, is that the English destroyed the

old inhabitants, and brought in their own language and habits. The Franks did not destroy the people of Gaul, but settled in among them, and by degrees learned their language, which the Gauls before this had learned from the Romans. The French is one of those languages which are called Romance, as being very much like the Roman or Latin speech. But at the time of which we are now writing, the Franks still talked their own native German.

How completely the Germans had conquered the Romans was shown by the fact that the King of the Franks was made Emperor of Rome! This German emperor was called Charles the Great, which was afterwards translated into French as "Charlemagne." He really deserved the name of "great," and we have something to do with him in English history; for he began to take an interest in English affairs, and it was under him that the first king of all the English was trained up. It seems that he began to notice the English through the missionaries whom they sent among the Franks. One of his dearest friends was an Englishman from York, named Alcuin, who had, perhaps, been one of Bede's own pupils. Alcuin had a great love for Charles, calling him "David" as a sign of affection, and went to live in France, that he might help him in many ways, especially in teaching the people. It shows how much the Franks were behind the English in learning, that he had to send to York to get books for his school.

800. The emperor Charles.

Hitherto the Germans on the Continent, as well as the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons in England, had been very much broken up into small states or tribes, which was a great hindrance to their progress and strength. Charles conquered some of these scattered tribes, and made alliances with others, so as to join them all into one, under his own government.

In England the various kings and kingdoms had been constantly fighting; now one being master, and now another. Though we will not compare the battles of our ancestors to those of "kites and crows," as Milton did, and though all this conflict was really the rough-hewing of the English nation, yet we need not linger over it, or burden our memories with the details. The time was coming when all the smaller kingdoms would be gathered under one head, and would thus become far more great and powerful, even

then; still more, would have the possibility of growth and future greatness. It had often been the case that one of the kings would gain a certain authority over some or all of the others, as Edwin of Northumberland had done. When that was the case he was called "Bretwalda." It is not quite certain what that word meant, though some people believe that it meant "Wielder of Britain."

At the time at which we have now arrived, Northumberland, which had been so strong, learned, and civilized, had sunk down again, and was weak and distracted. The most powerful kingdom was Mercia, and Offa, the Mercian king, began to lord it over the others. He set one of his sons-in-law to be king of Northumberland, and another to be king of Wessex. In each of those countries another man claimed the throne; both of these were obliged to fly the country, and both took refuge with Charlemagne.

One of these, the claimant of the throne of Wessex, was Egbert, who afterwards got that and much more. It has been mentioned that in the old heathen times the kings were all supposed to be descended from the god Woden. By this time, as they had been Christians so long, they had altered their opinion about Woden. They now thought of him as a man, but still believed him to be the founder of the royal family, and one of his descendants says of him, "He was the king of many nations, whom some of the pagans still worship as a god." Now Egbert, besides being a very clever man, was the only living descendant of Woden; therefore Bertric, Offa's son-in-law, was very jealous of him.

Egbert.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Had Egbert not been banished from his country, or had he been made king easily and at once, he would, perhaps, never have been the king he was. While living under the protection of Charlemagne he learned a great deal. He watched him uniting the scattered German tribes into one strong kingdom, and when he came home he followed the example.

His training.

Bertric, the supplanting King of Wessex, came to a melancholy end. His wife, the daughter of Offa, was a very wicked woman, jealous of every one whom her husband loved. If she could not get rid of them openly she would give them poison; and at last, when she was intending to poison a young friend and favorite of the king, by some mistake Bertric also partook of the cup, and so both per-

ished together. After this, the queen, detested by every one, was obliged to leave the country, and she, too, went to the court of Charlemagne. It seems that he could not have known much of her character or adventures, for he made her the abbess of a large convent of nuns, where, as might have been expected, she behaved very differently from the wise Abbess Hilda. At last her conduct became so disgraceful that she had to be expelled from her convent, and ended her wicked life very miserably, begging her bread in the streets of Pavia, a city in Italy.

Directly after Bertric's death Egbert returned to Wessex, and was at once received by the people as their king. He had learned patience in his exile. He spent twenty-five years in strengthening his own kingdom of Wessex, and extending it towards the west by fighting and subduing the Britons in Devonshire, Cornwall, and Wales. Offa had also done a great deal towards conquering the Welsh, and in these wars we can see how much the Christian religion had softened and improved the character of the conquerors. The English ceased to massacre and exterminate the Britons, as they did at first; instead of killing or driving them away, they allowed them to dwell undisturbed in their own lands, as long as they would obey the laws.

800. Egbert king of Wessex.

Offa had now been dead for some time, but his successor in the kingdom of Mercia, seeing Egbert's growing power, resolved to make another fight for the mastery, and invaded Wessex. Egbert thoroughly defeated him in one battle, and after his death Egbert was chosen King of Mercia also. Seeing how powerful he had now become, the smaller kingdoms submitted to him without much difficulty. There only remained Northumberland. Egbert marched against that with a great army, but it submitted without a fight.

Thus Egbert became king of all the English. But we are not to think he was king of England as a unit, as it is under Victoria. The other kingdoms continued more or less distinct, with their own kings or princes; but these kings owed a sort of obedience to Egbert; they paid him tribute, and if he summoned them to help him in battle they were bound to come. England never fell to pieces again, as the Germany of Charlemagne did; it continued, henceforth, to be one; but it was not till long afterwards that the separate kingdoms were thoroughly and entirely united.

827. Egbert overlord of England.

It was a very fortunate thing for England that it was a king of Wessex who gained the supremacy rather than a king of Mercia or Northumberland; for had the capital of the country been at York, or in some quite inland place, instead of at London or Winchester, it would have isolated the people far more from the rest of Europe.

One thing, which no doubt made it easier for Egbert to unite all the country under himself, was trouble from without. Hitherto, since the English tribes had first come to Britain, they had been left pretty much to themselves, except by the missionaries. But now, as has been said, foreigners began again to take an interest in England and English affairs. Some did good, as Charlemagne, but others were terrible scourges.

These last were the Danes, as they are called. For the next two or three hundred years English history is full of them. It almost seems like going back 400 years, and reading history over again. Then we saw a Christian population slaughtered or driven away by heathen and barbarous invaders from over the sea. Now the same is repeated. These "Danes" did not all come from Denmark, though, as most of them did so, they were all called by that name. Many of them came from Norway and Friesland. It was from South Denmark and Friesland, as we know, that the first Angles, Jutes, and Saxons had come; so these were, in fact, their near relations. The Norwegians were also a branch of the Teutons; they all spoke nearly the same language as the English; they had also the same habits and the same religion which the English had formerly had; they still worshipped Woden and Thor. They were quite as worthy of the name of sea-wolves as the Angles had been. Here is an account of the first visit the Danes paid to England, which gives a pleasant idea of them. "Whilst the pious King Bertric" (this was Offa's son-in-law) "was reigning over the western parts of the English, and the innocent people spread through their plains were enjoying themselves in tranquillity, and yoking their oxen to the plough, suddenly there arrived on the coast a fleet of Danes, not large, but of three ships only; this was their first arrival. When this became known, the king's officer, who was already stopping in the town of Dorchester, leaped on his horse and galloped forwards with a few men to the port, thinking that they were merchants rather than enemies, and,

The Danes.

commanding them in an authoritative tone, ordered them to go to the royal city; but he was slain on the spot by them, and all who were with him."

After this first visit they came again and again, and there were once more massacres, ravages, burning villages, burning churches, just as there had been so long before. Only the English now made a better defence than the poor Britons had done, and were not exterminated nor driven off into the wild western regions. On the other hand they never could drive the Danes quite away. Numbers of them settled down in the land, and took root there; but as they spoke nearly the same language, and came of the same stock, they soon mixed with the English and became one with them. But in this we are anticipating; there was still hard fighting for many years to come.

After Egbert's death his son Ethelwulf became king. He was, as his father had been, the principal king or over-lord of England, with under-kings in different parts.

Ethelwulf and his sons.

He had not an easy time of it. He was beset on both sides. The Danes came up the Thames; they spent a whole winter in the Isle of Sheppey; they brought a great army and three hundred and fifty ships to the mouth of the Thames, sacked the cities of Canterbury and London, and put to flight an army which came from Mercia to oppose them. On the western side it was almost worse. The Danes made friends with the Britons, who were living in Devonshire, and there was a great deal of fighting and misery there also. At last, however, the Danes got the worst of it, for the time, and went away for eight years, during which time Ethelwulf died in peace, leaving four sons, who were all kings in turn. To show, however, what misgivings he had as to the future, we give a short extract from the account of his will. "For the benefit of his soul, which he studied to promote in all things from the first flower of his youth, he directed through all his hereditary dominions that one poor man in ten, either native or foreigner, should be supplied with meat, drink, and clothing by his successors until the Day of Judgment; *supposing, however, that the country should still be inhabited by men and cattle, and should not become deserted.*"

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The three elder of his sons were Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethelred. Many of the names of our ancestors had interesting meanings. Egbert means "Bright-eye." Ethel

means "Noble," and was a very favorite beginning for a name.

ETHELWULF	was "The noble wolf."
ETHELBALD	" "Noble and bold."
ETHELBERT	" "Noble and bright."
ETHELRED	" "Noble in counsel."

The noblest of all, however, was not named Ethel, but Alfred or Ælfred, which means an elf or fairy in counsel. "Red" meant "counsel" or wisdom; and there came another Ethelred in due time, who did not at all deserve so grand a name.

The three Ethels had very short and troubled reigns. The Danes came back and the fights began again. The Danes grew stronger and stronger. They seized on much of the eastern part of England, and settled down there. There was at this time an under-king in East Anglia named Edmund. One of the old writers of this period, Asser, of whom we shall soon hear more, tells us of him: "In the year 856, Humbert, Bishop of the East Angles, anointed with oil and consecrated as king the glorious Edmund, with much rejoicing and great honor, in the royal town called Burva on a Christmas Day." How he came to be so glorious and so beloved he does not tell us (he was only fifteen then, but the glory and the love came afterwards); we will, however, quote what Carlyle says about him. Asking in what way Edmund rose to such favor and won such affection, he answers himself, "Really, except it were by doing justly and loving mercy to an unprecedented extent, one does not know. The man, it would seem, had walked, as they say, humbly with God, — humbly and valiantly with God, — struggling to make the earth heavenly as he could; instead of walking sumptuously and pridefully with mammon, leaving the earth to grow hellish as it liked."

St. Edmund.

When the Danes invaded East Anglia, Edmund was taken prisoner (so the story goes) and led before the heathen chiefs. They offered him his life and liberty if he would give up Christianity and reign under them. He refused. "Cannot we kill you?" cried they. "Cannot I die?" answered he. So they bound him to a tree and shot him to death with arrows.

"Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done

verily a man's part in this life's pilgrimage of his, and benedictions and outflowing love and admiration from the universal heart were his meed. Well done! well done! cried the hearts of all men. They raised his slain and martyred body, washed its wounds with fast-flowing universal tears — tears of endless pity, and yet of a sacred joy and triumph. . . . In this manner did the men of the eastern counties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne, seek out the severed head, and reverently re-unite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts."

Afterwards this Edmund, who seems to have been about thirty years old when he died, was "canonized" or proclaimed a saint, and a great abbey called St. Edmund's Bury, or Bury St. Edmund's, was built over his grave, where the ruins of it may be seen to this day in that town of Suffolk.

Thus the Danes got possession of East Anglia. They burned down the wealthy abbeys of Peterborough, Ely, and Croyland, and killed or drove away the monks. After a time, however, those abbeys rose again, and two of the finest English cathedrals are at Peterborough and Ely.

CHAPTER IX.

ALFRED.

King Alfred. His education. His war with the Danes. The treaty of Wedmore. The time of peace. Alfred's work in law, justice, religion, and education. His books.

In the last chapter we saw England in a very pitiable condition, ravaged and plundered by the Danish heathen. We read of Ethelwulf's four sons, who were all kings in turn. The youngest and the greatest of them was Alfred, who has left such a beloved and glorious name behind him, and who was, perhaps, the best and wisest king England ever had. We must pass hastily over his three elder brothers, that we may have more time for Alfred, "England's darling," as the people loved to call him, even centuries after his death.

Alfred.

Our knowledge of Alfred's life is mainly derived from four sources. The first and principal authority is a Welsh clergyman, Asser, whose work has been already quoted; it was in it that Ethelwulf's will was described. It has been stated already that the Welsh (or Britons) preserved a love of learning even after the English had persecuted and driven them into the west; so that some of our old histories, and many old poems, were written by them. Asser, who seems to have been a good and clever man, was a devoted friend of Alfred, and wrote his life, which is very interesting, because he tells us many little things that he heard and saw himself, and makes us feel as if we knew and loved his king and friend as much as he did. The book has not been all preserved, and of what we have, parts seem to have been added by some other writer at a later time; but a great deal of it is authentic, and very pithy and quaint, as well as hearty.

Authorities.

Besides Asser, we have a "Chronicle" by a man who was descended from the royal family, and who wrote a short history of England for the instruction of a cousin Matilda

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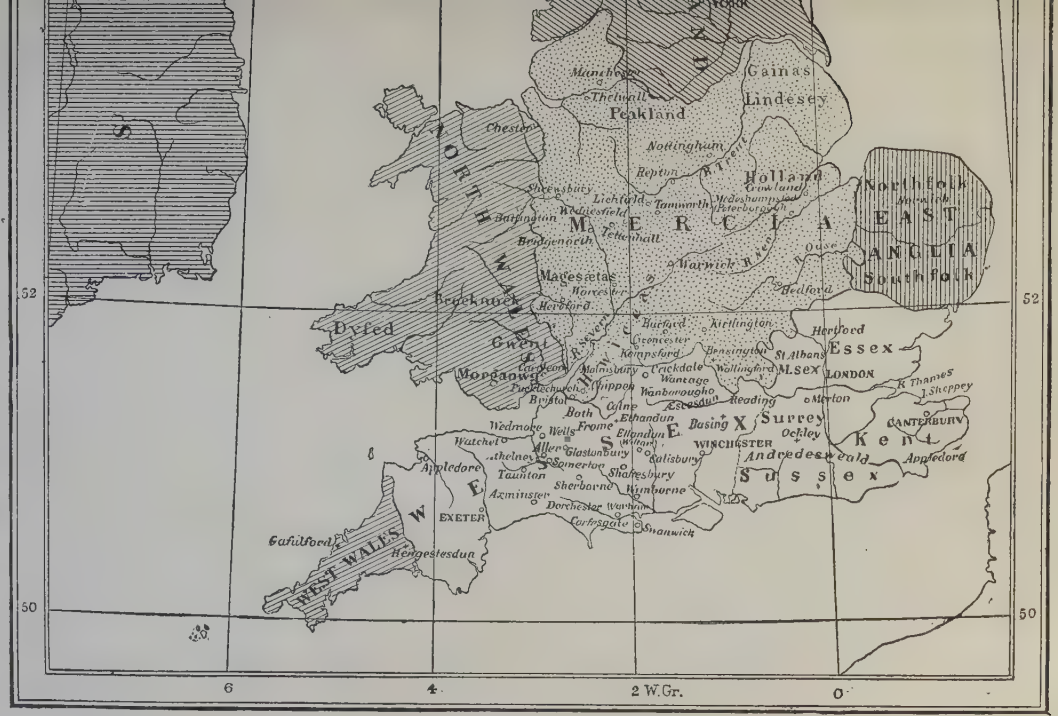
York
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Repton
Holland
Northfolk
Norwich
Lichfield
Tamworth
Wedesburgh
Waterborough
Wolverhampton
Bridgenorth
Tetchehall
MERCIA
EAST ANGLIA
Ouse
Warwick
Magesetas
Worcester
Bedford
Southfolk
Brecknock
Hereford
Dyfed
Gwent
Severn
Buckland
Kirtlington
Hertford
Gloucester
Kempsford
Bensington
St Albans
Essex
Morganwg
Malmsbury
Crickdale
Wallingford
M.Sex
LONDON
R. Thames
Cardiff
Chippen
Wantage
Merton
Bristol
Estesdun
Reading
Sheppey
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Calne
Elhandun
Basing
Surrey
CANTERBURY
Wedmore
Wells
Frome
Ellendun (Wilton)
Ockley
Watchet
Glastonbury
Salisbury
WINCHESTER
Kent
Athelney
Somerton
Andredesweald
Appledore
Taunton
Shaftesbury
Sussex
Sherborne
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Axminster
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of his in Germany. He says Ethelred, the third son of Ethelwulf, was his grandfather's grandfather, and that Alfred was grandfather to Matilda's grandfather. He seems to have had a misgiving that she would find his book rather dry (which it must be confessed it really is), and makes an apology for it, saying, "Although I may seem to send you a load of reading, dearest sister of my desire, do not judge me harshly, but as my writings were in love to you, so may you read them."

Again, and principally, as far as Alfred's wars are concerned, we have the first and oldest true history of England, written by Englishmen, which is commonly called, "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," and will be referred to again.

Lastly, we have his own words, which show forth his noble character better than any one's words about him can do, and of which a few shall be quoted.

Both Asser and the Anglo-Saxon chronicler give us his whole pedigree. Of course he was descended (as all the English kings were supposed to be) from Woden; and as they now look upon Woden as a man, they also tell us who his father and grandfather were, and so back and back to "Sceaf, who was born in Noah's ark," and thence to Noah and Adam as in Genesis, ending with "our Father, that is Christ." Thus we see that they did not give up the idea of the Divine descent of man.

It need hardly be said that this pedigree is not at all to be trusted. But Asser tells us what is more to the purpose, that Alfred had a very good mother, "a religious woman, noble both by birth and nature."

Almost every one has heard the pretty story of the beginning of Alfred's education. Unfortunately, some learned men now say the story is not and cannot be true, but, as others give reasons for believing it, we will take it as Asser tells it. He relates that Alfred was more comely, more graceful, and more beloved by his parents and by all the people than any of his brothers, and that "his noble nature implanted in him from his cradle a love of wisdom above all things," and he tells how his mother trained him. "On a certain day his mother was showing him and his brothers a Saxon (or English) book of poetry, which she held in her hand, and said, 'Whichever of you shall the soonest learn this volume shall have it for his own.' Stimulated by these words, or rather by the Divine inspiration, and

Education.

allured by the beautifully-illuminated letter at the beginning of the volume, he spoke before all his brothers, who, though his seniors in age, were not so in grace, and answered, 'Will you really give that book to one of us, that is to say, to him who can first understand and repeat it to you?' At this his mother smiled with satisfaction, and confirmed what she had before said. Upon which the boy took the book out of her hand, and went to his master to read it, and in due time brought it to his mother and recited it."

This seems to have been when Alfred was about four years old. We are not to suppose the child learned to *read*, but to repeat the poems; for it appears that he did not learn to read till after he was twelve years old. But he had, from that time, all through his life a passionate love of learning, and persevered in it through troubles and difficulties such as we can hardly imagine.

Alfred, while he was still a child, was twice at Rome. The Pope made much of him, and anointed him future King of England. He travelled through France, over the Alps, and through Northern Italy, and so he saw a great deal of the beauty of the world. It is to be feared he would not admire the Alps much, for in those days, and long after, people thought of mountains as horrible and savage places, only fit for wild beasts or hermits. The feeling of admiration for the grandeur of nature is comparatively modern. But no doubt he was struck by the splendor of Rome, and the other Italian cities, so different from the rude and unbeautiful cities of England, as they were then. Rome was still the capital of the world. Many of the fine buildings which are now in ruins, and which we so often see in photographs, were, no doubt, still in good preservation. There, too, he saw the most learned, polite, and religious men then living. All this would make a great impression on the young and clever child, and we may be sure he never forgot it.

Visits to Rome.

On his second visit to Rome he stayed there with his father a whole year. It seems strange that he did not learn to read, as there was a school at Rome on purpose for the English or Anglo-Saxons, to which King Ethelwulf made many handsome presents. But in those days it was not thought needful for kings, noblemen, or gentlemen to know how to read. That was left for the priests or clergymen. Kings used to make their mark, just as the most utterly

ignorant people do now, and as, it is to be supposed, in another fifty years no one will do. The young princes and nobles were taught hunting, wrestling, and the like; and they were also accustomed to hear songs and poems in their own language: — songs about war and heroes, kings and queens, the sea and the sea-kings, dwarfs and giants and dragons, beautiful ladies and their lovers. Alfred dearly loved these old poems and ballads.

Meanwhile the fighting went on. All through his childhood and youth he must have been constantly hearing about the "pagans." There is not space to give a history of all these wars, but these are specimens from the chronicles of Ethelwerd.

Ravages of the Danes.

"865. After four years from the death of King Ethelbald, the pagans strengthen their position in the Isle of Thanet, and promise to be at peace with the men of Kent, who on their part prepare money, ignorant of the future. But the Danes break their compact, and, sallying out privately by night, lay waste all the eastern coast of Kent. . . .

"868. After one year that army, leaving the eastern parts, crossed the river Humber into Northumberland, to the city of Evoric (York). . . . After some delay they (the inhabitants) turned their thoughts to raise an army and repulse those who were advancing. They collected together no small bodies of troops and reconnoitred the enemy; their rage was excited, they joined battle, a miserable slaughter took place on both sides, and the kings were slain. . . .

"871. After one year, therefore, the army of the barbarians set out for Reading, and the principal object of the impious crew was to attack the West-Saxons. . . . An indescribable battle is fought, now these, now those, urge on the fight with spears immovable. . . . The barbarians at last triumph. . . . Four days after King Ethelred with his brother Alfred fought again with all the army of the Danes at Œscesdune, and there was great slaughter on both sides; but at last King Ethelred obtained the victory."

This battle of Œscesdune, or Aston, "the Hill or Down of the Ash," was remarkable, as it throws great light on Alfred's character, his courage, and his good sense. Asser gives us a long description of it. "The pagans had divided themselves into two bodies, and began to prepare defences; for they had two kings, and many earls, so they gave the middle part of the army to the

Battle of Aston.

two kings, and the other part to all their earls. Which the Christians perceiving, divided their army also into two troops, and also began to construct defences. But Alfred (as we have been told by those who were present, and would not tell an untruth) marched up promptly with his men to give them battle; but King Ethelred remained a long time in his tent in prayer, hearing the mass, and said that he would not leave it till the priest had done, or abandon the Divine protection for that of men. And he did so too, which afterwards availed him much with the Almighty, as we shall declare more fully in the sequel. . . . Now the Christians had determined that King Ethelred with his men should attack the two pagan kings; but that his brother Alfred, with his troops, should take the chance of war against the earls. Things being so arranged, the king remained a long time in prayer, and the pagans came up rapidly to fight. Then Alfred, though possessing subordinate authority, could no longer support the troops of the enemy, unless he retreated or charged upon them, without waiting for his brother. At length he bravely led his troops against the hostile army, as they had before arranged, but without awaiting his brother's arrival. . . . And when both armies had fought long and bravely, at last the pagans, by the Divine judgment, were no longer able to bear the attacks of the Christians, and, having lost the greater part of their army, took to a disgraceful flight. One of their two kings and five earls were there slain, together with many thousand pagans who fell on all sides, covering with their bodies the whole plain of Ashdune."

Asser seems inclined to praise Ethelred for remaining so long at his prayers; but had Alfred done the same, the battle would have ended very differently. There was never a more truly religious man in the world than Alfred; but he knew when he could serve God better by working than by praying. And this he kept in view all through his life. He loved prayer and reading the Bible as well as any saint, but he loved work and toil for his people too. His life and his mind were what we call well-balanced. And still more, he had one of those large, wide, sympathetic minds which can be keen and interested in many different ways, and on many different subjects. When there was fighting to be done, he showed himself a brave soldier and a clever commander; but in time of peace

Alfred's character.

he was equally ready as a lawgiver, as a governor, and as a judge. He was like Bede in loving learning and teaching. He loved music, poetry, and books, hunting, hawking, and building. He loved clever men and their company; he loved his wife and children. But there was a drawback to his labors and his pleasures, for he was an invalid all his life and suffered exceeding pain.

He married when he was quite young, only nineteen years old. We know little about his wife, except that the two were evidently very happy together, and had a large and well brought up family. We may judge how loving and faithful she was by the way Alfred himself writes in one of his books about the value of an affectionate wife. This is supposed to be written for the consolation of a husband who is in trouble and separated from his wife, and was partly a translation from an older writer, to which Alfred added some thoughts of his own. "She is exceedingly prudent, and very modest; she has excelled all other women in purity. . . . She lives now for thee — thee alone. Hence she loves nought else but thee. She has enough of every good in this present life, but she has despised it all for thee. She has shunned it all because she has not thee also. This one thing is now wanting to her; thine absence makes her think that all which she possesses is nothing." Marriage.

In 871, soon after the battle of Aston, Ethelred died, leaving two young sons. But in such troublous times no one thought of making an infant king. No one thought of any king but Alfred, who was already so well known, admired, and trusted. According to the old English fashion, the most worthy member of the royal house was elected king. We do not hear of any holidays, or merry-making, or coronation ceremonies on his accession. It was indeed no time for rejoicing. Almost as soon as his brother was laid in the grave he had to march against the enemy, who were now at Reading. 871. Alfred becomes king.

Soon we hear of them in all parts of the country — in Derbyshire, in Lincolnshire, at York, on the Tyne, at Exeter, at Warham, and in London. They did not come and depart as they once did. They took up winter quarters in different places, and then in the spring they went on ravaging.

Though Egbert had made himself king and lord of all parts of England, Alfred, his grandson, had now hard work

to continue king even of Wessex; but he maintained himself, and kept the Danes at bay for seven years, both by sea and land.

It is remarkable that after the Angles and Saxons, who were such brave sailors and "sea-wolves," had got possession of England, they appeared for a long time to have lost their love of the sea. They left off roving, and became farmers; and if they wanted more excitement they fought one another. Alfred was the first who thought of establishing a navy; he was the beginner of that glory of England, that she rules the waves. There was no coping with the Danes without a fleet; no matter how many were killed, there were always fresh hordes of them coming from over the sea. "If in one day thousands of them were slain, on the next a double number were ready to fight again." Alfred determined to cut off the supplies. He devised better and larger ships; he manned them with the boldest sailors he could find, and set them to watch the Channel, so that no fresh troops or provisions should be landed. Once they had a great victory. A storm and a fog beset the Danes; Alfred's fleet came boldly forward, "their bands were discomfited in a moment, and all were sunk and drowned in the sea, at a place called Swane-wic," or, as we now call it, Swanage, on the rocky coast of Dorsetshire.

His ships.

Still the Danes pushed on. At the end of seven years things looked worse than ever, and the people began to lose courage. Many of the monasteries had been burned; the bishops and monks wandered about the country with their precious relics, the bones of the saints and the sacred vessels, which they had rescued, and were thankful when they could take refuge beyond the sea; whilst the heathen offered up sacrifices to Thor and Woden in the Christian churches.

Disasters.

The people were reduced to the condition of servants or beggars; disorder and misery were everywhere. Alfred, with no army left, and only a few friends and his faithful wife, had to hide away in a miserable marsh, waiting for better times.

Had he been a weak man now, all would have been lost. Many another man would have given in — would perhaps have gone off to Rome as a pious pilgrim (as some of the feebler kings had done), and ended his days in quiet. But Alfred trusted in God and bided his time.

It was during this time that he received the scolding for burning the cakes, according to the well-known story. In this time, too, is placed the beautiful story of the vision of St. Cuthbert. The tale is, that the king was sitting in his hut while his followers went to fish in a neighboring stream. He was reduced to great straits, for he had but one loaf of bread left and a small measure of wine. He was full of anxious thoughts, and was trying to comfort himself by reading the Psalms of David, when a poor man came begging to the door. Alfred received the poor beggar as if he had been the Saviour himself, and shared his little store of bread and wine with him. "The guest suddenly vanished, the bread was unbroken, the pitcher full of wine to the brim. Soon after the fishermen returned from the river, laden with a rich booty. In the following night St. Cuthbert appeared to him in a dream, and announced that his sufferings were about to end, and gave him all particulars of time and place. The king rose early in the morning, crossed over to the mainland in a boat, and blew his horn three times, the sound inspiring his friends with courage, and carrying terror to the hearts of his enemies. By noon five hundred gallant warriors gathered round him, he acquainted them with the commands of God, and led them on to victory."*

Fresh hopes.

In those days everybody was ready to expect and believe in miracles — Alfred, perhaps, as much as any one. But something of this kind may have really happened, and been a little embellished afterwards; it is, at any rate, quite true that after that dreary winter the turning-point came. In the spring the king and his followers left their huts and hiding-places; they built a strong fort in the midst of the marshes, on a place which was then an island, though that district has since been drained and turned into dry land. He unfurled his royal banner, the people gathered joyfully around him, and hope began to revive.

As soon as he had collected an army large and strong enough, he marched against the camp of the Danes in Wiltshire. They had a great fight at a place called Ethandune (Eddington), and the English gained a complete victory. Those of the Danes who were not killed in the battle took refuge in a fortress or fortified camp at

Victory.

* Pauli's "Life of Alfred."

Chippenham, and fourteen days after, subdued by hunger, cold, and misery, they submitted.

Alfred was merciful; he showed himself a true Christian hero. The Danish leader, Guthrum, made known that he wished to be a Christian. Alfred rejoiced, and became his godfather; he gave him the new name of Ethelstane at his baptism, and then they made a peace, known as the treaty of Wedmon.

Alfred could not hope to do more than free his own kingdom of Wessex, with part of the old Mercia, from the Danes. They drew a boundary line from the mouth of the Thames to the source of the river Lea, and along the Ouse to Watling Street, the old road which the Romans had made. All beyond that line the Danes were allowed to keep; their chiefs were, however, vassals or under-kings to Alfred; so that he was, in some sense, king of England, though his real authority was very small beyond the boundary line.

The Danes settled down beyond that line among the English, especially in East Anglia and Northumberland. It was agreed that those who would not become Christians should depart out of the country. As they spoke pretty nearly the same language and were of the same stock as the English, when they became of the same religion also they seem to have agreed together very fairly, and by degrees they intermarried and became one people. These Danes, then, were never driven away; their descendants are living there still, and are as truly Englishmen as any. We can often tell which were the settlements of the Danes by the names of places, especially names ending in "by" which was their word for "town."* In the parts of England where the Danes lived we find numbers of places whose names end in "by," as Derby, Whitby, Enderby; but in the other parts, where the English lived, there are very few.

Settlement of the Danes.

But now that peace was restored, and the Danes driven out, it remained to be seen whether Alfred was as good a ruler as he was a soldier. We may imagine when the last of the Danes was fairly gone, and he could lay his sword aside, that he looked around upon the land with sorrow. The

* By-laws and by-roads will occur to mind, signifying town ordinances and town-roads other than highways.

towns, including London, were pillaged, ruined, or burned; the monasteries destroyed; the people wild and lawless; ignorance, roughness, insecurity everywhere. But with a brave heart he set himself to repair all this. Great and noble aims were still before him. State of the country.

First of all he seems to have sought for helpers. Like most able men, he was good at reading characters. He soon saw who would be true, brave, wise friends, and he collected these around him. Some of them he brought from France and Germany. Asser came from Wales, or, as he calls his country, "Western Britain," while England he calls "Saxony." He says he first saw Alfred "in a royal vill, which is called Dene" in Sussex. "He received me with kindness, and asked me eagerly to devote myself to his service, and become his friend; to leave everything which I possessed on the left or western bank of the Severn, and promised that he would give more than an equivalent for it in his own dominions. I replied that I could not rashly and incautiously promise such things; for it seemed to be unjust that I should leave those sacred places in which I had been bred, educated, crowned,* and ordained, for the sake of any earthly honor and power, unless upon compulsion. Upon this he said, 'If you cannot accede to this, at least let me have your service in part; spend six months of the year with me here, and the other six months in Britain." And to this, after a time, Asser consented.

The principal things to which he turned his mind after providing for the defence of his kingdom, and collecting his friends and counsellors about him, were the establishment of law, justice, religion, education.

He collected and studied the old laws of his nation; what he thought good he kept, what he disapproved he left out. He added others, especially the ten commandments and some other parts of the law of Moses. Then he laid them all before his Witan, or council of wise men, and with their approval published them. Laws.

It is important that laws should be wise and just, but it is of more vital consequence that they should be efficiently and impartially administered. Some of the worst-governed nations may have good statutes, but if Justice.

* This means shaven on the crown of the head, as all priests were in those days.

their judges and executive officers are wicked, ignorant, or avaricious, the ideal justice will not be seen in the courts nor pass into the lives of men. The administration of justice in England was deplorable at this time. The judges were either incompetent or unjust, and when a cause was brought before them they decided so unfairly that no one was satisfied. Sometimes they were afraid of a powerful man who had done wrong, or oppressed his neighbors, and did not dare to pronounce against him; or they would allow a rich man to give them bribes to take his part. Thus the poor were trampled on, and the rich and strong were encouraged in wrong-doing.

Alfred's way of remedy was by inquiring into all cases, as far as he possibly could, himself; and Asser says he did this "especially for the sake of the poor, to whose interest, day and night, he ever was wonderfully attentive; for in the whole kingdom the poor, besides him, had few or no protectors." And he was so acute, and clear-headed, and just, that all the people of the land longed to have their causes laid before him, except those who knew they were in the wrong, and knew, too, that they could not bribe or frighten the king. When he found that the judges had made mistakes through ignorance, he rebuked them, and told them they must either grow wiser or give up their posts; and soon the old earls and other judges, who had been unlearned from their cradles, began to study diligently; and if, as was most often the case, they could not read themselves, they would get their sons, or even servants, to read to them, "while they lamented with deep sighs in their inmost hearts that in their youth they had never attended to such studies."

Religion.

For reviving and spreading religion among his people he used the best means that he knew of; that is, he founded new monasteries and restored old ones, and did his utmost to get good bishops and clergymen. For his own part, he strove to practise in all ways what he taught to others. Asser says that from his infancy he was "a frequenter of holy places for prayer and almsgiving, and that, whether in prosperity or adversity, he never neglected holy meditation." But his religion went farther than this; it was a spirit that pervaded all he did and all he had. He made a resolution to give to God the half of his services, bodily and mental, the half of his time, and the half of his

money. But the remaining half he so wisely bestowed, in teaching, training, and benefiting his people, and in showing kindness, too, to strangers and foreigners who needed it, — in doing God's work, both of justice and mercy, — that we may rather say he gave all to God. He, who was so fond of reading the Psalms, might have written the 101st Psalm himself, as a picture of his own life.

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart
. . . . . .
I will not know a wicked person.
Whoso privily slandereth his neighbor, him will I cut off.
. . . . . .
Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land, that they may dwell with me:
He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve me.
He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house:
He that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight.
I will early destroy all the wicked of the land;
That I may cut off all wicked doers from the city of the Lord."

Education was in the worst condition possible after the wars with the Danes. We heard before that it was only the clergy who were supposed to have any book-learning, but after the troubles that had come it seems it was not expected even of them. All the schools had been broken up. Alfred says that when he began to reign there were very few clergymen south of the Humber who could even understand the Prayer-book (that was still in Latin, as the Roman missionaries had brought it), and south of the Thames he could not remember one. His first care was to get better-educated clergy. Education.

And then he established schools for the laity and procured the best teachers. He founded new monasteries and restored the old ones which had been ruined. He had a school in his court for his own children and the children of his nobles.

But at the very outset a most serious difficulty confronted Alfred, and that was to get books. At this time, as far as we can judge, there can have been only one, or at most two books in the English language — the long poem of Cædmon about the creation of the world, etc., and the poem of Beowulf about warriors and fiery dragons. There were many English ballads and songs, but whether these were in writing is not known. Books.

There was no book of history, not even English history;

none of geography, no religious books, no philosophy. Bede, who had written so many books, had written them all in Latin. (We may hope his English translation of St. John was still in existence, though it is lost now.)

Alfred had by this time, with a great deal of trouble, learned Latin, and he knew that there were plenty of good books in that language which might be translated into English. Here is part of a letter which he wrote to a friend of his, a bishop, on this subject.

. . "I wondered greatly that of those good, wise men who were formerly in our nation, and who had all learned fully these books, none would translate any part into their own language. . . . I then recollected how the law was first revealed in the Hebrew tongue, and that after the Greeks had learned it they turned it all into their own language, and also other books; and the Latin men likewise when they had learned it . . . turned it into their own tongue, and also every other Christian nation translated some parts. Therefore I think it better, if you think so, that we also translate some books, the most necessary for all men to know, into our own language; and we may do this, with God's help, very easily, if we have stillness."

So when they had a time of "stillness" the king and his learned friends set to work and translated books into English; and Alfred, who was as modest and candid as he was wise, put into the preface of one of his translations that he hoped, if any one knew Latin better than he did, that he would not blame him, for he could but do according to his ability.

For a religious book he chose one which had been written in Latin by Gregory the Great; the very Gregory who sent the missionaries to England, and who, it was believed, was inspired by the Holy Ghost. In old pictures and statues of Gregory we often see him with a dove on his shoulder whispering into his ear.

For the history of England he took that beautiful and naïve one by Bede, from which quotations have been made. He also encouraged, if he did not write, the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," which had been very dry and poor before, but became full and interesting in his reign. This is the first history of themselves written by any Teutonic people in their own language; and not only scholars in England, but in Germany also, take great interest in it. Extracts from

it will be given hereafter, for it was carried on for some hundreds of years after this time.

For geography and general history he took a Latin book by Orosius, who was a friend of St. Augustine, and wrote in the fifth century. This he altered and added to, for in the time which had passed since it was written, men had learned more about some parts of the earth.

Then he translated a book called the "Consolations of Philosophy," and added to that a great many wise thoughts of his own. He tells us some of his ideas about the government of his kingdom. "Thou knowest that covetousness and the possession of this earthly power I did not well like, nor strongly desired at all this earthly kingdom. But oh! I desired materials for the work I was commanded to do. . . . These are the materials of a king's work and his tools to govern with — that he should have his land fully peopled; that he should have prayer-men, and army-men, and workmen." . . .

Besides all this, he had many other occupations. Asser, who often lived with him for months at a time, gives us an account of his busy life. Notwithstanding his infirmities and other hindrances, "he continued to carry on the government, and to exercise hunting in all its branches; to teach his workers in gold and artificers of all kinds, his falconers, hawkers, and dog-keepers; to build houses, majestic and good, beyond all the precedents of his ancestors, by his new mechanical inventions; to recite the Saxon books (Asser, being a Welshman, always calls *English*, *Saxon*), and especially to learn by heart the Saxon poems, and to make others learn them; he never desisted from studying most diligently to the best of his ability; he attended the mass and other daily services of religion; he was frequent in psalm-singing and prayer; . . . he bestowed arms and largesses on both natives and foreigners of all countries; he was affable and pleasant to all, and curiously eager to investigate things unknown." His other work.

He not only sent presents to the different Christian churches in Rome, Jerusalem, etc., but all the way to India, where there were some Christian settlements, and this was the very first intercourse between England and India.

In the midst of all this business he had a great want — he could not tell how the time went. In those days there were no clocks in England, and the sun and the stars are a very un-

certain resource in a cloudy and foggy country. Alfred had wax candles make very carefully, each of which would burn a certain time. Then, however, a fresh difficulty arose, which gives us an odd notion of the comfort even of kings' palaces in those days. The candles, however carefully weighed, often burnt out before their time, on account of the violence of the wind, which blew through the doors and windows, and the cracks and fissures in the walls, both of churches and palaces. But the king's ingenuity soon hit upon an expedient to remedy this; it was no other than a lantern of horn! by means of which protection the candle-clocks burned for exactly the appointed period.

Thus Alfred's years went by. He had more trouble with the Danes before his reign was over, but they were fully conquered and driven off again. Then followed four more years of peace, after which he died, being only fifty-three years old. He was worn out before his time, no doubt, by ceaseless toil; and has left behind him, not "a name at which the world grows pale," but a name at which every English heart grows warm with pride and gratitude and love.

901.

CHAPTER X.

ENGLAND IN PROSPERITY.

Alfred's descendants. Ethelstane. Condition of the people. Ranks of society. The poor. Slavery. Treatment of women. Food, amusements, dress, buildings. The names for the months.

Though Alfred died at a comparatively early age, happily for England he left worthy children behind him. His eldest son, Edward, was made king, and under him England became greater and more glorious than it had ever yet been. He seems to have been quite as skilful a warrior and ruler as his father, but though he had had a good education, he was not so fond of study and books. Alfred had taken special pains in training him and his eldest sister to succeed him in governing the kingdom and protecting it from the Danes. The sister, Ethelfled, was married to an alderman, a title which has been explained before. At the time of this reign an alderman seems to have been almost the same as a viceroy or under-king. Though Alfred was king over all (in a sense), still it was hundreds of years before it was forgotten that Mercia, Northumberland, and the others had been once separate kingdoms, and frequently in the history a king crops up among them, especially in the north.

901. Edward the Elder.

Ethelfled's husband was Alderman or Viceroy of Mercia, and he helped Alfred and Edward most gallantly in the struggle with the Danes. After he died Ethelfled took his place, and was quite as brave and gallant as he. In King Alfred's will he made a distinction between what he called the "spear-half" and the "spindle-half" of his family. He provided very liberally for his wife and daughters; but had he lived to see how Ethelfled led armies, built fortresses, and conquered enemies, he would perhaps have said she belonged to the "spear-half."

The Lady of the Mercians.

She helped her brother Edward in defending the kingdom which Alfred left, and in reconquering the other part of

Mercia where the Danes had settled themselves very strongly, and had founded the five boroughs which were called the "Danish boroughs," Derby, Lincoln, Leicester, Stamford, and Nottingham. The boroughs themselves, however, were not conquered till some time afterwards. They also reconquered Essex and East Anglia, and they built forts in all directions. This was something quite new in English or Anglo-Saxon warfare, for all the German race hated walls and cities. But in the time of danger they had most likely often profited by the strong walls which the old Romans had built in many places, which were still standing firm, and so, by degrees, they became partly reconciled to fortresses and walled towns, though they still loved the open forest and plain better.

When Ethelfled, "the Lady of the Mercians," died, her brother succeeded to her dominions, and thus became king over all England south of the Humber. Here he was sole king, with no under-kings; but he was now so powerful that all the other princes and kings in the island submitted to him. The Welsh and the Scotch had suffered from the Danes as much as the English had done, and no doubt they felt the need of a powerful protector; so "the kings of North Wales, and all the North Welsh race, sought him for lord." North Wales meant all that we call Wales now, and as these North Welsh were the descendants of the ancient Britons, we may say that their conquest was now complete for the time. Then a year or two afterwards "the king of the Scots, and all the nation of the Scots, and all those who dwelt in Northumbria, . . . and also the king of the Strathclyde Welsh and all the Strathclyde Welsh, chose him for father and lord."

Submission of the whole island.

922.

924.

Edward was the over-king of all these; they owed him service, and he owed them protection. These under-kings and under-lords are called "vassals;" and we shall find the same system become more and more general throughout Europe as we go on. Thus Edward may be considered as sole king of England south of the Humber, and over-lord, or emperor, as he is sometimes called, of all the rest of the island — of all the Welsh and all the Scotch.

After his death his son Ethelstane was made king. He was as grand a king as his father. He too had had the advantage of being partly trained up by his grandfather Alfred; for we read that he was brought

925. Ethelstane.

up at Alfred's court, and that, being a beautiful and gentle boy, with golden hair, his grandfather was delighted with him; prophesied that he would have a fortunate reign when his turn came, and gave him a royal purple mantle, a belt set with precious stones, and a sword in a golden sheath.

Ethelstane added to his father's kingdom the whole of Northumberland, so he was really king of England; very much the same England that it is now, except Cumberland, or Strathclyde, which had its own under-king still. But he had to fight for it. The Danes, 937. Welsh, and Scotch joined together in rebellion, and at Brunanburh they were vanquished in one of the greatest fights ever fought on English soil. It seems to have been such a glorious victory that the scribe in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle" could not be content with telling it in a plain way, but broke out into poetry.

As we have now come to the palmy days of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom, let us try to gain some clearer idea of the habits and manner of life of our forefathers in those times.

From the earliest times they had had different ranks of society, as in England to-day, only that they were still more distinct. The earls thought they were of different birth and origin altogether, although Alfred taught them that men were all of one blood, saying, "Every one knows that all men come from one father and one mother." The earls were the nobles, and the churls were the freemen, who were not noble, but who nearly always owned some land and had a voice in the government. But there was by this time another class of nobles also, who were not necessarily born so. These were the king's special followers and servants, whom he used to reward with lands and titles, as now a clever lawyer or a victorious soldier is often made a lord, and has money or land given him. These newer nobles were called "thanes" or "thegns." A churl might rise to be a thane, but in the old times he could never rise to be an earl.

Ranks of society.

An English king was not *absolute*; that is, he could not govern according to his own will; he had to get the consent of the "wise men" for all that he commanded. The earls and the thanes, the bishops and the abbots, were all supposed to be wise; and these formed an assembly or council for the king to refer to. The assembly was called in the old English language "Witan"

The Witenagemot, or Witan.

or "Witenagemot." *Witan* meant wise or "witty" men, and *gemot* meant assembly.

We can see the values they put upon the different ranks by the punishments that were fixed for injuring or killing them. In our days the murder of an archbishop, a duke, or a beggar is the same crime. The life of every man, woman, or child is held of the same value; but in those days there was a great difference. The punishment was generally a fine in money, paid to the family of the slaughtered man to compensate them for their loss. In the scale of fines fixed in Alfred's time, we find that to kill a king cost 120 shillings. Money was worth a great deal more then than it is now, and this was considered a very large sum. Moreover, this had to be paid twice over — once to the king's own family, and again to the nation, because both had suffered loss. For an archbishop the slayer had to pay ninety shillings; for a bishop, alderman, or earl, sixty shillings; and so on, down to the simple churl, for whom the penalty was only five shillings!

Slaves.

But below all these there was a race of people whose family got nothing at all. These were the slaves or "thralls." If any one killed a slave he only had to make compensation to his master for the loss of his services, as he would have done for killing his horse or his ox. We are not to think our forefathers were worse than other people in having slaves, for in that age this was the universal practice. The slaves belonging to the English were partly descended from the old conquered Britons, but were partly of the same race as themselves. Sometimes freemen were degraded into slaves in punishment for some crime; sometimes they sank into that class through poverty, or sold their children into it. It was permitted by law to a poor man to sell his child, provided the child consented.

The old English slaves, though we read very little of them in history, were really the largest part of the people. There were many more slaves than freemen, just as now there are many more poor men and laborers than there are rich people. One advantage in studying history is to notice how things have changed for the better. We have already observed how differently wars were carried on after the introduction of Christianity, and at the present time they are far less savage than they were even two or three hundred years ago. The condition of the poor is another thing in which there is a great and wonderful change for the better.

A thousand years ago, nearly all the working classes in England — ploughmen, shepherds, carpenters, cooks, and dairymaids — were slaves. It is difficult to realize such a statement. If an English laborer is not satisfied with his wages or his treatment he is at liberty to change; but a thousand years ago he was rooted to the soil, and under the absolute power of his master. If the servant was goaded into running away, his master might pursue him, and kill him if he chose. He would not be punished for killing him any more than a farmer would be punished for killing a vicious bull or an unruly horse. The master also, if he chose, might sell his servants. A slave was worth about five or ten shillings in those days, and there was a regular slave-market at Bristol, which went on for hundreds of years. The master might whip them, or chain or brand them. Though it does not appear that they were often very cruel, still, with these powers we may imagine what a passionate or tyrannical master might make his slaves suffer.

The slaves were sometimes sold into foreign parts, but in general they were kept to the land on which they were born. If a man sold his farm or his estate, he sold with it the men, and the cattle, and the crops. If he made a will, he would mention in it the house, furniture, money, land, and slaves.

Christianity had done something to improve the condition of slaves and would do more. We remember that good Bishop Wilfred, who taught the Sussex men to catch fish, had set his two hundred and fifty slaves free. Many other bishops and clergymen did the same, and they taught the laity to follow their example. Though the law did not punish a master for killing his slave, the church made him do penance for it as a sin. In those days the church exercised a power that we can hardly understand. It was thought a very dreadful thing to be under the displeasure of the church, and the fear of that would hinder many a man from cruelty. By degrees it became a custom for many to give liberty to their slaves. In some old wills we read, "Let Wulfware be freed; let Elfsige and his wife and his eldest daughter be freed; let Pifus be freed." Sometimes a master would free his slave while he was still living. The slave would be taken to the church porch, or the altar, and solemnly set at liberty, and the record of it would be written in one of the church books;

Influence of Christianity.

or his master would take him to a place where four roads met, and tell him to go whichever way he pleased.

From time to time laws were made for the good of the slaves. Their master had to give them two loaves every day besides the morning and noontide meals. They had their Sundays and other holidays, and, in some way or other, they had some money. We know that this was so, for we read that they sometimes possessed enough to buy their own freedom and that of their wives and children. One man bought freedom for himself, his wife, their children, and grandchildren for two pounds.

Villeins.

But while the slaves were thus gradually rising, the other poor people, the freemen, were gradually sinking. The *churls* were becoming *villains* or villeins. *Villain* at first only meant a villager or farm-servant, a countryman, as a villa means a country house, and used to mean a farm. By degrees it came to have a bad meaning, as so many other words have done; for instance, pagan and heathen.

Rise of the feudal system.

When it is said that the churls were sinking into villains is not meant that they were becoming wicked and villanous, but that they were seeking masters. As the weaker princes and kings sought out a stronger one to be their master and protector, so private men who were not rich or strong tried to get some powerful man as master and protector. They became his "men," and had to do him service, so at last there was hardly a poor and free man left who was not bound to a lord. Such a person lost all share in the government, and became in many cases much like a slave, tied to the land, and with no free will of his own.

This was, perhaps, in some respects a good thing for the poor man at that time, when there were so many wars and troubles. In those old days the words lord and lady must have had a pleasant sound. They were spelled hlāford, hlæfdige. Hlāf is the old English word for loaf. Hlāford and hlæfdige, which look very uncouth and unpronounceable, and which time has shortened and smoothed down into lord and lady, meant giver of bread or loaf.

This system of subordinating ranks of men, from underkings and princes down to the thralls, prevailed over many parts of Europe for some centuries, and was called the "feudal system." It was more definitely established in England two centuries after the time of Alfred, but the things now mentioned were the beginnings of it.

It is pleasant to find that the nobles, gentry, and farmers or yeomen still treated women with great respect, as they did in the days when Tacitus wrote of them. The English women, in the times at which we have now arrived, nearly eight hundred years after Tacitus, still received much honor and consideration. Some were even known to sit among the "wise men" in the Witenagemot, though no ladies nowadays sit in the Houses of Parliament. They used to be present at all the feasts. They had property of their own, and could sell it or make wills to dispose of it as they liked; and many laws were made to protect them in all ways. Thus we see the "spindle-half" were well cared for.

Respect towards women.

The rich people fared very well, and ate many of the same things that we do. They had wheaten bread, but the poor only got barley bread, because it was cheaper. They had plenty of beef, mutton, fowls, venison, and hares; but they had also what we do not eat now, goats, and at one time horses. It seems that the Church forbade the eating of horses, because in heathen times it used to be done in honor of Woden. The clergy were not above looking after the food and manners of the people. They made them do penance if they ate anything only half-cooked, or anything dirty. More pork or bacon, however, was eaten than anything else. The country was still in great part covered with woods and forests, and it was easy to fatten pigs upon acorns and beech-nuts. The word "bacon" is perhaps derived from "beechen." They ate fish, especially eels; also salmon, herrings, lobsters, oysters, etc., and porpoises, which we should not wish for now. They had plenty of vegetables and fruit. They had cabbages, but no potatoes, nor rice; and instead of sugar they used a great deal of honey. They esteemed spices highly, but things which had to be brought from abroad, as sugar and spice, were very rare. It was considered quite a handsome present to send some pepper and cinnamon to a lady.

Food and drink.

The English still liked that "kind of drink made from barley" which Tacitus mentions. They had their strong ale and their mild ale, and this seems to have been the principal drink of those who could afford it. If the poor could not get ale they drank water or buttermilk. Wine, like sugar and spice, was a sort of luxury. There were grapes in England at this time, but they probably got very little and

very sour wine from them, while the wine imported from the Continent would be expensive. Our favorite and common drinks, — tea, coffee, and cocoa, — they had never even heard of. They drank, however, mead and other beverages, made from honey, which are seldom seen now.

Banquets.

Unhappily, they were still, like the old Germans described by Tacitus, too fond of drinking; and though the clergy made a great many laws against drunkenness, they were not much attended to. If a king or a great man made a feast, the guests began early, and continued drinking all day long.

Amusements.

It was a common thing at festivals to have music and singing. In those days, when so few people could read, and there were so few books, it was a great delight to the people to hear stories and histories in verse; and a man who could play on the harp and sing ballads was everywhere welcome. He was called a gleeman.

They had tumblers and dancing bears; and they also had jugglers, of whom some amusing pictures remain. There is one of a man throwing three knives and three balls alternately into the air and catching them. Then, as was mentioned before, they liked hunting, hawking, wrestling, and such-like athletic sports.

Dress.

They were fond of handsome clothes. Both gentlemen and ladies wore ornaments, such as necklaces, bracelets, and rings of gold. They liked dresses of different colors, and with ornamented borders and stripes. Most of this we learn from the pictures with which they ornamented their books, and which are still in existence. When they made a picture to illustrate a story in the Bible, they represented the actors as being dressed just like the men and women about them. So they painted King David and the other psalmists as a frontispiece to the Book of Psalms; and they made David sitting on his throne and playing on a harp, and the other four around him: one playing a violin, one blowing a horn, another a trumpet, and the last tossing up knives and balls. This one was Ethan, who is said to have written the grand eighty-ninth Psalm. And when they painted the four evangelists they dressed them in the garments which people were then accustomed to wear. St. Matthew was represented in a purple undergown with long sleeves and a yellow border, and a green upper robe, striped

with red. He sits on a stool with a brown cushion, but no back.

In considering these costumes we see they must have had people who could dye, spin, weave, and embroider. The ladies, even of princely rank, spent the greater part of their time in such employments. There are descriptions of very beautiful embroidered robes, with figures of peacocks and other ornaments. They had also goldsmiths and jewellers to make the rings, bracelets, and other ornaments of which they were so fond. Trades.

The clergy of those days used to complain of extravagance in dress and ornaments, just as they do now, and as Isaiah did before them.

Their houses were rather plain and inconvenient, and mostly built of wood: but their churches and monasteries were expensive and handsome. Some few of them remain to the present time. They were strong and heavy, with very thick pillars and round arches, for pointed arches had not yet been invented. The churches built in Italy at the same period all had round arches. Many of them are still to be seen, for in that climate buildings stand much longer than they do in England; but though they are of the same style of architecture, we cannot but own that they are far more beautiful and interesting than any of those of the same age in England. Buildings.

Though the houses were not handsome without, they were often finely ornamented within. Rich people had beautiful hangings on the walls, made of silk, and sometimes decorated with golden birds, or with pictures in needle-work. It seems, however, that these splendid hangings were only put up on grand occasions, and that ordinarily they had all those windy draughts through the crevices of the walls which obliged Alfred to invent his lanterns. Furniture.

The furniture of the rich seems to have been very handsome. They had fine stools and benches, but very seldom any chairs with backs. Their tables were ornamented with gold and silver, and they had dishes and cups of gold, though the commonest sort of drinking-cups were horns, for glass was still very scarce. They had not yet learned to use forks.

Though we still call our days of the week by the same names our forefathers did, we have left off their names for the months, and adopted the Roman ones instead. The

following is a list of the old names said to have been given to the months by the Anglo-Saxons, and if it is a correct one, it gives us some picturesque little hints of the state of the country and ways of the people at that time: —

JANUARY. Wolf-month; "because people are wont always in that month to be in more danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season else of the year; for that through the extremity of cold and snow these ravenous beasts could not find sufficient to feed on."
FEBRUARY. Sprout-kail (or cabbage).
MARCH. Lent-month. "Lent" or "lenz," an old German word for spring, and which we give to the forty days of fasting, because they fall in the spring.
APRIL. Easter or Oster-month.
MAY. Tri-milki; because in that month they began to milk their cows three times a day.
JUNE. Weid-month or Pasture-month.
JULY. Hay-month.
AUGUST. Barn-month; because they filled their barns with corn.
SEPTEMBER. Barley-month; either barley-harvest or brewing-month.
OCTOBER. Wine-month; when they still attempted to make wine.
NOVEMBER. Windy-month.
DECEMBER. Winter-month, or Holy-month, in honor of Christmas.

CHAPTER XI.

DUNSTAN.

The kings after Ethelstane. Edgar the Peaceable. The wolf-tribute. The vassal-kings. St. Dunstan. The religion of the period. Superstitions — witches — the ordeal.

After the death of Ethelstane, his two younger brothers, Edmund the Magnificent (or the doer of great deeds) and Edred the Excellent, were kings in turn. Judging by their surnames, there seems some reason for thinking that Alfred's grandsons were worthy of him; but they, and most of the other kings of their line, had very short lives, and all through their reigns we find the principal interest centres in one man, a priest named Dunstan. Unlike the kings, Dunstan had a long life, and we read of him in six reigns in succession. 940. Edmund.

It is difficult to form a just opinion about Dunstan, because different writers give such very different accounts of him. One writes of him thus: "See how he hath been honored, whom God thought worthy of honor? See in what manner he hath entered into the joy of his Lord, who was found faithful over the talents committed to his charge." Another (our old friend Fuller), after mentioning that Dunstan caused some one to do penance for seven years, goes on: "All that I will add is this: if Dunstan did septenary penance for every mortal sin he committed, he must have been a Methuselah, extremely aged, before the day of his death." A modern writer calls him "the villain Dunstan," and says he was "an imperious, audacious, ill-conditioned priest."

Let us endeavor to arrive at a just opinion of him by some survey of his acts. First, then, we certainly find that in the governing of the country Dunstan gave good advice, and the kings who took him for their counsellor ruled well and wisely. Edgar especially, who reigned longer than some of them, and who made Dunstan almost what we should now call his "prime minister," 959. Edgar the Peaceable.

had a very glorious reign. Let us observe how Edgar governed.

His very surname is propitious, for he was called Edgar the Peaceable. There were no foreign invasions, and scarcely any fighting throughout his reign. After all the ravages and wars we have heard of, we can imagine the blessing this time of peace must have been to the country. It was not gained without trouble. Edgar, following Alfred's example, had a fine fleet of ships, which every year sailed round the island. Very often the king went with it, and the Danes were prevented from ever landing. When he was not with his ships, Edgar spent a great deal of time in travelling about the country and seeing that the judges and magistrates did their duty, and that order and justice were preserved. Thus the country was peaceful and prosperous, and long afterwards the people looked back fondly upon Edgar and Edgar's law.

Though no fresh invasion of the Danes took place, there were, it will be remembered, a great many of them settled down in the land. Edgar allowed them to be governed by laws of their own choosing, and in every respect made them equal to the English.

The thing most needful of all for the strengthening and prosperity of the kingdom was that it should be *consolidated;* that is, that the different provinces and sub-kingdoms should really obey him, and come to feel themselves one nation. This was the great aim of Edgar's reign; and in all he did, Dunstan was his principal helper and adviser. All the different under-kings became submissive, and he had hardly ever any need to fight for his supremacy. We read that he was rowed on the river Dee at Chester by eight of these vassal kings, while he himself steered the boat. Of the eight, one was the King of Scotland, one of Strathclyde, one of the Isles (Fuller says this one was "a great sea-robber, who may pass for the prince of pirates"), and five were princes of different parts of Wales.

Consolidation of the kingdom.

One of these Welshmen is said to have had to pay a tribute to the king, instead of in money, in wolves' heads. If this story is true, it certainly shows that Edgar cared for the good of the people more than for getting money himself. They say that three hundred wolves' heads were paid every year for three years, and that after that time they could not find wolves enough to pay it again.

The wolf-tribute.

But they did not really extirpate or put an end to the wolves for a long time after that. In the poem of the chronicler on Ethelstane's battle of Brunanburh we hear of the wolves. After the victory was won, it says: —

> "the brothers
> Both together,
> King and Etheling (or prince royal),
> their country sought,
> the West-Saxon's land,
> in war exulting.
> They left behind them
> the carcases to share
> the swarthy raven,
> the white-tailed eagle
> with goodly plumage,
> the greedy war-hawk,
> and that gray beast
> the wolf of the weald."

A great many different tales are told about Edgar's private life and character; it is to be feared he may not have been so good a man as he was a great king. There is a curious and romantic old story about his second marriage to Elfthryth, or Elfrida,* but it seems very uncertain whether it is true. It is, at any rate, true that he married Elfrida, and there seems little doubt that, though very beautiful, she was a wicked woman.

We must now give some attention to the state of religion at this time, and to Dunstan's plans with respect to it. We have already seen that in those days one who wished to further religion thought that he could do it in no better way than by founding or enriching monasteries. The description of the monastery in which Bede lived and died has been quoted as a sort of ideal. There were piety and learning, praises of God, teaching of men, writing and translating good books; and, again, cultivating the ground, tending the garden, orchard, and dairy. But even in Bede's time things were not always like this; many monks were idle and wicked; many monasteries could not be said to be houses of God. He gives a circumstantial account of the condition of one which is far from pleasant reading.

The state of the Church.

The other clergy who were not monks lived as clergymen

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* Told in Freeman's "Old English History," p. 178.

do now, in their own houses, with their wives and families, and performed the services in the parish churches and cathedrals. These were called the *secular* clergy, and the monks the *regular* clergy. The secular clergy, as we saw in the life of Alfred, had become very ignorant, and probably very irreligious also. Though Alfred had done all a man could do to improve them, there still remained much to be done, and Dunstan was very earnest in his wish to reform the evils he saw. But most people in our time would not approve of his methods of reform. One great thing at which he aimed was to make the clergymen give up their wives. It had gradually come to be believed that it was more holy and more pleasing to God to deny the natural affections and remain unmarried. Many of the old saints had forsaken their wives or their husbands, and this was considered a mark of great sanctity. Again, the popes had begun to think that the clergy would be more efficient and more interested if they had no wives and children to provide for.

Dunstan's plans of reform.

As Dunstan's chief purpose was to make the clergymen separate from their wives, we may imagine what a struggle would ensue, and how the clergy would hate him. This change was not peculiar to England: it was made in all other parts of the Western Church, — that is, the Church which was under the Pope, — and caused great tumults in many parts, at which we cannot wonder.

Dunstan also favored the monks or regular clergy, and tried to put them above the secular. Wherever he could, he turned out the clergy from the cathedrals and large churches, and put monks in their place. Fuller owns the clergy were not so good as they ought to have been, but he thinks that the monks were much worse. "The hive of the Church was in no whit bettered by putting out *drones* and placing *wasps* in their room."

In these two points Dunstan's reforms might almost be looked on as destructive; but, on the other hand, he strove in many ways to restore piety, learning, and purity. He took pains to revive the intercourse between the English and foreign churches, which had rather fallen off. The priests were bidden to take care of their churches, and give all their time to their sacred work. They were not to indulge in idle speech, idle deeds, or excessive drinking; nor were they to hunt, hawk, or dice. They were not to be boastful, or "to

put another to shame for his ignorance, but to teach him better." Nor were the high-born to despise the low-born. They were to distribute alms, and to urge the people to be charitable; they were also to be diligent in teaching the young. They were to preach every Sunday to the people, and always to give good examples. Some of the old English sermons still remain, and are very earnest and interesting.

At this time, though the English were under the Pope, a great deal was thought of studying the Bible. Although Alfred and his friends do not seem to have translated it, yet, very soon after their time, translations were begun, some of which are still existing. One of the translators said in his preface that he turned it from Latin into English "for the edification of the simple, who only know this speech, that it may easier teach the heart of those who hear and read it." Religion of the people.

Some of their poetry and history is also very religious. This is part of a poem about King Edgar: —

"He was widely among nations
greatly honored;
because he honored
God's name zealously,
and on God's name meditated
oft and frequently,
and God's praise exalted
wide and far."

After speaking of his faults, it adds: —

"But may God grant him
that his good deeds
be more prevailing
than his misdeeds
for his soul's protection
on the longsome journey."

This is written of Edgar's death: —

"Here ended the joys of earth,
Edgar of Angles king;
chose him another light
beauteous and winsome,
and left this frail,
this barren life."

This is a translation from the old English of our fathers. They had no rhymes, nor did they count the syllables; the measure was indicated by the emphasis with which it was

repeated. The leading words generally began with the same letter. This was the Anglo-Saxon alliterative verse.

With all this religious feeling they were very superstitious. They shared heartily in the enthusiastic veneration then paid to relics. There is a list of relics which were kept in one church; it is said they were presented to it by Ethelstane the Glorious. Amongst them were a piece of the actual cross; of the burning bush; of the Virgin's dress; some of St. Paul's bones; St. Andrew's stick; the finger of Mary Magdalene, etc. Some time afterwards an abbot of Peterborough went to a very poor monastery in Normandy and bought the whole body of a saint, except his head, for £500.

Superstitions.

These we may call Christian superstitions; but they had many others, too, which had come from the old heathen times. Indeed, though the people were now all nominally Christians, they seem to have been converted in a very wholesale way, numbers of the common people merely following the example of their kings and nobles in being baptized. If a man was baptized he was supposed to be a Christian; but he probably still had some kind of belief in the old gods and goddesses. In the reigns of many of the kings, even after this time, we find special laws forbidding heathenism. They also thought that, by the power of witchcraft, health and life could be affected, and that other mischief could be done, such as destroying cattle and raising storms. It was a very serious matter, as the records of the courts so painfully show. They believed in wizards and witches, who had curious ceremonies with trees and stones; something, perhaps, like those of the old Druids.

Witches.

The method of testing whether a person was a witch or not was the trial by ordeal. One way was to throw the reputed witch into a pond or stream, and see if she would sink or swim. It was believed that if she were innocent she would sink, but if guilty she would float, because a body with an evil spirit in it is lighter than water, so that the poor creature got very little chance of escape either way. Another way of trying by ordeal was to lay nine burning-hot ploughshares on the ground, and bring the suspected person barefoot and blindfold to walk over them. If he chanced to step over them or among them unhurt, he was said to be innocent; but if he got burned, then he was guilty. Another way was to carry a piece of

The ordeal.

hot iron in the hand, or to dip the hand in boiling water; if the person was much hurt he was guilty, but if not he was innocent.

A great deal was also made of lucky and unlucky days (perhaps this is not quite out of date either). There were certain days when it would be dangerous to bleed people; others when it was bad to sow seeds, or to tame animals, or to begin any business; and other days when it was fortunate to do any of those things. "Whatever you see at the first appearance of the new moon will be a blessing to you." "If a man dreams that he hath a burning candle in his hand it is a sign of good." "If New Year's Day be on a Monday it will be a grim and confounding winter."

It was believed for many centuries that eclipses of the sun and moon and the appearance of comets betokened great and generally dreadful events. It is hardly correct, however, to say comets, for it was thought there was only one such — "the star called Cometa," which appeared on special occasions. Ethelwerd, who has been mentioned before, who belonged to the royal family, and was remarkably well educated for a layman, says that in a certain year, "after Easter, a comet appeared, which some think to be an omen of foul times which have already past; *but it is the most approved theory of philosophers that they foretell future things, as has been tried in many ways.*" * Eclipses and comets.

The life and character of Dunstan are enveloped in doubt, owing to the disputes among the clergy, and to the unsettled state of the public records at a time when violence was the rule even in chambers of kings. Those who regard him as a saint must also recognize him as an inspired miracle-worker, for he made claim to the Divine guidance and aid in all his affairs. Certain historians dwell on the good he accomplished, and they pass over in silence any accounts which show the lust of power, the manœuvres of the politician, or the coarse tricks of the thaumaturgist.

That Guest, in the narrow limits of an elementary history, might neglect to notice the well-known accusations of crime against Dunstan, is not surprising; but Green, author of the History of the English People, whom Guest follows implicitly, had space enough and should not have shunned a fair inquiry. And Green has not even mentioned the charges

* The remainder of this chapter (which is by the Editor) is in effect a supplement to the account of Guest.

which ought to be disproved before Dunstan could have the respect due to the great minister of a Christian king.

The facts, as far as they can be known, leave no doubt that Dunstan made his way to power by the means universally employed in that age, namely, fraud, chicanery, and force. He was versed in all the arts and sciences then known, so much so that he was suspected of being in league with the powers of the invisible world. To wrap himself still more in mystery he spent much of his time at one period in a small cave, in which he had a forge; and on one occasion he gravely assured the neighbors that a frightful noise which had startled them during the night was caused by the howling of the devil, whose nose he had seized with his hot tongs. The devil, Dunstan said, had intruded for the purpose of tempting him, and was therefore properly punished.

He was the chief supporter of the Benedictine monks, and the strenuous advocate of the celibacy of the clergy; both circumstances gained him, doubtless, some enmity.

Here is a specimen of the assumption of priestly authority over a king. King Edwin (A. D. 955) was married to a lady who was his relative, though the relation was not so near as is now allowed by law; but the marriage was regarded as being irregular, if not void, by the ecclesiastics, and the queen was stigmatized as his mistress. Toward the end of a feast the king rose from the table and went into his private apartments; and, his absence being noticed, Dunstan and another priest went to induce the king to return to the revel. The king was unwilling to comply, and was perhaps in some playful dalliance with the queen. Dunstan forgot Edwin's rights as a man, and his dignity as a sovereign. He poured out his invectives against the ladies, and because the king would not leave his seat he pulled him from it; he forced the diadem on his head, and indecently dragged him to the riotous hall.

This lady was not long after mutilated and killed in the most shocking manner by order of another bishop, Odo, whether by connivance of Dunstan or not is not known.

During the troubles which followed, Edwin was murdered; and the fights, which were due almost wholly to the intrigues of churchmen, were conducted with the fierceness of savages.

In the next reign, that of Edgar (A. D. 959), Dunstan became Bishop of Worcester, then of London, and, by a deep

scheme, shortly after, Primate of the Anglo-Saxons. Edgar was very young, and was wholly in the power of this astute prelate. Dunstan always had a heavenly vision at command to serve in an emergency. On one occasion he declared he saw his mother married to Jesus Christ. As Edgar grew up, though he was obedient to Dunstan, and allowed him full liberty to direct the religious affairs of the kingdom, he was stained with vices, and in the pursuit of pleasure he did not pause at any crime. The accounts of his behavior are at once shameful and cruel. But Dunstan imposed on his royal pupil, even for murders, only some trifling penances.

In the reign of Edward the Martyr (A. D. 975), there was a synod convened at Winchester. An appeal was made to Dunstan upon some matter under discussion, and he was expected to reply. But there was a sound from a crucifix on the wall; a voice issued commending the existing state of things, and forbidding a change. "What wish ye more?" exclaimed Dunstan; "the divine voice determines the affair."

Those who choose can believe that a miracle was wrought, but most reasoning men will conclude that Dunstan had played a trick with rather more than the usual cleverness.

In the same reign there was a council of nobles and bishops at Calne. The king was absent on account of his age. While the senators of England were discussing some matter vehemently, and were reproaching Dunstan, he gave a short reply which ended with these remarkable words: "I confess that I am unwilling that you should conquer. I commit the cause of the Church to the decision of Christ." At these words the floor and its beams and rafters gave way, and precipitated the company with the ruins to the earth below. The seat of Dunstan only was unmoved. Many of the nobles were killed on the spot; others were grievously hurt by wounds which kept them long confined.

These relations of the acts of Dunstan have been transcribed (in a condensed form) from the "History of the Anglo-Saxons," by Sharon Turner, Vol. II., pp. 204–240. This has been a standard work for nearly a century, and Turner is certainly an able, faithful, and impartial historian. The evidences of his thorough research and of his candor are abundant. How Green could afford to pass over such statements without refutation and without mention is hard to understand.

Turner, indeed, admits that the last story, that of the attempted wholesale murder at Calne, had been denied, and declared to be without any foundation; but he proceeds with citations from the Saxon Chronicle, from William of Malmesbury and other authorities which are depended upon for all that is known of that time. Turner does not assume that this awful crime was conclusively proved against Dunstan, but he considers the relation as well entitled to credence as anything that has come down to us from that age of superstition and bloodshed. — EDITOR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE UNREADY.

The sons of Edgar. The battle of Maldon. Tribute to the Danes. Massacre of St. Briuswend. Ethelred's flight. Normandy and the Normans. Edmund Ironside.

EDGAR THE PEACEABLE was only thirty-two years old when he died. He left two young sons: Edward, by his first wife, and Ethelred, by the second. There is very little doubt that the beautiful and wicked Elfrida caused her step-son Edward to be murdered, in order that her own boy, Ethelred, might be king. Edward, though only seventeen at the time of his death, had given promise of being a good and wise king, but we cannot see that he was in any sense a martyr, as he was afterwards called by the pity of the people.

975. Edward the Martyr.

Unfortunately for the country, the next king, for whose sake Edward was murdered, and who was the weakest and most unkingly sovereign England had ever known, had a very long reign of thirty-eight years. This was the second Ethelred, "the noble in counsel." His surname, very unlike the high-sounding ones of those who went before him, the Magnificent or the Excellent, was "the Unready." It is a very good and apt name even as we understand it; but it really meant "the uncounselled" or unwise — "red" meaning "counsel;" so that it was a kind of play upon his real name.

Ethelred the Unready.

He was quite a young boy, only ten years old, when he became king, and the troubles began almost directly. We hear no more now of the great fleet which used to sail round the island every year, in Edgar's time, to keep invaders off. The Danes began to land again, and ravage and plunder as of old. Southampton was ravaged, and Thanet-land, and Cheshire; soon after, Portland and Dorsetshire. After that there were a few years of peace; then they came to Somersetshire, and then to Ipswich and Essex. Ethelred was by

this time a grown young man, twenty-two years old — just the same age that Alfred was when he fought the battle of Ashdune. He did not come to lead his men to fight the heathen robbers, but left them to fight without him. When the Danes came to Essex, there was a brave alderman to lead the English, and a splendid fight; but the alderman was killed, and the Danes conquered.

This battle is described in one of the finest of our old English poems. In modern times we have cannon and gunpowder, and a great deal of the fighting is done from a long distance. But at that time it was hand-to-hand fighting, and every man's own courage and skill were tested. It is now judged best for the general of an army to be a little out of the fray, perhaps standing on a hill with a telescope, overlooking the whole, and sending his officers and aides-de-camp galloping with his orders and messages in all directions where it is necessary. In those days the armies were not nearly so large, and the generals of the English always fought on foot with their men. They came to the field on horseback, and then dismounted.

991. The battle of Maldon.

The alderman or earl who led the fight at Maldon was named Brihtnoth. His wife had his great deeds worked in needlework on a tapestry. The last of those deeds was this fight for his country, in which he was killed. He rode to the field on horseback, and set his army in array — "trimmed his warriors," as the poet calls it. He rode round and "rede gave," that is, gave advice how they should stand, and keep steady, and hold their shields firm, and "at nothing frightened be." Then he got off his horse, and went and stood "among the men that to him dearest were;" men that had often feasted round his hearth, and to whom he had given rewards, such as they most prized: horses, and bracelets, and rings. Some of them were young noblemen, his own relations; but at least one was a churl — a brave fellow, as brave as all the rest. The Danes, or Vikings, as they are sometimes called, sent a herald with a message that the earl and the other rich men had better make peace by sending to the enemy bracelets and money. If that were done the Danes would go back to their ships. The brave old Englishman was very angry; he shook his spear, and he answered steadfastly, "Hearest thou, seafarer, what this folk sayeth? They will give you for money spears and sharp-edged swords. Go back again, messenger, to thy people, and tell them that

here stand undaunted an earl with his band that will defend this our land. Nor shall ye so easily win our treasures; point and edge shall judge between us first ere we money give."

Then the fight began, the shouting, the rush, and the tumult. The author of the poem one thinks must have been there, it is told so vividly; he tells, too, how the eagles and ravens gathered round, expecting the feast they would have on the dead bodies. At last the earl was wounded, but he still went on fighting. He killed one or two more of the enemies, and "then was the earl blithe; the brave man laughed and gave thanks to his Maker." But at length he could no longer hold his sword nor stand fast on his feet. He died as a brave and good man should. These were his last words, very nearly as the song gives them: "I thank Thee, Ruler of nations, for all the good things that in this world I have enjoyed. Now I own, mild Maker, that I most have need that Thou shouldest grant good to my spirit, that my soul may now make its way to Thee, may journey in peace to Thy kingdom, Lord of angels. I pray Thee that the fiends of hell may never hurt it." Then he died, and a great fight took place over his body.

The Danes wanted to take his robe, his bracelets, and his rings, and to mangle his body. His own men were resolved at least to have his body. Some of them were killed; two of them fled. As the poem says, "Godric from the battle went, and forsook the good man who had often given him horses." He even went so far as to leap on the earl's own horse and rode away on it, so that those who did not know thought it was the earl himself fleeing, and it was perhaps through that that the battle was finally lost.

But these two were the only cowards. In spite of all their heroism the battle was lost, but the enemy could not carry off the body of the earl. He was buried at Ely, where there was a great monastery to which he had given many gifts, and to which his widow presented the famous needle-work with the story of his life.

The description of this battle gives us an idea of the fidelity and devotion of brave men for a good lord. Though the Danes were victorious in this fight, it was a hard-won victory, and they could not have won many such. From this time great misfortunes and disgraces befell the English on account of the bad leaders they had. Had their king been

like Alfred, had their earls been like Brihtnoth, the history would have been very different.

The king and his counsellors could think of no better way of getting rid of the enemies than by paying them. We saw how Brihtnoth scorned the idea of giving money or anything but good blows with spears and swords. But in this very same year we read in the "Chronicle," "It was first decreed that tribute should be paid to the Danish men on account of the great terror which they caused by the sea-coast; that was at first £10,000," a very large sum at that time. It was easy to foresee the result of this plan. As soon as the Danes had spent the money they were sure to come back for more, and so they did. And thus it went on all through the Unready's reign.

991. Ethelred bribes the Danes.

Sometimes, when the Danes came, the king and the people attempted to resist them, but very seldom to any purpose. Some of the great earls turned traitors, and sided with the Danes, or, when a battle was beginning, would flee away with their followers. It must be remembered, as a reason for this, that some of these earls were naturalized Danes, and had relations among the enemy's host. Others had probably married Danish ladies.

Then the king would try to make peace by paying great sums of money to the Danes. A few more extracts from the "Chronicle" will show how miserably everything was managed.

"1001. The army (that is, the Danes) went over the land and did as was their wont, slew and burned; . . . it was then in every wise sad, because they never ceased from their evil.

"1002. In this year the king and his Witan resolved that tribute should be paid, and peace made with them, on condition that they should cease from their evil. . . . And that they then accepted, and were paid £24,000.

"1006. At midwinter the people of Winchester might see an insolent and fearless army, as they went by their gate to the sea, and fetched them food and treasures, over fifty miles from the sea. Then was there so great awe of the (Danish) army that no one could think or devise how they should be driven from the country. . . . They had cruelly marked every shire in Wessex with burning and with harrying. The king then began with his Witan earnestly to consider what might seem most advisable to them all, so that

this country might be protected ere it was totally undone." They decided, as usual, on nothing better than paying tribute to them again. This time it was £36,000; another time, later on, £48,000.

No fleet or army had any success. Some of the leaders were incapable, others treacherous. After a disaster at sea, in which some ships had been wrecked, the chronicler writes, "it was as if all counsel was at an end, and the king, and the aldermen, and the high Witan went home, and let the toil of all the nation lightly perish." Another year, when they had got a force or army together, and the force was wanted to oppose the Danes' landing, "then the force went home; and when the Danes were east then was our force held west, and when they were south then was our force north. At last there was not a chief man left who would gather a force, but each fled as he best might; nor even at last would any shire assist another. All these calamities befell us through evil counsels. For all this peace and tribute, they went everywhere in flocks and harried our miserable people, and robbed and slew them." Misery of England.

This gives us a general picture of the reign of Ethelred; but there is one exception to all the cowardice and blundering, and that was the bravery of the Londoners. Even at that time, nine hundred years ago, London was comparatively a large and important city. In places now covered with streets and squares there were green fields and woods. In other parts there were wild fens and moors, which have given their names to Fenchurch Street, Moorgate Street, and Moorfields. But London, though small then to what it is now, was thriving and busy. The Romans had given it a Latin name, "Augusta," but that dropped off, and the old British name of London has lasted on. King Alfred had rescued it from the Danes, and built a fort to protect it, where the Tower of London now stands. The Londoners were brave, rich, and free; and though the Danes came against them again and again, they were beaten back. London seems to have been besieged four times during this reign. London.

The heathen had now two great leaders, the king of Norway and the king of Denmark. Olaf, the king of Norway, while he was in the British Isles, had learnt Christianity. Some think it was in the Isles of Scilly, others in the Isles of Orkney. After one of the tribute-payings and truces of Ethelred he was confirmed by Olaf and Swend.

English bishops, and was received in a friendly manner by Ethelred, who gave him handsome presents. He then "promised, as he also fulfilled, that he would never come again with hostility to England." He went back to Norway, and spent the rest of his life, it appears, in converting his kingdom to his new religion, though he did this in a very harsh and cruel way.

The other king, Swend or Swegen the Dane, went away for a time when Olaf did, but afterwards came back. We cannot say he came without provocation, for Ethelred had planned a general massacre of all the Danes in England, though there was now a peace between them and the English. The "Chronicle" says, "It had been made known to the king that they would plot against his life, and afterwards those of all his Witan," but we do not know how far it is true. It appears, however, that the king sent letters secretly through the country to appoint all the massacres to take place on the same day, and as all the English heartily hated the Danes, these orders were obeyed. Among the Danes who were killed was a lady, Swend's sister, who was in England with her husband and son. It is said that these two were killed before her eyes, and that when she was dying she prophesied that great woes and vengeance would come upon the English.

1002. Massacre of the Danes.

The next year Swend came back again to avenge his sister and his countrymen, and the sacking and burning went on as before for many years. Some time after this the Danes besieged Canterbury and took it. They seized on the archbishop, one of those who confirmed Olaf. They took him to their ships, which were lying in the Thames near Greenwich, and kept him prisoner there from about Michaelmas till the following Easter, expecting a good ransom would be paid for him. But on the Saturday after Easter they were "greatly excited against the bishop because he would not promise them any money, but forbade that anything should be given for him." The "Chronicle" says the Danes were very drunken; they took him to Greenwich "and shamefully murdered him; they pelted him with bones and the skulls of oxen, and one of them struck him on the head with an axe, so that with the dint he sank down, and his holy blood fell on the earth, and his holy soul he sent forth to God's kingdom."

1003. The Danes' revenge.

1012. Murder of the archbishop.

It was not Swend who took Canterbury; he was not in England just then; but the next year he returned with a splendid fleet, and bringing with him his son Cnut (or Canute). His ships were beautifully adorned with figures of men and animals, birds and dragons, lions, bulls, and dolphins, in gold, silver, and amber. After some fearful cruelties and very little resistance from anybody except the Londoners, he was conqueror, and was acknowledged king of England. Thus at last the Danes were masters after hundreds of years' fighting. Even London had to submit. The queen, Ethelred's wife, fled over the sea; then the two young princes, her sons, followed, and next year Ethelred himself.

1013. The Danes triumph.

Queen Emma was the daughter of the Duke of Normandy. This country is part of France, but the Normans were not Franks, nor were they Gauls or Celts; they were in fact nearly related to the English and to the Danes. As the Danes, after plundering England, settled down and became Englishmen, so others of their race went to ravage France, and afterward settled down there and became Frenchmen. They were not called "Danes," but Northmen, as they were not nearly all from Denmark, but from Sweden and Norway also.

The Normans.

As Alfred made peace with Guthorm, and let him rule as an under-king in a great part of England, the king of the French made peace with the leader of the Northmen, and let him settle in a part of France, which came to be called Normandy, and the Northmen Normans. In time they became Christians, and learned to talk French, which was a much greater change than for those in England to learn to speak English. The Duke of Normandy was under the French king; he was his vassal, and, though not called "king," he was in fact as powerful as one.

Ethelred had married Emma, the daughter of one of the dukes of Normandy. When she came to England she received a new name, because "Emma" had a foreign sound. She was called by the old English name of Elfgifu (the fairies' gift). In their trouble she and her husband and children took refuge with her brother, the Duke of Normandy, her father being dead by this time, and there the two young princes were educated.

Swend had hardly been made king before he died. The story of his death is remarkable. The reader will remember

St. Edmund, the under-king of East Anglia, whom the Danes had murdered nearly a hundred and fifty years before. It seems that Swend had a special hatred for his memory, and demanded a heavy tribute from the church which had been built in his honor at Bury St. Edmund's. He threatened if it were not paid he would burn the church and the town, and put the clergy to death by torture. He had set forth on his march for this purpose, like Saul, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," when he saw in a vision the martyred Edmund coming against him, clothed in armor, and a spear in his hand. "Help," he cried, "fellow-soldiers! St. Edmund is coming to slay me." He fell from his horse and died the same night, every one believing that the saint had pierced him with his spear.

1014. Death of Swend.

When he was dead, leaving only his young son of nineteen behind him, the English thought of Ethelred again, and sent after him to Normandy. The "Chronicle" records the messages they exchanged. The wise men said that "to them no lord was dearer than their natural lord, if he would rule them better than he had done before." Ethelred, in return, sent messages to "greet all his people, and said that he would be to them a kind lord, and amend all those things which they abhorred, and all the things should be forgiven which had been done or said to him, on condition that they all, with one mind, and without treachery, would turn to him." So he returned home to his own people, and was gladly received by all.

Ethelred returns.

He seems to have redeemed his character for the time. There was a great meeting of the Witan, where they made many good resolutions; and then he marched against young Canute, and drove him away for the time. Ethelred lived but two years after his return. He had a brave and noble son to help him, — not one of Emma's children, but a son by his first wife, — Edmund, who was surnamed Ironside because of his strength and courage. He was indeed a great contrast to his feeble father.

Edmund Ironside.

Canute soon came back with another great fleet, and the war went on. Ethelred relapsed into his native condition of weakness and irresolution. Canute gained great victories, and when Ethelred died the assembly of the Witan chose Canute to be king. But the Londoners held an assembly of their own, and elected Edmund

1016. Canute.

Ironside. So there were two kings, an Englishman and a Dane; both of them young, clever, brave, and neither of them likely to give in to the other. During the next seven months London was besieged three times by the Danes, but never taken; and the English and Danes had six great battles. Four times out of these, Edmund Ironside won the victory; but in the sixth, after a gallant fight, the Danes were victorious, and Edmund had to flee. He was not at all out of heart; he was quite ready, with a fresh army, for a seventh battle, when the "wise men" interposed and brought about a peace.

The two young kings met. They had by this time each seen something to respect in the other, and both must have felt that it would not be easy to subdue the other. So they behaved with great courtesy, called each other brothers, and agreed to divide the kingdom between them. Edmund had all England south of the Thames, East Anglia, Essex, and London. Canute had all the rest; but it seems that Edmund was to be his "over-lord."

This did not last, for before the year was over the brave Edmund, the last worthy descendant of Egbert and Alfred, died. How he died is not exactly known. Some said he was murdered; some think he was worn out by his almost superhuman exertions. But when he died, Canute the Dane became king of all England.

1016. Death of Edmund.

CHAPTER XIII.

CANUTE.

A Danish king — his fierce beginning — his reform — his religion — pilgrimage to Rome — his letter — his sons.

CANUTE did not wish to be considered a usurper, or one who had taken a kingdom to which he had no right; nor did he wish only to seem a conqueror, having seized on the kingdom by force. There were no strict rules
1016. then, as there are now, as to who should succeed to the throne. If the king, when he died, left a brave son already grown up, it was almost sure he would be chosen, as Alfred's son Edward was; but if he left only young children, then one of their uncles would very likely be made king instead. In those days, as we have seen, it was of the greatest importance to have a king who was a real leader and ruler. The king had indeed to consult his Witan or wise men; but in general it seems that he made all the plans, proposed the laws, and laid them before the wise men to discuss, and approve or disapprove.

The English were accustomed to elect their kings, and until the time of Swend it was a most unheard-of thing for a man not of the royal family, and not even an Englishman, to be king of England. But Canute, who had already half the kingdom, did not choose to take forcible possession of the rest. He assembled the wise men and laid his claim before them. There were several princes of the English royal family left. Edmund Ironside had left two little sons, but no one would be likely to wish to make one of them king. He had also left some brothers — one of them, Edwy (or Eadwig), a grown young man of high character and well esteemed; beside his two half-brothers, Edward and Alfred, who were still very young, and were being brought up in Normandy. Even if the wise men had wished to make Edwy king, they would hardly have dared to propose it,

Canute being so powerful; but perhaps they had grown tired of wars, and thought it best to give in. At any rate they passed over all these princes, ethelings, as they were called, and declared that Canute had a right to the whole kingdom.

In the beginning of his reign Canute showed a very fierce and cruel spirit. He was determined to be and to remain king of England; and he could not be easy while so many of the royal family remained alive. Still he did not like to appear as an open murderer. He outlawed the grown-up prince, Edwy, and before the year was past he died; it was reported that Canute had him privately murdered. He sent Edmund Ironside's little sons out of the country to his own half-brother, the King of Sweden, in order that he might privately make away with them. But the Swedish king had pity on the innocent children, and instead of killing them sent them off to the distant land of Hungary, where there was a very good king, Stephen, who was afterwards called St. Stephen. He received the children kindly, and brought them up well and honorably. One died young, but the other grew up and married a relation of the Queen of Hungary, named Agatha, and he lived to see England once more.

Canute's cruelties.

Canute next put to death some of the English noblemen, probably because he thought they would in some way endanger his throne. And about the same time he sent for Queen Emma, the widow of Ethelred the Unready, and married her. She was much older than he was, but they say she was very beautiful. It seems that she now quite forsook her two sons, Edward and Alfred, who continued in Normandy; and she and Canute agreed that if she had a son by him he should succeed to the throne of England, and so it afterwards was.

But though Canute began his reign in this cruel manner, and might have been expected to be a very bad king, it turned out quite differently. Machiavelli, in his famous book, "The Prince," advises kings to "do all their cruelties at first," because then afterwards people will feel so thankful to them if they are merciful and just. Whether Canute had such an idea as that, or whether his character really improved, is not quite clear, but the latter appears most probable. He was professedly a Christian, and had been already baptized; and after this terrible beginning we hear no more of cruelty in England.

He reforms.

One might have expected that he would set up his Danish followers above the English; but, on the contrary, he favored the English in every way. He sent almost all his ships and their crews back to Denmark, and he assembled the English Witan to consult upon the government of the country. There were already many Danes established in England, who continued to live there peaceably, and both these Danes and the English looked back to the time when they had last had a good king, with peace, justice, and order, and longed to be governed as they had been then. This good king to whom they looked back was Edgar the Peaceable, who had been just and kind to the Danes, as well as to the English. Now his memory was honored, and both Danes and English wished to be governed by "Edgar's law." Canute and the wise men agreed to their desire. Canute was as just to the English as Edgar had been to the Danes, and England had peace for sixteen years.

At this time first appeared Earl Godwine, an Englishman, whom Canute seems to have liked and favored, and who became in time the most powerful subject in all England. Nothing is known of his origin with any certainty; but it is said that his father was a wealthy churl or farmer in Gloucestershire. Some time during the wars a Danish earl, Canute's brother-in-law, who was going to the Danish ships, lost his way. He met a handsome young man driving cattle, and asked him to guide him to the sea. The young man said it would be very dangerous, for the English were so enraged against the Danes, but he would do what he could. The Danish earl offered him a gold ring, but he would not accept it until he had earned it, and he said that, if he succeeded, the earl might reward him at his pleasure. He took the earl home to his father's house, which was a plain, comfortable dwelling, with plenty of good food and drink. The earl was much pleased, and stayed there the next day, and at night he and the young man started off on two good horses to find their way to the ships. After riding all night they arrived safely at the shore, and the earl was so delighted with his young guide, who was a clever and pleasant talker as well as good looking, that he adopted him almost as a son. He presented him to Canute, and in time he rose to great honor, and married the earl's sister. This young man was Godwine, who was in great trust and favor during the reign of Canute.

Godwine.

Canute not only favored the English nobles at home, but even made the Danish people jealous by appointing English clergymen to be bishops in Denmark. He was king of that country as well as of England, and afterwards got possession of Norway and Sweden also, but he always liked England best.

He now showed himself a very zealous Christian, according to the ideas of those times. He built a fine church or minster at Assandun, the place of his sixth battle with Edmund Ironside, where he had won the victory. He was also very anxious to appease the saints and martyrs whom his people had killed. One of these was St. Edmund, who was supposed to have caused the death of Swend, Canute's father. Canute, no doubt, fully believed that tale; so he repaired the minster of Bury St. Edmund, which his father had been about to destroy; and he also restored and enriched another in honor of St. Benedict. He also paid great honor to St. Elfheah, or Alphege, that Archbishop of Canterbury whom the Danes killed at Greenwich. He had been buried at St. Paul's in London; but now his body was carried with great ceremony back to the mother-church at Canterbury. The "Chronicle" says, "The renowned king, and the archbishop, and the suffragan bishops, and earls, and very many men in orders, and also laymen, conveyed in a ship his holy body on the Thames to Southwark; . . . and they then, with an honorable band and winsome joy, conveyed him to Rochester. Then, on the third day, came Emma, the lady, with her royal child, Harthacanute, and they then all, with great magnificence, and bliss, and song of praise, conveyed the holy archbishop into Canterbury."

Canute's religion.

Canute also went to do honor to the grave of Edmund Ironside. He had been buried at Glastonbury, where the first little Christian church had been built by the Britons, and where Dunstan had afterwards raised a much finer one. We are told that Canute knelt and prayed beside Edmund's tomb, and covered it with a splendid robe embroidered with peacocks. It would have been more to the purpose had he shown kindness to Edmund's little sons, but they were safe in Hungary at the time.

Canute, like Alfred, was fond of hearing church music. It is said that one of his favorite monasteries was Ely, where Alderman Brihtnoth was buried, and that one day, as he

was going past it in a boat, he heard the monks singing, and was so pleased that he made a poem about it. This is a translation of the first verse: —

> "Merrily sang the monks of Ely
> As Canute the king was passing by.
> 'Row to the shore, men,' said the king,
> 'And let us hear these churchmen sing.'"

We cannot say this is very beautiful poetry, but it appears to have been much liked at the time, for it is reported that it was afterwards sung in churches as a hymn.* The story of Canute and his flatterers by the seaside has been too often repeated; but there is another which, if true, shows that while he liked admiration he was a grim humorist as well. A poet, or minstrel, had made a short poem about the king, and went to sing or repeat it to him. He found the king just finishing dinner — the time when a gleeman would be most welcome. But he had around him a crowd of his subjects, who were come to make complaints and ask for justice. The king listened very patiently to them all. The poet at last grew tired of waiting, and begged the king to listen to his song, which was but a short one. Upon that the king turned to him very angrily, saying, "Are you not ashamed to do what no one else has dared to do — to write a *short* poem about me? Unless by dinner to-morrow you produce a poem with above thirty verses in it about me, your head shall be the penalty." Away went the poet, and the next day he appeared before the king with his poem of the required length, for which he was rewarded with fifty pieces of silver.

Canute, having settled his kingdom and made England peaceable and contented, and having honored the memory of the English martyrs, made a pilgrimage to Rome. This was the crowning act of religion in the middle ages, and it was attended with difficulty and danger. While he was there he wrote an interesting letter, which was addressed to the archbishops, bishops, nobles, and all the people. In it he said that he went for the redemption of his sins, and for the good of his people. He saw at Rome not only the Pope, but also the great Ger-

His letter.

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*The literary efforts of monarchs are sometimes effusively praised even in our day.

man emperor, and many other princes. He said that they all treated him with great honor, and that the emperor gave him many costly presents of gold and silver vessels, and splendid garments. He spoke to the emperor and others about the trouble his subjects had in getting to Rome on account of the fortified places, held by the robber barons, and the unjust tolls and exactions, and they promised that the English and Danish merchants and pilgrims should be allowed to come and go in peace and safety.

He had also complained to the Pope of the immense sums of money which were extorted from the archbishops, and the Pope had promised that it should not happen again. He went on to say what good resolutions he had made as to his future life, and owned that he had done many wrong things, but said he would endeavor "by God's help entirely to amend it." He said that he had vowed to Almighty God to govern his life rightly, to rule justly and piously, and that no one, whether rich or poor, should be oppressed or ill-used. Altogether, this letter is so good, so hearty, and so sensible, that the Witan must have considered they never did a wiser thing than when they made Canute king, even though he was not an Englishman.

Happy is the reign that has no history! There is not much more to tell about Canute. The farmers ploughed their lands and reaped their harvests without fear of being plundered. The merchants minded their business and made their profits, instead of being besieged and robbed. Every one enjoyed the fruit of his labors; they married and were given in marriage; they were safe, happy, and contented; and so the years passed away, and the men who wrote the "Chronicle" could find very little to say, except when a bishop or an abbot died, and a new one had to be appointed.

Canute went to Scotland, and made its king do homage to him and own him as his lord, just as the former kings had done to Edward and to Edgar. This king of Scotland was uncle to Duncan. And he brought with him two other great lords, or under-princes, one of whom was Macbeth; the Macbeth of whom Shakespeare wrote, and who murdered Duncan. Macbeth.

Like almost all the kings of this time, Canute had a very short life. He died when he was but forty years old, leaving two very unworthy sons behind him, who were both kings of England for a short time. 1035. Canute's death.

The first was called Harold, and his surname was Harefoot, because he was a swift runner. When he became king it seems that the two princes in Normandy, the sons of Ethelred and Emma, began to think they might have a chance of getting back their father's kingdom. The younger of them, Alfred, went over to England, where his mother was. But he was seized with all his followers and most cruelly used; he was blinded, and afterwards killed; and the "Chronicle" says —

Harold Harefoot.

> "Now is our trust in
> the beloved God,
> that they are in bliss,
> blithely with Christ,
> who were without guilt
> so miserably slain."

Harold Harefoot was very irreligious, and he took pleasure in insulting the services of the church. He would call out his huntsmen and his dogs with great noise and bustle, and ride off hunting just at the moment when people were going to church. After reigning about four years, he died.

Upon this his half-brother Harthacnut, generally called Hardicanute, was chosen king. He was the son of Canute and of Emma, and was at this time in Flanders with his mother, but he had been born and bred in England. The people therefore hoped that he would be a good king like his father, but it turned out that he was worse even than Harold. This is the account the "Chronicle" gives of him. "Then was Harthacnut sent after at Bruges; it was imagined to be well done. And he then came hither with sixty ships before midsummer, and imposed a very heavy contribution, so that it was borne with difficulty; . . . and then was everyone unfavorable to him who before had desired him; nor did he perform aught kingly while he reigned. He caused the dead Harold to be dragged up, and had him cast into a fen." But the Danes afterwards took the body of Harold and laid it in a burying-ground they had, where now stands the church of St. Clement Danes.

1040. Harthacnut.

Harthacnut exasperated the people greatly by laying on them a heavy tax, called the Danegeld. This tax had been first levied by Ethelred the Unready, to pay his tribute to the Danes, and perhaps it was for that reason that it was always looked on as hateful. Some of the people rebelled

and would not pay it. Then Harthacnut sent his soldiers to ravage the land and kill the people, and so made himself still more detested than before.

The chief thing to be said in his favor is, that he seems to have had some natural affection for his half-brothers, the two princes who had been brought up in Normandy. He was very angry at the cruel murder of Alfred, and accused Earl Godwine of having a hand in it. Godwine solemnly swore that he was innocent, and a great many other lords swore it too; but to this day no one knows whether he was innocent or guilty. To pacify the king, he made him a splendid present. He gave Harthacnut a magnificent ship, with eighty men on board, all beautifully dressed, with fine weapons, and with golden bracelets on their arms. This royal gift so pleased the king that he accepted Godwine's oath.

He then invited his other brother, Edward, to come over to England and live with him, which he did. After Harthacnut had reigned about two years, he went to a marriage feast of one of his great lords. "And as he stood at his drink he fell suddenly to the earth with a terrible struggle, and then they who were nigh took hold of him, and he afterwards spoke not a word." An inglorious and disgraceful death, after an inglorious and disgraceful reign.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CONFESSOR.

Edward the Confessor. The Normans and the English. The English party and Earl Godwine. Godwine's banishment and return. Harold. Westminster Abbey.

Once more a descendant of Cerdic and of Egbert sat on the throne of England. Harold and Harthacnut had left no children, and Harthacnut had evidently intended his brother Edward to be king after his own death, when he invited him to come back from Normandy and live with him. So all the people made Edward king; and he was the last king of that old royal family which had reigned so gloriously, on the whole, through those hundreds of years.

1042. Edward the Confessor.

The people, no doubt, thought they had an English king again; but this was not so. Though Edward was half an Englishman by birth, he was, in fact, much more a Frenchman. [Henceforth the words Norman and French may be used interchangeably; for the old histories generally call the Normans Frenchmen, and, indeed, they had become so in fact.] Edward had a French mother, had been taken to Normandy when he was a child, and had lived there with his uncle and cousin until maturity, so that he was far more like a Frenchman than an Englishman.

There was a great difference between the Normans and the English, though they were such near neighbors and were descended from kindred races. Our information comes largely from a writer named William of Malmesbury, who had good knowledge of the subject, since his father was a Norman and his mother an Englishwoman; and he was anxious to do justice to both sides, though, on the whole, he seems to have preferred his father's race.

The English and the Normans.

The Normans were at this time in some respects more civilized than the English. They had more polished man-

ners, and were more gay and lively. Frenchmen are still considered more polite and affable than the English, who are looked on, whether justly or unjustly, as blunt and clumsy in comparison. The Normans were skilful architects, and had built many beautiful churches and minsters far superior to those of England. They had noble and splendid houses, in which they lived temperately and frugally; "they were delicate in their food, but not excessive;" while the English lived in "mean and despicable houses," and were overfond of eating and drinking. It had long been the habit, on festive occasions, to begin dining early in the morning, and to continue revelling all day; but manners had even grown worse, for the brutal King Harthacnut, who, as we saw, died drinking, had introduced the custom of having four great meals every day; and they would sometimes pass entire nights in drinking.

It seems too that the English, including the clergy, had again fallen into a state of ignorance, so that "they could scarcely stammer out the words of the sacrament, and a person who understood grammar was an object of wonder and astonishment. The nobility, given up to luxury and wantonness, went not to church in the morning after the manner of Christians, but merely in a careless manner heard matins and masses from a hurrying priest in their chambers."

The same writer mentions the degrading slave-trade which was still carried on in England, and which struck him with horror. After writing of this drunkenness and ignorance he added, "I would not, however, have these bad propensities universally ascribed to the English. I know that many of the clergy at that day trod the path of sanctity by a blameless life; I know that many of the laity of all ranks and conditions in this nation were well-pleasing to God. Be injustice far from this account; the accusation does not involve the whole indiscriminately."

Edward very naturally preferred the people he was used to, though when he became king of England he ought to have set himself to understand and love his whole people, as Canute had done. He was a good man, and in some ways a good king, but he could not help showing a great partiality to the French, which led to much trouble in his days, and to still more afterward. A great number of Frenchmen came over, and Edward gave them offices and estates, so that they grew rich at the expense

Edward favors the Normans.

of the English. Above all, he promoted the French clergy, and set them over the English. He made a Frenchman Bishop of London, and another Bishop of Dorchester. We can imagine how offensive this would be to the English. It appears, too, that this Bishop of Dorchester, though a Frenchman, must have been quite as ignorant as an Englishman, for when he went to Rome the Pope was very near depriving him of his bishopric, or, as the "Chronicle" puts it, "they were very near breaking his staff, *if he had not given the greater treasures*, because he could not do his offices [that is, read the prayers, etc.] as well as he should." After that the king made a Frenchman Archbishop of Canterbury, and as he who holds that office is considered the highest person in the whole kingdom next to the king, this was also a great insult to the English.

His piety and goodness.

Nevertheless, on the whole, Edward was much beloved. He was of a gentle and pious nature; not shrewd or able, but meek and good. He seems, too, to have been good-looking, and he had pleasant, polished manners, which he had learnt in France. The "Chronicle" says that though he had dwelt so long in exile, "he was aye blithe of mood." He pleased the people greatly by taking off a heavy tax which had oppressed them very much. The tale is, that one year, when it had just been collected, the king was brought to see the masses of gold. He was so struck with the sight, and with the thought of the misery it must cause the people to have so much money wrung out of them, that he fancied he saw an exulting little devil jumping about upon the casks. This story, with others, was afterwards carved in stone, as a decoration for his chapel in Westminster Abbey, where they may still be seen, though so worn away with age that they are not very easy to understand. Edward was surnamed by his people the "Confessor," which meant in those days almost the same as a saint. They thought him so nearly a saint that it was believed he could work miracles, and had the gift of prophecy. His principal miracle was healing scrofula by his touch, or by the patient being bathed with the water in which the king had washed his hands.

It has been mentioned that the king was believed to have been descended from the god Woden, and that there was a sacredness in him, which made him different from other men. After Woden came to be regarded as only a man this par-

ticular sanctity was lost, but the people could not give up the idea of something supernatural belonging to their king, and they now looked upon him as being more holy than all others, through the consecration and anointing he received at his coronation,—and this feeling continued through many centuries. Long afterwards, Shakespeare makes a king say,—

> "Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
> Can wash the balm off from an anointed king;
> The breath of worldly men cannot depose
> The deputy elected by the Lord."

From Edward's time onward it was supposed that the kings or queens of England still possessed this miraculous power. The last time we hear of it being tried was in Scotland, in 1745.

In the play of *Macbeth* we find mention made of a "holy king" of England, and his power of curing this disease. The "holy king" is Edward the Confessor. It was during his reign that Duncan, king of Scotland, was killed, and Macbeth made king; and that the great Earl of Northumberland afterwards fought Macbeth and set Duncan's son Malcolm on the throne of Scotland. It is well known that the facts of history are not followed in the immortal play.

Though the English reverenced their king, they were not at all in accord with the French. William of Malmesbury, who wrote the history of this period, says he found it very difficult to get at the truth about their disagreements "on account of the natural dislike of these nations for each other — because the English disdainfully bear with a superior, and the Normans cannot endure an equal."

Disputes between English and Normans.

The head of the English party was Earl Godwine, whom Canute had made earl and governor of Wessex. By this time he was still more powerful, and it was greatly through his help and influence that Edward had been chosen king. His sons were now grown up, and they were made earls also and had a great deal of power. The eldest was Earl of Herefordshire and Somersetshire; the second, Harold, was Earl of the East Angles, of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, and Essex. Edward was married to Godwine's daughter Edith. But, nevertheless, he seems to have hated Godwine; and he never loved Edith, though she was clever, good, and beautiful. We know that a weak man often hates

the strong man who towers over him; and probably Godwine did not show much respect to the king whom he had helped to make. He was an able and determined man, and some of his children were the same. It was thought by many that they treated Edward with great disrespect, and ridiculed his simplicity. Edward also, it appears, never ceased to believe that Godwine had had some hand in the murder of his brother Alfred.

The king and the great earl were on very bad terms. Godwine and his sons were indignant at seeing so many foreigners favored and promoted, and they gathered a strong party of Englishmen, who sided with them. One might be sure, in this state of things, a fire would soon break out; any spark would be enough to kindle it. And very soon the spark fell. One of the king's French friends with his men behaved insolently to the people of Dover, and when the Dover men resented it, a tumult, or rather a battle, took place, in which several men on each side were killed, but the French were driven out of the town. Edward, taking part with his friends, commanded Earl Godwine, under whose government the town of Dover lay, to punish the Dover men. But Godwine stoutly refused to do that until they had been fairly tried. Then, both sides being much irritated, the king and his friends gathered an army, and Godwine and his sons did the same. But no fight took place, for, when the two armies met, Godwine's men dropped away from him, and he and his sons were declared outlaws, and banished from the kingdom.

1051. Banishment of Godwine and his sons.

It seems strange that the people fell away from Godwine when he was standing up for English liberty and justice, but there may have been two reasons for it; one, that they really loved the king; and the other, that Godwine's eldest son had been a wicked man, a treacherous murderer, and yet his father had favored him and shielded him from punishment.

Not content with the banishment of Godwine, the king sent away his own wife, Edith, also to a monastery, and took possession of all her treasures, her lands, her gold, and her silver, which was scarcely in the role of a saint.

While Godwine and his sons were in exile, Edward received a visit from a very important person, to whom he was much attached, his cousin, the Duke of Normandy — a person who had more influence on the history of England

than, perhaps, any other man in the world. This cousin of Edward's, who was now about twenty-three years old, was no other than William the Conqueror. It was perhaps at this time he began to think he should like to be king of England. When he saw the beautiful country, with its thriving towns, its rich meadows and fertile fields, its industrious people, he must have felt it would be a fine thing to be its lord. William was one of those strong men who, when they once set their mind on a thing, generally end by getting it. However, for this time, after being very well received, he went peaceably home again. It was said, afterwards, that during this visit Edward promised to make William his heir, but the truth of that was never known.

Godwine and his sons were sure not to remain long in banishment. The very next year they came back again. This time large numbers of the English took their side; they collected a great fleet and army and sailed up to London. The king also collected a fleet and an army; and there the two hosts of Englishmen stood face to face. The chronicler says, "It was repugnant to almost all of them that they should fight against men of their own race; for there was little else there who could do anything great, except Englishmen, on each side; and they would not that this country should be the more exposed to outlandish peoples, in consequence of their destroying each other. They then resolved that wise men should be sent between them, and they settled a peace on each side."

1052. Godwine's return.

This peace gave a complete triumph to Earl Godwine. "To Godwine was his earldom clean given back, as full and free as he first possessed it; and in like manner to his sons all that they had before possessed, and to his wife and daughter, all as full and as free as they had before possessed. And they confirmed between them full friendship; and to all the people they promised good law. And they then outlawed all the Frenchmen who had before raised up unjust law, and judged unjust judgments, and counselled evil counsel in this country."

His triumph.

Whereupon the bishops and the archbishop, and the Frenchmen in general, took flight. They went off on horseback, and "slew and maltreated many young men" by the way. When they got to Walton-on-the-Naze "they there lighted on a crazy ship, and the archbishop betook himself at once over the sea, and left his pall and all Christianity

here in this country, so as God willed it; as he had before obtained the dignity, so as God willed it not."

Godwine did not long enjoy his restored power and dignity, for in the following year he died. It was said that, as he sat at the Easter feast with the king, Edward brought up again the old accusation about Godwine having helped in the murder of the Etheling, Alfred; and that Godwine, calling upon God to bear witness to his innocence, exclaimed, "May this morsel of bread be my last if I had any hand in that deed;" and that, having said thus, the morsel of bread choked him, so that he fell down and died. There is no evidence that this tale is true, but it is certain that he fell down (very likely in a fit) at Edward's table.

1053. His death.

After Godwine's death his second son, Harold, became the most powerful man in England. He seems to have been of a finer nature than his father, and less overbearing, though quite as brave and talented. The king trusted him greatly, though he was fonder of his younger brother, Tostig, who was not nearly so good a man. Harold was a valiant soldier and a skilful commander, and he gained great renown by fighting for the king in Wales. The Welsh, though they had long been under the English kings, and paid them tribute, had never heartily submitted, and they now began to rebel again under a king called Griffith. Harold led an army into Wales and conquered them, killed Griffith, and brought his head to London.

Harold.

But soon after this a great misfortune befell him. He was at sea, near the coast of France, when his vessel was wrecked and tossed on the shore, in the dominions of a certain Count Guy, who was a vassal of the Duke of Normandy. It was the custom in those days, if any one had the misfortune to be shipwrecked on a strange coast, that, instead of being kindly treated and helped, he was taken prisoner, and made to pay a ransom before he was allowed to depart. Accordingly, Harold was made prisoner by Guy; but he contrived to send word to the Duke of Normandy how he was being treated.

The history of the later years of Edward the Confessor, of Harold, and of the Norman William, was represented in a series of pictures in needlework which are still preserved at Bayeux, in Normandy, and formerly ornamented the cathedral there, of which William's brother was the bishop.

An exact copy of them is to be seen in the Kensington Museum.

Though these pictures are particularly ugly and uncouth, they are very interesting as visible and authentic history. Besides, the adventures of Harold and the others give us information about the ships, architecture, and costumes of the period.

The Duke of Normandy had determined that he would be king of England when his cousin Edward died, but he felt that Harold stood much in the way. The English loved him; and if they could not get a king of their own royal family, they would be far more likely to choose the English Harold than the French William. William, therefore, determined to try and gain Harold over to his side. He sent for him from Count Guy, brought him to his court, and treated him with great outward kindness and respect, but would not let him go away until he had taken a very unfair advantage of him; for he made Harold, who was really his prisoner, take an oath that, when Edward died, he would do all in his power to help make William king. More than this, he even cheated Harold in the ceremony of taking the oath.

Harold's oath.

When Harold was compelled to swear that he would help to make William king of England, there was a book of the Gospels set on a sort of altar, covered with a cloth of gold. Duke William was sitting on his throne, crowned, and with a rich sword in his hand. Around him stood his nobles, bishops, and knights as witnesses. Harold laid his hand on the book, and very unwillingly swore. As soon as he had taken the oath, some of the attendants lifted up the cloth of gold, and underneath was seen, not an altar, or a table, but a box or chest filled with relics and bones of saints. Harold was struck with dismay, and shuddered. He and all around thought the oath far more awful and sacred than it would have been if his hand had merely rested on the New Testament; such was the reverence for relics. After this Harold was allowed to return to England.

He grew more and more in the favor of the people. His brother Tostig, Edward's favorite, had been made Earl of Northumberland. Though the gentle Edward was so attached to him, Tostig was at heart a fierce and tyrannical man, and the people of Northumberland, who were a turbulent and warlike race, would not put

1065. Tostig.

up with him. They broke out in rebellion, and King Edward sent Harold to the north to settle matters, hoping that Tostig would be re-established in his dominion. But when Harold found that his brother had ruled cruelly and unjustly, and that the Northumbrians were resolved not to have him, and had even chosen another earl, he would not go to war for the sake of his brother; he allowed the Northumbrians to keep the earl whom they had chosen, and Tostig had to flee over the sea. The people saw that Harold had their good at heart more than the greatness of his own family, and they honored and trusted him more than ever.

Edward's end was now drawing near. He was growing old, and there was one thing he longed to see completed before he died, one great work on which his heart was set, — which was the building of Westminster Abbey. Though Westminster is now part of London, and we cannot tell when we pass from one into the other, in Edward's day it was at some little distance, and, besides, it was an island. There were then, besides the river Thames, a great number of streams running down from the hills around London, which are now buried under the streets. There had been a little old church upon this island, which, being covered with thickets and thorns, was called "Thorney Isle."

Westminster Abbey.

Here Edward, who had been used to see much grander buildings in Normandy than the English knew how to make, determined that he would build the finest church that had ever been seen in England, and he also built himself a palace, where he might watch the work going on. The place where it stood is still called "Old Palace Yard." This new grand church, which was dedicated to St. Peter, was called the West Minster; the principal church in London itself was dedicated to St. Paul.

There is very little of Edward's grand abbey left now; but a few foundations of pillars, and perhaps a dark archway or two, are still there. And the present Westminster Abbey, which has been called "the most lovely and lovable thing in Christendom," is on the same spot; and there may still be seen the "shrine" or tomb of Edward the Confessor, the first of all the good or great or famous Englishmen who lie buried there. To see the minster finished and consecrated was his heart's desire.

There was still one more thing to do, namely to appoint

his successor. He had no children; all the old royal family were dead except that son of Edmund Ironside who had been sent long ago to Hungary, and his children. Edward, perhaps, meant to make him king after his own death, for he sent for him, and had him and his three children brought to England, just as he himself had been sent for by Harthacnut. Prince Edward arrived with his son, Edgar the Etheling, and his two daughters, but he died almost directly after reaching England. His son Edgar was a very weak, almost imbecile young man. Had he been like his grandfather, Edmund Ironside, it is probable that the course of English history would have been different. But this feeble, harmless fellow was not fit to be king in troublous times, and it was evident that the struggle for the throne would be between William and Harold, two strong and vigorous men. William always maintained that his cousin had promised the kingdom to him, but it is certain that as Edward lay dying he said Harold was to be his heir.

1065. Death of Edward.

It was Christmas time at Westminster, and the beautiful church was finished, ready to be consecrated. Edward longed to have strength for that great and joyful day. It was fixed for December 28th, the Feast of the Innocents. But he was too ill and weak to be present, the queen* had to take his place at the ceremony, and he only went into the church when he was carried there to be buried.

They tell us that when he was dying he said he "hoped he was passing from the land of the dead to the land of the living;" and the "Chronicle" says, "St. Peter, his friend, opened to him the gate of Paradise, and St. John, his own dear one, led him before the Divine Majesty."

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* It does not appear when the queen was set at liberty, but the king was never on pleasant terms with her.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONQUEST.

Election of Harold. Battle of Stamford Bridge. Battle of Hastings. Coronation of William the Conqueror. His character. Effects of the Norman Conquest — on the English character — on the English language.

It was evident that there would be a great contest for the crown at the death of Edward the Confessor. But in the minds of the English there was no doubt at all. Harold was elected on the very day Edward died. The next day, January 6, Edward was buried and Harold crowned in the new abbey at Westminster. No one thought of choosing the Etheling, Edgar, who was the only man left of the old royal family, but who was young and weak, and plainly unfit to govern.

1065. King Harold.

Some historians call Harold a usurper, because he was not of the royal house; but being an Englishman, and chosen by the English people, he was, according to the usage of the time, as true a king as ever reigned.

He had already been king, in all but the name, through the last years of Edward the Confessor, and all the people knew him to be wise, just, brave, and merciful. He had, however, but little time to show his noble qualities, and his short reign was full of troubles.

It was not likely that William of Normandy, the proud, ambitious, and strong-willed man, would give up the great wish of his life without a struggle. It is said that when he first heard the news of Harold being made king he was "speechless with rage." However, he did not choose to show his fury at once; indeed, it would have suited him far better to come in peaceably than to have to fight for the kingdom. He accordingly began by sending messages to Harold, reminding him of the oath he had sworn, and summoning him to give up the kingdom to him who was Edward's heir. Harold must have bitterly lamented the

Duke William.

false step he had taken in swearing an oath which he never meant to keep.

He sent back a straightforward message to the duke, that that oath had been extorted from him by fear of violence, and therefore was not binding; he also said very truly that he had had no right to make any oath or promise about the kingdom, which it had never been in his power to give away without the consent of the people and of the wise men, and that a rash oath ought to be broken. And he ended by saying proudly that all the English people had heartily joined in giving the kingdom to him, and that he would not show himself so unworthy of their favor as to resign it, or to cease protecting them from foreign enemies; and, in short, that he would not give up the kingdom unless he gave with it his life.

William began forthwith to make preparations for seizing the crown of England by force, since he could not get it without. He made friends among the princes and potentates of the Continent, so as to get aid from their soldiers. But the principal ally he tried to secure was the Pope.

We may well wonder what concern the Bishop of Rome could have in the succession to the English throne. Hitherto the Popes had taken but little interest in English affairs, beyond giving the pall to the archbishops, and getting all the money they could from them, and from the country in general. But now that they were determined to have a voice in the governing of every kingdom, the Pope would be glad of an opportunity like this to have something to say as to who should be king.

The Pope.

Of course Harold and the English never thought of asking the Pope's opinion, still less his permission; they settled things in the old English way. Therefore there was no doubt the Pope would favor the Frenchman. He pronounced Harold accursed and excommunicated, and he sent William a consecrated banner and a hair of St. Peter. It was not till afterwards that he made known what he expected in return.

Meanwhile William went on with his preparations, collecting a great army, increasing the pay of his soldiers, and making lavish promises to all. But with all his army, his ships, and his strong will, — even with the Pope's banner and St. Peter's hair, he would hardly have prevailed against Harold and his Englishmen had it not been for an English

traitor who turned against his country and joined with her enemies. This was no other than Tostig, Harold's brother, who had been driven out of Northumberland for his injustice and cruelty, and whom Harold had refused to support.

Tostig.

Tostig had taken refuge in Norway, and made friends with the king of that country, and the two now joined in invading the northern part of England, where they defeated the troops who opposed them and laid siege to York. Harold therefore, instead of watching the coast to prevent the Normans from landing, was obliged to march to the north to drive these invaders away. He tried at first to make peace with his brother, promising him forgiveness and rewards if he would submit.

But when Tostig asked what he would give to his friend, the king of Norway, Harold's messenger replied "Seven feet of English ground for a grave; or, perhaps, as he is a tall man, a little more." After this defiance there was no more thought of peace. A great battle was fought, and Harold conquered. Not only the tall Norwegian king, but Tostig also, and many other chieftains were left dead on the field, and occupied their "seven feet of English ground."

Battle of Stamford Bridge.

While Harold and his men were still rejoicing at their triumph, there came news that the Normans had landed in the south and were ravaging the country. Harold had to hurry back, and to collect another army. But even now not all the English came. Two of the great earls, Edwin and Morcar, stayed away, jealous of Harold, as their father, who had been Earl of Mercia, had been jealous of Harold's father, Godwine. They seem to have thought, and even hoped, that England might now fall in pieces again, and be divided into separate kingdoms, as it had been in old times, and that, perhaps, if William conquered Wessex and the south, they might be kings of Mercia and Northumberland. This was, no doubt, another reason why the English were overcome.

A long and obstinate battle took place. From sunrise till moonrise the English stood firm around their brave king, who fought on foot with his two faithful brothers by his side. The English and the English battle-axes were strong, but the Normans, with their fine horses and skilful bowmen, were stronger. Harold was

Battle of Hastings, or Senlac.

blinded by an arrow, but his men stood firmly by him still. At last he fell dead; his brothers had fallen already; and the English broke and fled.

Duke William became "William the Conqueror." This terrible fight is generally known as the Battle of Hastings, though it really took place on a hill then named Senlac, but which has ever since that day been called "Battle." And a fine abbey was built there by William in remembrance of his victory, the high altar of which was on the very spot where Harold had stood all day and had died so bravely in the evening. 1066.

After the issue of this battle William had but little difficulty. There was for some time disorder and revolt in many places, but as there was no concert of action the English were conquered little by little. There was no great leader who could have united them. Harold was dead, and his two brothers; no one was left but poor Edgar the Etheling. The London people and the two earls who had deserted Harold tried to make Edgar king. But he had none of the qualities of which a king is made. Edgar the Etheling.

William marched along the coast to Dover, where the inhabitants submitted; then he marched up the Thames to London; and the capital, with the poor sham King Edgar, submitted too without striking a blow. Edgar himself, with the archbishop and many bishops and nobles, came out to meet the Duke of Normandy, and offered him the crown. The "Chronicle" says that "they swore oaths to him, and he promised them that he would be a kind lord to them."

William entered London, and on Christmas Day, not quite a year after Edward's church was consecrated, was crowned in it king of England. The coronation ceremony was not a joyful one, as we may suppose; but still William wished it to seem as if he were freely chosen. The great church was full, partly of English, and partly of French people. On one side of William stood an English archbishop, on the other side a French bishop. The one spoke in English, and asked the people if they would have William crowned king of England. The other asked the same question in French. All the people answered "Yes," clapping their hands and shouting. At this great noise the French soldiers who were keeping guard outside fancied there was an uproar or a rebellion, and began to set fire to The coronation.

the houses round about. The people ran out of the church, and there was a great tumult. And William, though a strong, fierce man, trembled from head to foot. Then the Archbishop of York crowned him, "and he pledged him on Christ's book, before he would set the crown on his head, that he would govern this nation as well as any king before him had best done if they would be faithful to him. The history of the next twenty years shows how he kept his word.

Thus William was crowned king of England, and his descendants have sat on the throne of England ever since.

Before proceeding to the events of his reign, let us consider some of the results of the Norman Conquest. We must observe first, that England never got rid of the Normans. As was mentioned before, she never really got rid of the Danes; but that did not in the end make much difference to the English people. The Danes, except for being a century or two behind in civilization, were almost exactly like the English. They had much the same language, habits, laws, and religion as our forefathers had when they first came to England. They learned the Christian religion, and became Englishmen without difficulty.

Results of the Conquest.

But these Frenchmen, though Northmen by blood, were not much like their ancestors, or like the English. Their language was quite different, and their habits, manners, and character were quite different. And the two nations hated each other. The French despised the conquered English, the English despised the proud and cruel French.

Yet after a time, wonderful as it may be, the French became English, as the Danes had done. They gradually lost their native tongue and learned English; they came to respect the sturdy English virtues, and in time were proud of being themselves Englishmen. But this union was not brought about with ease, as was the case with the Danes. Many centuries of trouble and misery had to pass before it was complete.*

Union of the races.

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* It is nearer truth to state that the Normans in England became English mainly when they wished to prevent more of their countrymen from coming over to share the lordship of the island. This was later, in the reign of the Angevine kings. And then a war with France intensified the growing feeling of patriotism, so that a chancellor read an address to Parliament in English, and the nobles of Norman descent began to have their children taught the speech of the people. — ED.

When the fusion was complete, there were no more Anglo-Saxons or Normans, but all were English, there was a great change. Neither the English people nor the English language was the same as it had been before. The union of Normans and English had produced a finer people than the English would have been alone, and the union of their languages a nobler, more varied, and more perfect language.

In some important respects the English were a finer people than the Normans, although they were conquered. They understood far more about liberty and law, justice and self-control. They were less arrogant and cruel, and in many ways were quite as clever. But the Normans were more quick, more enterprising, and better soldiers. They thought more of refinement, grace, and polish. They had also seen a great deal more of the rest of the world, and knew more of human nature. Islanders are apt to be narrow and limited in their ideas, because they have not known many different sorts of people. And in consequence of the union with the Normans, England came to take more interest in the affairs of Europe than she would have done otherwise.

The English at that time appear to have had little spirit of enterprise; they had settled down into a quiet kind of farmer's life, content with holding their own and keeping off their enemies. The Normans were restless and full of ambition. Wherever there were adventures, and fighting was to be had, Normans would be sure to be there. Some went to Spain, to Greece, to Sicily, and to Italy. Wherever they went they made themselves famous, and in some places they founded great kingdoms.

At the present day the people who wander over the whole world are the English; a traveller can hardly go to the most remote place in Africa or America without finding an Englishman there; to say nothing of the great empire in India, and the vast colonies in Canada, Africa, New Zealand, Australia, and other places. This is due to the Norman fire and energy, which joined itself to the Teuton perseverance and industry. It was like putting the swift spirit of an eagle into the strong body of an ox.

The two languages.

For a long time the two languages were quite distinct, but when both races began to coalesce and their speech to blend, English was wonderfully improved. It was still English, and not French, as the nation was still English, and not French. But as the nation had

acquired many good qualities, many arts, talents, and refinements, and had lost some of its clumsiness, through the union with the French, so had the language gained many new and beautiful words, and left off some of its unnecessary and cumbrous forms.

A very learned German (Grimm) has said of the English language that "it possesses a power of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men." And he thinks its perfection is the result "of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romance."

It must be remembered that our forefathers were Teutons, the same family as the Germans, that our language is much like the German still, and that many of our commonest words are the same or only a little differently pronounced. Almost all our little words, pronouns, adverbs, and prepositions, come to us also from the German. But we have besides all these a great many delightful and expressive words which the Germans have not, words which came originally from the Latin, and which the French gave to us. We have also many Latin words which we have taken at first hand, but the greater part came to us through the French.

In the following stanzas the words from the Latin or French are printed in Italics; the remaining words are of English or Teutonic origin.

"Be thou, O God, *exalted* high,
And as thy *glory* fills the sky,
So let it be on earth *displayed*
Till thou art here as there *obeyed*."

"God *save* our *gracious* Queen,
Long live our *noble* Queen,
God *save* the Queen.
Send her *victorious*,
Happy and *glorious*,
Long to *reign* over us,
God *save* the Queen."

We could not well spare such beautiful words as "gracious," "glorious," etc. Our language would have been a sort of heavy homespun without them.

Another result of this blending is that in many cases we have two words for the same idea: one homely for every-

day use, and another rather grand or ornate for special occasions.

Happiness	Felicity.
Truth	Veracity.
Heavy	Ponderous.
Almighty	Omnipotent.
Earthly	Terrestrial.
Heavenly	Celestial.
Shining	Radiant.

It is obviously a great advantage to have two treasuries or armories of thought, and with our varied stores there is choice for every nicest shade of expression.

As the Frenchmen came in as conquerors* and lords, nearly all the lordly words belong to them, such as sovereign, sceptre, throne, royalty, homage, duke, count, palace, castle; though the highest of all, king and queen, are English. History in words.

In matters of every-day life, and particularly in regard to animals and food, we see that one class of words belonged to the master and another to the servant. When sheep and oxen were to be tended and fed, their names were Saxon; but when they were killed and prepared for the lord's table they became French, — mutton and beef. It was the same with calf and veal, deer and venison, pig and pork.† Bacon is an old English word, and that was almost the only sort of meat which the poor could get.

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* For observations on this subject the reader may consult the introduction to Underwood's Hand-Book of English Literature.

† This matter is ably as well as humorously treated in the first chapter of Ivanhoe, from which Guest borrowed the thought and illustration.

The fusion of Norman and Anglo-Saxon was very slowly accomplished. For four centuries at least there was one language for the noblemen and gentlemen, and another for the common people. The currents of thought and expression had come together, forced into the same channel, but, like the waters of the Mississippi and the Missouri, they refused to mingle, and showed their diverse sources far below the point of union. In the end there was a tacit compromise. The facts of every-day life, the names of the heavenly bodies, the elements, the family relations, the house and home, domestic animals, crops, and tools of husbandry, the various modes of motion, simple articles of food and raiment, were all known by Anglo-Saxon names. But terms that belong to government, to the privileges of high birth, to the usages of courts, to the dress and equipment of knights and dames, to tournaments, crusades, and pilgrimages, to letters and art, were all of Norman origin.

We have now passed over more than 1100 years since the beginning of written English history. In those years many foreign peoples endeavored to possess the fertile island, and succeeded in making lodgments upon it, and in the end comparatively few of the progeny of original Britons remained. The Norman Conquest was the last great change which has taken place in the nation.

The English nation.

It will be well to take note of the various races who, at different times, have joined in making the English people.

1st. There were the people mentioned in the first chapter, of whom we have no written history, but of whom we know something by the things they left behind them: their tools, clothes, graves, skeletons, etc., — the people of the bronze age. These were almost certainly short, small, dark men, and no doubt some of their blood continues in the veins of Englishmen. Not one word of their language is left; though some people in the northwest of Spain, on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, are still believed to speak it.

2d. The Celts or ancient Britons, of whom we have written accounts, whose descendants still live in Wales, Ireland, and other places, speaking their own language. We have also some of their blood in us; and we have a few, though a very few, of their words in our language; basket, cradle, clan, kilt are Celtic words, and so are many names of places, as Kent, London, and Leeds, and of rivers, as Avon, Ouse, and Derwent.

3d. The Romans, who left roads and other remains, and taught the Britons Christianity, but from whom we do not seem to have received much more, except a few words, such as "street" which comes from their name for a paved road (strata via); and the names, or half the names, of some cities, as Manchester, the last part of which may be a Latin word.*

4th. The Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, who are the principal ancestors of the nation, and who are generally called the English, and their language the English language.

5th. The Danes, who were near relations to the English, and soon mingled with them; whose language was much like English, though not quite the same, and from whom we received a few words (as ugly, weak, cat, dairy); and some names of places, as Derby, Grimsby.

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* *Ceaster* (pronounced Keaster) is Anglo-Saxon for a fortified place. So the "chester" is not necessarily from the Latin *castra*.

6th. The Normans, whose share in our language and character have been just spoken of.

Since that time there have been a few settlements of foreigners here and there, sometimes Flemings, sometimes French, but they were not large enough to produce any important effect.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONQUEROR.

The foreigners in England. The feudal system. The castles. Risings of the English. Devastation of Northumberland. The New Forest. Appointments in the Church. Resistance to Papal encroachment. Death of the Conqueror.

THIS new king of England was a very remarkable man; had he not been so, he never would have been king. His character has been very carefully and graphically described by the writer of the "Chronicle" at this period, who tells us that he had seen him, and had even lived in his court for a time. And William of Malmesbury, who has been quoted before, and whose father was one of the Frenchmen who came to England at or soon after the Conquest, gives us his opinion of him too; but he frankly owns that, though he wishes to speak the truth, he shall make much of his good points, and pass lightly over his bad ones. No doubt it was rather dangerous to speak out plainly about the fierce and powerful monarch, whose sons or grandsons might be still living.

1066.

As to his appearance, William says, "he was of just stature, extraordinary corpulence, and fierce countenance. He was majestic, whether sitting or standing." He was so strong that no one but himself could draw his bow.

William the Conqueror.

The chronicler tells us, "He was a very wise man, and very powerful; more dignified and strong than any who went before him were." He also says, "He was mild to the good men who loved God;" but it really appears that he only meant by those "good men" monks and churchmen, for it is not easy to find a trace of his ever being mild to any one else. And in the very same breath he goes on to say, "He was over all measure severe to the men who gainsaid his will. He was a very rigid and cruel man, so that no man durst do anything against his will. . . . He had earls in his bonds who had acted against his will; bishops he cast

from their bishoprics, and abbots from their abbeys; and thanes he kept in prison; and at last he spared not his own brother."

William of Malmesbury (who confessed his partiality) says, "His anxiety for money is the only thing for which he can be deservedly blamed. He sought all opportunities of scraping it together; he cared not how. He would say and do some things, indeed almost anything, unbecoming such great majesty." The "Chronicle" gives the same account: "He had fallen into covetousness, and altogether loved greediness." Then presently the chronicler breaks out again about his determination to follow his own will. "His great men bewailed it, and the poor murmured thereat; but he was so obdurate that he recked not the hatred of them all; but they must wholly follow the king's will if they would have land, or property, or even his peace."

This was a contrast to the gentle and pious Edward. However, not all that the Conqueror willed was wicked. At the beginning of his reign he promised fairly, and perhaps intended to govern justly. But he became more and more pitiless and hard-hearted as time went on.

Soon after he had settled himself in England, and all things seemed quite quiet and peaceable, he went back to Normandy, taking with him the prince, or etheling, Edgar, many of the English nobles, and the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, moreover, taking, what we know he was very fond of, an immense quantity of gold and silver and other precious things. For, in spite of all the plundering of the Danes, of which we have been hearing so much for hundreds of years, England was still a rich country then.

When he got back to France, about Easter, he held a grand festival, and the French lords and princes were struck with admiration at the splendid things he had brought from England, the gold and silver dishes, vases, and cups, the embroidered hangings, and above all, the beauty and long-flowing hair of the young English nobles.

But meanwhile affairs went on badly in England. The two men he had left in charge, one of whom was his own half-brother Odo, a bishop, and who ought therefore to have been just and sympathizing, treated the English so harshly and cruelly that they began to rebel.

Though the Norman conquest proved in the end for the good of the English nation, yet at the time and for years

after it was an awful calamity. It will not be possible to mention all the different risings of the English, nor how they were put down; but we will attempt to give some idea of the state of the country on the whole.

The misery of England.

It was overrun by foreigners. It had been very offensive to the English, even in the days of Edward the Confessor, to have so many Frenchmen brought in as friends of the king and favored. How much more when they came in far greater numbers, and no longer as visitors, but as conquerors and masters! All over the country, by degrees, the English lords and gentlemen were turned out of their homes, and their houses and lands given to Frenchmen. The English archbishops and bishops were also supplanted, until there was only one left.

Foreign masters.

Not only nobles, soldiers, and churchmen came to England, but the lower classes also, tradesmen and artisans, all thinking themselves a great deal better than the English. Fuller thus describes the coming over of these people: "Soon would the head of the best *Monsieur* ache without a hatter; hands be tanned without a glover; feet be foundered without a tanner, currier, shoemaker; whole body be starved and cold without weaver, fuller, tailor; hungry without baker, brewer, cook; harborless without mason, smith, carpenter. . . . And such as are acquainted with the French finical humor (both ancient and modern) know they account our tailors, botchers; our shoemakers, cobblers; our cooks, slovens; compared to the exactness of their fancy and palate."

All this would have been intensely galling even had the foreigners been courteous and reasonable; but no words can tell how haughty, how cruel, how insolent these nobles and soldiers were. In their own country they had been perpetually fighting amongst themselves, or rebelling against their duke, and always ill-treating the lower people. If ever, by chance, there was a man among them who had some feeling of religion, and some pity for the poor, he was almost sure, unfortunately, to retire from the world and become a monk, instead of remaining at his post and trying to do good.

It was at this time that the "feudal system" was thoroughly established in England. There was no standing army. The king kept a small number of paid body-guards, but in time of war every man of every rank, from the nobility and gentry to farmers and

The feudal system.

laborers, might be called upon to fight. Bishops and clergymen even took up arms, though it was against the laws of the church. There was no distinct profession of arms as a pursuit in life, except that knights were bound to free military service by their knightly oath, and by their loyalty to their lord paramount.

The theory of the feudal system was that every one, except the king, had a lord over him, to whom he owed service, and who owed him protection; and a great part of the service which the "men" or vassals owed to their lord was military service. The king was supposed to be the owner of all the land in the kingdom, and he granted estates to the great nobles on condition that when he went to war they would come and fight for him, and bring men in proportion to the size of the estate. When he received the estate he had to kneel before the king bareheaded, and, without sword or spear, to put his hands in his, and swear to become his man, and to serve him faithfully, even to death. This was called doing homage.

A nobleman who had a very great estate would divide his land among under-lords, on conditions that they would follow him to battle and fight for him. These under-lords would, perhaps, divide theirs again into small properties, and have their "men" in them. Everybody who had any land kept possession of it only on condition of coming to fight himself; and if it was a large property, of bringing a fixed number of men to fight for his lord. On the lord's part, he promised to protect and defend his "man" or his vassal.

Some of the dukes in France and other parts of the Continent, who had very large fiefs, became as powerful, or even more powerful, than the king himself. The king of France had often hard work to maintain his authority over his great vassals. The Duke of Normandy was one of these. He held Normandy on condition of being the man or vassal of the king of France. The Duke of Brittany held Brittany on the same terms, and many other of the great lords of France also. All of these had subjects and armies of their own, and could do pretty much as they liked in their own dominions.

This same system came into full force in England, or very nearly so; and though William took care to keep the mastery in his own hands, still the great vassals, each on his own land, and with his own followers, became much like

little kings, doing nearly as they pleased, which was generally to quarrel with each other and to oppress the English.

The castles.

One of the first things they began to do was a thing very hateful to the English, namely, to build strong castles to live in. Alfred's children, Edward and Ethelfled, as we saw, had built many of these "burgs" in their wars with the Danes; but for a nobleman or gentleman to build such a place for his own dwelling, and to fill it with armed men, was something altogether new and horrible.

The castles were built very strongly. The principal part was a great tower or "keep," in which the lord and his family lived. The lowest part of all, where now an English gentleman would have his wine-cellar, was sometimes a store-room, but often a prison. It throws a strange light on the state of society when we know that a nobleman or gentleman had, as part of his own house, a prison for his enemies.

The walls of these towers were sometimes fifteen feet thick, and the ruins of many of them are still to be seen. The grandest of all, which is still in preservation, is a part of the "Tower of London," and was built for William himself. Outside the tower, which stood in a sort of large court, was a strong wall, very often with a smaller tower at each corner, where soldiers could be placed for defence.

In very large castles there would even be two courtyards, one outside the other; the soldiers and other people, as blacksmiths and carpenters, lodged in these courts. The great gateway was also very strong, and had a portcullis, which was an immense sliding shutter, made of iron bars, and could be let down in a moment. One of these is still to be seen in the Tower of London. Outside was a broad and deep ditch full of water, which was called a moat, over which entrance was by a bridge; and, to make it still more secure, this was a drawbridge, which could be lifted or let down by the people inside.

If a Norman baron were to rise from the dead and see one of the houses English gentlemen now live in, standing open and cheerful in pleasant gardens, with no soldiers or armed men anywhere, only peaceable servants and gardeners, he would be amazed. He would think the owner would soon be robbed and murdered, and his family carried off to prison.

Though the castle looked so grand, the rooms where the lord and lady lived were small and dark, and there were

very few of them; so that a lady often had no drawing-room, but must sit in her bedroom. As for the servants, they seem to have had no bedrooms at all; a quantity of straw was spread on the floor of the lower rooms, where they passed the night. After a time, however, the barons built large and handsome dining-halls, where they and their retainers might feast.

During the reign of William the Conqueror, which only lasted twenty-two years, castles like this were rising up all over the country, and in each of them ruled a French tyrant, who could rob and plunder as he liked, taking the lands of the English, and their daughters too, and dividing them among their own men.

These barons more than once rebelled against William. Some of them even attempted to make friends with the English, and help them in a revolt; but it was all in vain. What William had been strong enough to win he was strong enough to keep, and the proudest of the barons had to humble himself before the king.

Perhaps the worst thing William did was the way he put down and punished a rebellion in Northumberland. Edgar the Etheling, with his mother, the Hungarian lady, and his two sisters, had taken refuge in Scotland. The king of Scotland married Edgar's sister Margaret, who was a worthy descendant of the old English kings. He now helped his brother-in-law in an effort to gain the crown of England, which by birth was his right. The king of Denmark also joined him; for the Danes had almost ceased to be enemies, and were welcomed as helpers and allies against the cruel French. A great rising was made in the northern counties. The Danes sailed up the Humber; Edgar and the Scotchmen advanced into England from the north, and till William himself came to the rescue the French got the worst of it. But when William arrived the alliance fell to pieces. The Danes became faithless and went away, and the English and Scotch were thoroughly beaten at York. Edgar fled back to Scotland, and William stood master.

1069. The rebellion in the north.

When William had first heard of the rebellion he was out hunting. He fell into one of his great furies, and swore "by the splendor of God" he would utterly exterminate the Northumbrian people, and he kept his oath. All the ravaging and harrying of former years were

Its punishment.

like child's play compared to this. He divided his army into separate companies, and they went all over the country destroying and burning the orchards and fields with their fruit and corn; burning the towns and villages, killing the sheep, the cattle, and the people. Whatever they did not burn or kill they carried off. And this they did over the great stretch of country from the Humber to the Tyne.

Even the French who wrote of this horrible massacre were appalled by it. England had never known anything like it before. The dead bodies lay about on the roads and in the fields; there was no one to bury them. The wretched creatures who had not been killed wandered about, without shelter or food. A frightful plague broke out among them, brought on by misery and hunger; and it is said that more than 100,000 victims perished. When William of Malmesbury wrote, which was sixty years afterwards, he says that beautiful country was still lying waste and bare; and "if any ancient inhabitant remains he knows it no longer."

But even this was not his worst deed. For this barbarity he had, perhaps, some shadow of an excuse, in the fact that these people had rebelled against him. But he afterwards did something of the same kind in a quiet part of England, where he had had no provocation. This was when he made the New Forest in Hampshire. The only pleasure this stern and ruthless man ever enjoyed was hunting. His love for the chase is very quaintly described by the chronicler. "He planted a great preserve for deer, and he laid down laws therewith, that whoso should slay hart or hind should be blinded. He forbade the harts, and also the boars, to be killed." This was in order that there might be the more for him to kill. "As greatly did he love the tall deer as if he were their father. He also ordained, concerning the hares, that they should go free."

The New Forest.

To make that "preserve," as the "Chronicle" calls it, he seized on a large district in Hampshire, nearly ninety miles round, in which there were many pleasant villages, with their churches, farm-houses, and corn-fields. He utterly destroyed all these, and turned out the helpless people without recompense. This was the man who had promised to be a "kind lord" to the English! The cruel punishments for those who meddled with his wild deer, and his turning out of innocent people, and destruction of their homes, to form a hunting-ground for himself, made a deep and lasting im-

pression on the minds of the English, and it was believed that a special judgment of God would avenge it. And indeed two of the Conqueror's sons and one of his grandsons met their death in this New Forest.

Another thing William did, which greatly offended the English, was to send men to survey every part of the country, and to bring an exact account of it. The people resented this, because they thought he would make it a foundation for laying on more taxes, as perhaps he did. This record, called Domesday Book, is still in existence, and contains many interesting facts about the state of the country at that time, — how much ploughed land there was; how much meadow-land; how many people lived in each town and village, and so on. "So very narrowly he caused it to be traced out, that there was not one yard of land, nor even — it is a shame to tell, though it seemed to him no shame to do — an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine left that was not set down in his writ."

1085-6. Domesday Book.

Though William had shown so much cruelty, and had wronged so many English people, he did other things which were worthy of the king of England. He showed that he had courage to confront the Pope, and resist his encroachments. Pope Gregory VII. had not given his banner and his blessing for nothing; and when William was settled on the throne of England he demanded in return that he should do homage to him for it.

The king and the Pope.

William positively refused, and, to show how much he was in earnest, he would not even let the English bishops go out of the country to attend the Pope's councils. He compelled all the bishops to do homage to him as the barons did, and to send soldiers from their lands to fight for him. He would not even let a letter from the Pope come into the country without his permission.

Up to this time the king and the earls and the bishops had been friendly, and had worked together harmoniously; there could hardly be said to be any distinction between Church and State. Hitherto, also, the Popes had made no offensive claims to supremacy; but from henceforward there were many disputes, which grew to be very serious. For a while, however, William with his strong will kept all in his own hands.

Though, by degrees, he turned out the English bishops and other churchmen and put Frenchmen in their places, he

was careful to choose good men: Lanfranc, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, in particular, was a very learned and excellent man. He and others of the new bishops founded good schools in many places; he also joined with the king and the only remaining English bishop in putting an end to the slave-trade at Bristol, which had gone on for so many years. But Lanfranc was made so miserable by the cruelty and oppression which he saw around him, that he longed to leave the country, and even wrote imploring the Pope to allow him to quit such scenes of wickedness and tyranny.

Lanfranc.

The French were, as we know, far superior to the English in architecture, and the new-comers began to build splendid churches and abbeys in all parts. Many of the beautiful cathedrals were begun at this period, or very soon afterwards; some of the finest were Durham, Peterborough, Rochester, and Gloucester. They still used round arches and massive pillars, which were richly decorated, and gave a stately and solemn impression.

The private life of William was excellent; he was a faithful husband, and a kind and indulgent father; indeed, it seems that this man, so fierce and unbending to all others, indulged and spoilt his children. His eldest son, Richard, was killed by a stag in the New Forest. In his latter years the next son, Robert, rebelled against him; and he was engaged in wars both with him and the king of France during the last part of his life.

The Etheling Edgar, who was the last man of the old English royal blood, did not have a glorious end, but at the same time it was not an unhappy one. After the disastrous failure in Northumberland he went back to the king and queen of Scotland. They "gave him and all his men great gifts and many treasures, in skins decked with purple, and in pelisses of marten skin, and weasel skin, and ermine skin, and in golden and silver vessels;" but they advised him at last to make peace with William, which he did. The king received him well; and he also gave him large presents. William of Malmesbury says that, "remaining at court for many years, he silently sunk into contempt through his indolence, or, more mildly speaking, his simplicity." He made friends with the king's son Robert, and afterwards went with him to Jerusalem. But he finally returned to England, received a pension, and

End of the Etheling Edgar.

when William of Malmesbury wrote "he was growing old in the country in privacy and quiet;" a great contrast to his grandfather Edmund, and so many others of his race, who lived such short but glorious lives.

The disputes of William with his son Robert and the king of France, do not belong properly to the history of England, but it was during his war with the latter that his end came. He had taken and set on fire the town of Mantes, and was riding through it when his horse, setting his foot on the red-hot ashes, stumbled, and threw him heavily against the saddle. He never recovered from the hurt. They carried him to Rouen, where he lay dying many weeks, during which time he made what arrangements he could for the disposal of the dominions and treasures which he had spent his life in gaining. He bequeathed the Duchy of Normandy to his eldest son, Robert, and the kingdom of England to the second. The youngest son, Henry, only received a sum of money, and no land or dominion at all; but his father, who well knew the characters of his children, foretold that the day would come when Henry would have all.

1087. Death of William.

He tried to make some reparation for the evil he had done, by ordering large sums of money to be given to churches and monasteries, and particularly that the church of Mantes, which had been burnt down, should be rebuilt. He also commanded many of his prisoners to be set free.

After all his triumphs, the great conqueror could barely find an honorable grave or a true mourner. At the moment when he was to be laid in a tomb in a church he had built at Caen, a certain knight stood forth, "loudly exclaiming against the robbery." The very land the church was built upon had belonged to him and to his father before him, and William had taken it by force to found this new church. It was not till a sum of money had been paid to appease this injured man that the funeral was proceeded with. And at most only one of the sons he had loved followed his father to the grave.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONQUEROR'S SONS.

William Rufus. His brother Robert. The king and the barons. The English people. Anselm. The Crusades. Henry Beauclerc. His marriage. The English take his part. Peace, order, and justice. Stephen and Matilda. Misery of the country. The agreement and promised reform. Death of Stephen.

WILLIAM, the Conqueror's second son, who is generally called Rufus, from his red hair and complexion, lost no time in going over to England to take possession of the kingdom and his father's treasure. This treasure was at Winchester, and the "Chronicle" says, "It was not to be expressed by any man how much was there gathered in gold, and in silver, and in vessels, and in robes, and in gems, and in many other precious things."

1087. William Rufus.

He was speedily crowned by Lanfranc, as his father had desired. He seems to have been one of the worst kings England ever had; more hated and detested far than his father had been. William the Conqueror had something grand and kingly about him, which people looked upon with awe and reverence as well as fear. William Rufus was brutal, coarse, irreligious, and ignorant, besides being, like his father, cruel, tyrannical, and avaricious. William of Malmesbury says that in public "he had a supercilious and threatening look, and a severe and ferocious voice; in private he liked jesting and levity." He tells us too that he "blushes to relate the crimes of so great a king;" but he relates quite enough to show what his opinion really was. "He feared God but little; man not at all."

His character.

He outraged the people not only by his unjust taxes and oppression, but by his contempt shown toward all they held sacred. It appears to have been his custom "to come into church with menacing and insolent gestures," and to treat the bishops and clergy with shameful injustice. The value placed on "relics" in those times has been mentioned al-

ready. The bones of saints and other such things were placed in receptacles in the churches, ornamented with gold, silver, and jewels, and called "shrines," and they were regarded with a reverence that we in our days can hardly understand. When William Rufus wanted money, which he nearly always did, for he was a spendthrift as well as covetous, he called the relics "dead men's bones," and made the abbots and bishops give up the gold and silver from their shrines, and even their crucifixes and sacramental cups.

The "Chronicle" says, "All that was hateful to God and oppressive to men was customary in this land in his time, and therefore he was most hateful to almost all his people, and odious to God." Moreover, he was perpetually quarreling with his brothers.

As long as Archbishop Lanfranc lived he was kept in some kind of check, and the people were inclined to take his part. Almost as soon as the Conqueror was dead, the fierce lords, whom even he could hardly hold in check, began to rebel again.

Robert, the eldest son, who was Duke of Normandy, would have liked to be king of England too. For these Frenchmen found England a very pleasant place. It is very well, as Fuller remarks, to say that France is so much better than England, and when we have ale they have wine, and when we have oats they have wheat; in short, that France is a garden and England only a field. "But let such know," says patriotic Fuller, "that England in itself is an excellent country, too good for the unthankful people which live therein; and such foreigners who seemingly slight secretly love, and like the plenty thereof." His brother Robert.

Many of the great Norman lords took part with Robert; partly because he was of a much pleasanter disposition than William; partly also because they now had lands both in England and France, and if they did not like one master, far less would they like two. So they wished one man to be both king of England and Duke of Normandy, and that man to be Robert.

William for his part would have had no objection to be Duke of Normandy, but he had no notion of giving up England. These disputes between the king and the barons turned out in the end very well for the English, because, as the barons were against him, the king had to throw himself

upon the people and endeavor to win their confidence. In after times, when the kings grew strong, the barons had to do the same; so the people rose in importance and were better treated.

William's promises.

But William was faithless; he made excellent promises to the people again and again, but never kept them, any more than he kept his coronation oath. Now being in this trouble with his brother Robert, he called the English together and begged them to help him. He promised, if they would aid him in his need, he would give them better laws of their own choosing; he would impose no more unjust taxes, and he would not enforce the laws of the chase with such cruelty. So the English agreed to stand by him, and fight for him.

But William did not keep his word, and when Lanfranc died he went from bad to worse. After a few years he fell ill, and then, thinking he was going to die, he began to repent and made new promises. But as soon as he got well he behaved worse than ever.

He did one good thing, for which it appears he was heartily sorry afterwards; that was, that he appointed a very good old man to be Archbishop of Canterbury. Lanfranc had been dead some years, yet the king had never filled his place, in order that he might keep the great income which belonged to the see for himself. The new archbishop, whose name was Anselm, was very unwilling indeed to be settled in England near such a king as he knew William to be. He said, "the Church of England was a plough which ought to be drawn by two oxen of equal strength; would they then yoke him to it, an old feeble sheep, with a wild bull?"

Anselm.

The king and the archbishop very soon fell out, as might have been expected. We must pass over the great dispute that went on through several reigns between the king and the church, and for the present only observe that William's violence was such that Anselm left the country.

But before he went away he fell into a difficulty of another kind. He complained that the noblemen and gentlemen had begun to wear long, curling hair. The French had perhaps for once condescended to learn this fashion from the English, since they had admired Edgar the Etheling and the other young Englishmen with their flowing locks when William the Conqueror took them over to France. Nor

could he abide the preposterous long shoes with sharp points — sometimes so long that the ends were tied up to the knees with silver chains. Innumerable sermons were preached against these shoes; the clergy even held assemblies to denounce them; but all in vain. Hume observes, "Such are the strange contradictions of human nature, though the clergy at that time could overthrow thrones, and had authority sufficient to send a million of men on their errand to the deserts of Asia, they could never prevail against those long-pointed shoes."

It may be well to explain what Hume meant by the million of men going to the deserts of Asia. We remember Canute's pilgrimage to Rome, and the troubles and dangers by the way. The still holier pilgrimage to Palestine and the tomb of Christ was even more dangerous. Yet people longed to go there, not only from love to Christ's memory, but because they believed that if they made that journey their sins would be forgiven. A pilgrim would lay by the shirt he wore to Jerusalem, that he might be buried in it, for he thought that would carry him straight to heaven.

The crusades.

The Holy Land was ruled by the Turks, who were a cruel people and had a hatred for the Christian religion. They began to insult and ill-treat the visitors to the holy places. The patriarch was interrupted in his prayers, dragged along the pavement by his hair, and thrown into a dungeon. The Christians were murdered and outraged, and treated like the worst of criminals.

The Pope, the clergy, the princes, the people of Europe began to be greatly moved. Above all, the preaching of one man stirred the hearts of all. This was a Frenchman called Peter, who had been a soldier, but had become religious. He became a hermit (more solitary than a monk) and went on the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. There he saw the state of things just described. He came back to Europe full of burning zeal, and resolved to rouse the nations of Christendom to put an end to the disgrace of leaving the sacred places in the hands of the infidel.

He had the gift of a fiery eloquence, which works on the heart of the multitude. Wherever he went people gathered in crowds, and listened with sobs and cries. Everyone was glowing with desire to do something in honor of Christ, and to fight against His enemies. So an immense army arose. Princes, nobles, knights, poor men, even women and chil-

dren, of all Christian nations, were fired with the same enthusiasm. The Pope blessed them, promised forgiveness of sins to all who would fight in such a holy war, and bade them wear a red cross, in sign of their religion. This was the beginning of the "Crusades," or wars of the cross, which from this time were carried on, at intervals, for three hundred years.

The crusades will be mentioned again, because a great many English, Scotch, and Welsh joined them, and at different times they had much to do with English history. The account of the taking of Jerusalem is one of the strangest in all history; it is such a mixture of wickedness and piety; the same men seeming devils in the morning and saints in the evening.*

1100.

The Duke of Normandy wished to join the army of crusaders. And, as he wished to have a large body of followers, he required more money than he had. William saw his opportunity, and gave Robert a large sum of money on condition of his selling or pledging Normandy to him for five years. William, of course, wrung this money out of the poor English, and his cruelty, added to their other troubles, made their condition very pitiable. The chronicler gives us very short and melancholy records of this time, as these specimens show.

William gets possession of Normandy.

"1096. This was a very dismal year all over England, both through manifold taxes, and also through a very sad famine.

"1097. This was, in all things, a very sad year, and overgrievous from the tempests . . . and unjust taxes, which never ceased.

"1098. This was a very sad year, through manifold unjust taxes, and through the great rains, which ceased not all the year."

The king's end was near. One summer day he went out hunting in the New Forest, the forest which his father's cruelty had made, and where his eldest brother, Richard, had already met with his death. According to the old histories, there had been many strange omens and prophecies about the king's death. He himself had had a dreadful dream, and so had other men; and although in his usual mocking way he laughed at it, it was

1100. His death.

* This may be read in "The Crusades," G. W. Cox, pp. 70–72.

noticed that he drank more wine than usual before he set out. The last time he was seen alive he was riding through the forest with only one man by his side, a French knight named Walter Tyrell.

Late that same evening the king's body was found alone in the forest with an arrow through the heart. No one ever knew who shot that arrow. Sir Walter Tyrell had fled away, and it was thought by many that he shot the king by accident. But he always swore that it was not so, and that he only fled through fear of being suspected. His dead body was carried in a rough cart to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral there, without any prayers or sacred service.

Robert might have ascended the throne had he been at hand; but he had not returned from the crusade. And as William had been recently on good terms with his younger brother Henry, he was in England at the time, and had formed one of the hunting party. Without losing a moment of time, he seized on the royal treasures, which were still kept at Winchester, and succeeded in being chosen king.

Henry was a far better man than William Rufus; he was in some things more like his father, but better also than he. The "Chronicle" says, "A good man he was, and there was great awe of him. No man durst misdo against another in his time. He made peace for man and beast." We can hardly realize all those words meant then. It is true that he had wars in France, but England itself was at peace; so much so that "foreigners willingly resorted thither, as to the only haven of secure tranquillity." Above all things, he was inflexibly just, and though he was stern and unrelenting to his enemies, he put down tyrants and protected the poor.

Henry I.

The English also felt more inclined towards Henry because, in one sense, he might be called an Englishman. He was born in England, and he was brought up in the abbey or monastery of Abingdon. He was clever and well-educated — wonderfully so for those days. He was surnamed Beau-clerc, which is French for "fine scholar," a title which he is said to have earned by translating "Æsop's Fables" from Latin into French. No doubt his good education made him much more thoughtful, prudent, and reasonable than William Rufus. Beside his liking for books, he had some other tastes with which we can sympathize. William of Malmesbury says, "He was extremely fond of the wonders

of distant countries; begging with great delight, as I have observed, from foreign kings, lions, leopards, lynxes, or camels — animals which England does not produce," he gravely adds. "He had a park called Woodstock, in which he used to foster his favorites of this kind." So that he was the first to establish zoological gardens in England.

Henry began his reign, as his brother had done, by making good promises; and he kept them much better. His promises were published in what is called a "charter."

His charter.

A charter only meant a sheet of paper or parchment; but it has come to mean a formal statement of the rights and liberties of a people, or of a town, or of any body of men. Such a statement, when once reduced to writing, becomes a protection to the poor and a curb to the rich. This charter was of great value in a fight for freedom more than a century afterwards. He promised liberty to the Church, to the barons, and to the people; and he made the barons promise to do as much for their under-men or vassals as he did for them.

His next praiseworthy act was to call back the Archbishop Anselm, and to promise to be guided by his advice. Though he and the archbishop lived on the whole harmoniously, yet the disputes about Church matters did not cease. But, at least, Henry consented to have his long curls cut off!

His marriage.

Next, he made a marriage which pleased them heartily. He chose for his wife the princess of Scotland, niece to the Etheling Edgar, and great granddaughter of Edmund Ironside, "of the true royal line of England," writes the pleased chronicler.

This great compliment to the old royal family was very dear to the nation, though the French lords scornfully compared Henry and the queen to an English farmer and his wife, and called them "Farmer Goderich and his cummer Godgifu," which are two old Anglo-Saxon names. William of Malmesbury says that Henry "heard these taunts with a terrific grin;" but he kept silence. His queen's name was Edith, but she had to take a French name now, and was called Matilda, as Henry's mother had been. This Matilda, the Conqueror's wife, was also descended in a collateral line from Alfred; and through these two princesses all the English kings and queens down to Queen Victoria can trace their pedigree to Egbert and Cerdic, and to the god Woden, if they like.

Matilda, like Henry, had been well educated for those times, and had been brought up in England, in a nunnery. When she became queen she encouraged scholars to come to her court, and was very generous to them. Above everything she liked music, and was even "thoughtlessly prodigal," says William, towards people with melodious voices. She did not travel about with her husband, but had a palace at Westminster, where scholars and musicians visited her. "This the king's liberality commanded; this her own kindness and affability attracted. She was singularly holy; by no means despicable in point of beauty." This rather faint praise makes us fancy she cannot have been remarkably handsome; but she was very good to the sick and poor, and very devout in going to church.

Soon after Henry had established himself on the throne, and won the favor of the English, his brother Robert came home from the Crusades, and, of course, again wanted to get the kingdom of England. But Henry was wise, prudent, and determined, while Robert was good-natured, weak, and idle. "He forgot offences and forgave faults," writes William of Malmesbury, "beyond what he ought to have done; he answered all who applied to him exactly as they wished, and, that he might not dismiss them in sadness, promised to give what was out of his power." Thus "he so excited the contempt of the Normans that they considered him as of no consequence whatever." So that, far from his getting England, he lost Normandy. It happened as William the Conqueror had foretold on his death-bed — Henry got all.

It is impossible to defend the way Henry treated his brother; and no one can help feeling sorry for Robert; but he was in no way fit to be a ruler of men. He was at last put in prison and kept there till the day of his death. There are two quite different accounts of the way he was treated: one, that he was very cruelly used, had his eyes put out, and at last died of a broken heart; the other, that he received great kindness and attention, and was "provided with abundance of amusement and food." We may hope the last is the truth, but we do not know. He left a son, William, who made many efforts to get back his father's duchy; but to no purpose, and he died young, leaving Henry the undisputed lord both of England and Normandy.

Death of Robert.

During these conflicts Henry taught the English how to

fight against the Normans, who sided with Robert; and especially against the cavalry, to which they had been unaccustomed. He went amongst the ranks himself, training and encouraging them, so that in time the English lost all fear of the French.

Though these wars took place in France, England was heavily taxed to pay for them; and there was a great deal of distress, owing to stormy seasons and bad harvests. Another grievance of which the people had to complain was the plundering by the king's followers when he travelled about. These people would enter the houses of the farmers and peasants, without permission, eat and drink whatever they could find, never offering to pay for it, and insult the owners and their wives and daughters in every shameful way. Whatever they could not eat they would carry off and sell, or even burn; and what remained of the liquor which they could not drink they would wash their horses' legs with. Henry, after a time, put a stop to these practices, and punished some of the offenders severely; but the country people were still compelled to furnish certain things for the court without being paid for them.

Still, on the whole, the English people were decidedly better off now than they had been under the two former kings.

Improvement in the condition of the English.

Besides their having learned to fight and to stand their ground against the French, there was another thing in their favor. This was, that the towns began to be larger, and richer, and of more consequence. Almost all the people in the towns were English, and by degrees they got many privileges, especially in London; they were free from many of the taxes and the oppressions of the country, and they were allowed in many ways to govern themselves, as they are now. If Henry had left behind him a son as strong and sensible as himself, England would have begun to be counted among the leading nations of Europe again.

But a bitter misfortune befell the king. His wife Matilda, who died in 1118, had left him one son and one daughter.

1120. Death of the king's son.

The young prince, her son, was gay and wild, but he had in him the germs of something brave and generous. He was but nineteen, and might, it was to be hoped, grow into a wise man under his father's training and example. But in crossing over from France to England his vessel was wrecked. He with his young com-

panions, and his half-sister, in trying to save whom he gave up his own life, all perished together. Only one man of all the ship-load reached the land in safety. The king's happy days were over; they say he never smiled again. Though he was afterwards married again, he had no second son.

He now tried to make his daughter Matilda, or Maude, his his heir. This would have been very difficult in any case, as it was an unheard-of thing, either in England or France, for a woman to reign; and what in the end made it really impossible was, that Maude was an arrogant and unpopular woman, not at all like her mother. She had been married to the Emperor of Germany, but was now a widow. Her father made her marry a French prince, the Count of Anjou, and he then caused all the barons to swear that she should be queen, and they would be faithful to her after her father's death. The first who swore the oath was her cousin Stephen, son of Henry's sister Adela.

The Empress Maude.

Soon after the succession was settled, as he hoped, Henry died in France, but was brought to England to be buried. That year there had been an eclipse of the sun. "Men were greatly wonder-stricken and affrighted, and said that a great thing should come thereafter. So it did, for that same year the king died."

1135. Death of Henry.

No sooner was he dead than his strong hand was missed. "*Every man that could*," says the "Chronicle," "*forthwith robbed another*." And if people had thought him stern, and complained of the taxes in his time, they very soon wished him back again; for now came a time of such misery and trouble as had never yet been known.

Though the lords had sworn that they would support Matilda, many of them at once deserted her. Her cousin Stephen, who in spite of his oaths came forward as a candidate for the throne, was a great contrast to Matilda. She was haughty and overbearing; he was gay and pleasant. He was ready to joke and feast in any company, even of quite low people, and to make kind promises to any one, which, like his uncle Robert, he seldom fulfilled. But a great many people in England took his part, — among others, the citizens of London, who were grown so important now as to be looked upon almost as nobles.

Stephen.

Matilda, on her side, had her uncle the king of Scotland, her half-brother the Earl of Gloucester (an illegitimate son

of Henry), and a great many nobles. The Scotch army was soon beaten, but the Earl of Gloucester was not so easily put down. He seems to have been a very courageous and clever man, and most faithful to his sister's cause. But as Stephen was first in the field, he was crowned king, and Matilda could never obtain the dignity. So this is called the reign of Stephen, though it was hardly a reign, but a long war.

Civil war.

Like his predecessors, Stephen made promises of justice, mercy, and favor to the Church, and, in particular, he promised to the people the laws of Edward the Confessor. Though Edward the Confessor had not made any special laws, his reign was always looked back to by the English people as the one in which they had been peaceably governed by their old national law, and they always wished their new kings to be like Edward, whose weak points they had quite forgotten. But Stephen never kept these promises; perhaps he could not. The misery of the people reached its height while he was called king.

In addition to the miseries of the civil war there was a general season of domestic turbulence, and there was now no one who could restrain the barons from crime. The new castles were dens of tyrants and robbers. The account of this period, given in the "Chronicle," is one of the most terrible pages in English history, and we must read it as it stands there if we wish to realize it. The iron had entered into the soul of the man who wrote this: "They filled the land full of castles. They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles; and when the castles were finished they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were." Then he gives a most piercing description of the horrible tortures that were invented to force these innocent prisoners to give up their goods. After that he adds, "Many thousands they exhausted with hunger. I cannot and I may not tell of all the wounds and all the tortures that they inflicted upon the wretched men of this land; and this state of things lasted the nineteen years that Stephen was king, and ever grew worse and worse. . . . Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and

Miseries.

butter, for there was none in the land; wretched men starved with hunger; some lived on alms who had erewhile been rich; some fled the country; never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared neither church nor churchyard, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. . . . The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them, but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed and foresworn and reprobate. The earth bare no corn, — you might as well have tilled the sea, — for the land was all ruined by such deeds; and it was said openly that Christ and His saints slept."

We must pass over the accounts of the battles and sieges. Once both Stephen and the Earl of Gloucester were in prison. Once Matilda herself was nearly made prisoner, and had to escape on foot through the snow, clad in white that she might not be seen. And so it went on through those wretched years, till at last every one was worn out, and through the exertions of the bishops and the Pope's legate a peace was made. The peace.

Stephen was to remain king for his life. Matilda was never to be made queen; but she received what, probably, she valued more, the promise that her son should be king in his turn; for with all her faults she seems to have been a good mother. Stephen had lost his only son, and Matilda's son, who had been an infant when his grandfather died, was now a grown young man. For the present, Stephen adopted him as his son and heir, and the land was at peace.

Now the soldiers were to be sent home; the knights were to turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; the desolate country to be cultivated again; oxen, cows, and sheep were to be given to the poor farmers; thieves and robbers were to be hanged, and many other good resolutions were made. But Stephen did not live long enough to carry them out, even if he wished to do so. He died the next year. 1154.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HENRY PLANTAGENET.

Character of Henry. His marriage. His dominions. Distinction between English and Normans disappears. Destruction of the castles. Condition of Ireland. The Conquest.

The Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle," which has been the guide and teacher of the historian through so many centuries, now comes to an end suddenly. No one wrote any more English books of any sort, except a few sermons and the like, for fifty years, though there are very good ones in Latin.

Some of the latest words in the "Chronicle" are about Henry, the son of Matilda, who was to be king after Stephen. "All folk loved him, for he did good justice and made peace." Thus England began to lift up her head in hope.

Henry II. had a long reign of thirty-five years, and many important and interesting things happened in those years.

1154. Henry's character. He was clever, like his grandfather, Henry I., and well brought up. His education had been looked after by his Uncle Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who was as good a scholar as he was a soldier, if we may believe what his learned friends, of whom William of Malmesbury was one, say of him. There is a curious letter written about Henry by a man who knew him very well, and who had been tutor to the King of Sicily. He says this latter had learned a good deal, but as soon as his tutor went away, "he threw away his books, and gave himself up to the usual idleness of palaces." Henry II. was very different from this. He never left off the habit of private reading, and he surrounded himself with learned men, and delighted in conversing with them on difficult and interesting subjects, so that he might have been called Beau-clerc also. He was wonderfully active and industrious. His habit was to travel so fast that the king of France, who was rather lazy, said of him, "He neither rides on land nor sails on water, but flies

through the air like a bird." He went through the country, as kings of old used to do, examining into affairs, and especially as to how the judges did their duty. This must have been doubly necessary after those nineteen years of lawlessness.

"He never sits down," says the letter before referred to, "except on horseback, or when he is eating. He has for ever in his hands bows, swords, hunting-nets, or arrows, except he is at council or at his books;" for, like all his family, he was fond of hunting and hawking. He was also very resolute and determined. If he once loved a person, he loved him always; and if he once disliked a person, hardly ever altered his mind. He was a good soldier, but, above all things, "glorious in peace, which he desires for his people as the most precious of earthly gifts. . . . No one is more gentle to the distressed, more affable to the poor, more overbearing to the proud. . . . No one could be more dignified in speaking, more cautious at table, more moderate in drinking, more splendid in gifts, more generous in alms."

With all this dignity and affability, he was subject to the most furious and undignified fits of passion. When in a rage he was more like a wild beast than a man; his eyes, which were generally calm and dove-like, flashed fire and were like lightning; he would roll on the floor, striking and tearing whatever came in his way; he would gnaw the very straw out of his bed. The princes of his race were all subject to these uncontrollable and most unprincely rages; they believed that they were partly descended from a demon, and accounted for them in that way.

From this description we should judge that Henry was likely to be a great king, but we should expect also that with that fierce temper he might meet with many misfortunes. His reign was indeed a grand one, but it cannot be said that his life was happy.

He made one great and fatal mistake in the beginning of his career, and in a most important point, — his marriage. While still quite young, before he was king of England at all, he had married; not choosing a wise, good, and loving wife, but one who, though not at all good, was very rich. She was older than he was; she had already been married to the French king, and had behaved so wickedly that he was obliged to put her away; but she

His marriage.

was the heiress of great lands in France, of Guienne and Poitou. This false step of his was the occasion of many of the misfortunes which came upon his later years.

However, he obtained with his wife Eleanor her great inheritance, and so became one of the most powerful sovereigns of the time. He had England and Normandy from his mother and his grandfather, Maine and Anjou from his father, Poitou and Guienne from his wife. Thus England was but a part, and not the greatest part, of his dominions. Besides all these, he was over-lord (in a certain way) of Scotland and Wales, and became also over-lord of Brittany in France. During his reign, too, a great part of Ireland was conquered, of which he also was over-lord.

His dominions.

His surname, Plantagenet (plant of broom), grew to be very famous. It was thought meritorious for great men to take up some humble name as a sort of disguise; and it is said that Henry's father had chosen to call himself by the name of this wild and common flower, and to wear it as a badge in his hat.

We read that when Henry Plantagenet became King of England "all folk loved him." One of the first things he did was to pull down an immense number of those terrible castles. It has been said that he destroyed eleven hundred of them. What a weight of misery was lifted off the land! Henry brought the lords of all the castles which were left to be obedient to him and to the laws, and he established justice and peace everywhere.

The nation was now happy and united. It was nearly a hundred years since the battle of Hastings. Nobody living could remember it. Only a few old men must have still lived who had, perhaps, seen William the Conqueror in their young days, or recollected the ravaging of Northumberland. It no longer seemed as if there were two different nations living in England.* So many Norman gentlemen had married the daughters of Englishmen that the distinction was almost forgotten. The sons of those marriages, living in their English mothers' and English grandfathers' home, surrounded by their property and servants, must have felt like Englishmen. The king

Union of English and Normans.

* This is rather an over-favorable statement. The poems of Langland and Chaucer two centuries later show that the two races were even then measurably distinct.—ED.

was clearly not an Englishman, but neither was he exactly a Norman, for his father was the Count of Anjou; but he belonged partly to both, for he was the great-grandson of William the Norman, and the grandson of the English Matilda.

Still the two languages went on. The lords and the bishops and the courtiers were mostly accustomed to talk French, as their fathers and grandfathers had done, but they were nevertheless called Englishmen. The poor men in the country all talked English still — the old-fashioned English, which is sometimes called Anglo-Saxon. But most of the people, perhaps all, except in this very lowest class, could talk both languages, or could at least understand them when they heard them spoken.

Henry might have been content with his many titles and possessions, but he set his heart upon conquering Ireland. Strange to say, he obtained permission from the Pope to do this. Henry was not disposed to humble himself before the Church, and we might well wonder what the Pope could have had to do with this matter; but it was doubtless because of his claim to be the lord of all islands that Henry applied for his sanction. Ireland.

It is strange that up to this time there has been so little mention of this great island, so near a neighbor to England. Now and then there is little hint or fragment of information about it, but that is all. Hundreds of years before, Ireland had been noted for holiness and learning. While our forefathers were still heathen barbarians, the Irish were devoted to Christianity, and had sent missionaries to England. Ireland indeed was called "the isle of saints." But by this time they had fallen from their high estate, their Christianity had sunk into superstition, and their learning had vanished quite away.

The Irish had had their share of trouble with the Danes, and a great many had settled down in the country. Once Harold had taken refuge there in the days of Edward the Confessor. We know, too, that the English used to sell slaves to Ireland from the market at Bristol. But on the whole there was not much intercourse between the two islands.

Now, however, the English and their king began to take an interest in the affairs of Ireland, and to covet the "emerald isle" for themselves. We have an account of this,

written (in Latin) by an archdeacon named Gerald, or Giraldus,* who was chosen by Henry II. as tutor to one of his sons, and who was a near relation to some of the knights who fought in Ireland. He also went there himself, and related what he saw, and a great deal more that he *heard.* What he says of his own knowledge we may readily believe, but the things which were told him, and which he accepted as true, are truly astonishing and ludicrous. He was quite prepared to believe that men and women were sometimes changed into wild beasts. He tells a story of some benighted travellers who were greatly alarmed by a wolf coming up and speaking to them. The wolf, seeing they were frightened, "added some orthodox words, referring to God." The said wolf, after a great many other strange things, "gave them his company during the whole night at the fire, behaving more like a man than a beast," and telling them that he had been punished for his sins by being turned from a man into a wolf by a saint in the neighborhood.

But the facts which he relates of his own knowledge seem perfectly accurate, and show him to have been a good observer and reasoner.

The Irish people.

The Irish people were at this time in a very savage condition. It will be remembered that they were of the Celtic family, nearly allied to the Welsh (or ancient Britons), and the Scotch Highlanders. Though they had learned the Christian religion many hundred years ago, their Christianity had now fallen so low as to have little influence upon life. They had made hardly any progress in civilization. In some of the more remote parts they knew nothing of Christianity, nor did they even know how to till the ground, to plough, to sow, or to make bread. Like the old Britons, what little clothing they had was made of skins. They lived on flesh, fish, and milk, and had never seen either bread or cheese. Some of these wild men fell in with a few sailors from England, and, when they separated, got from them a loaf and a cheese, that they might astonish their countrymen by the sight of the provisions the strangers ate. They had never been baptized, nor heard of the name of Christ.

Even in the more civilized parts they did but little in the way of tillage, though the ground was very fertile; nor

* Giraldus Cambrensis, Gerald of Cambria, *i. e.* Wales.

would they take much trouble in planting fruit-trees. Work of any sort, indeed, was highly disagreeable to them. This is what Giraldus says of their character: "Whatever natural gifts they possess are excellent, but in whatever requires industry they are worthless." The one thing about which they would take pains was music, and in that he says "they were incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen." They played on two instruments, the harp and the tabor, which is a sort of little drum.

One might have thought this taste and love for music would have tamed and softened their nature, but they seem to have been extremely cruel and ferocious. In the war with the English, which Giraldus describes, one of the Irish kings, on whose side the English were fighting, had a heap of his enemies' heads laid before him, two hundred in number; and he "turned them over one by one in order to recognize them, thrice lifted his hands to heaven in the excess of his joy, and with a loud voice returned thanks to God most high. Amongst them was the head of one he mortally hated above all the rest, and, taking it up by the ears and hair, he tore it with his teeth."

Ireland was at that time divided into five kingdoms, the kings of which were always at variance and generally at war. At last one of them, Dermot, the king of Leinster, was driven out of his dominions altogether, and thereupon bethought him of getting help from the powerful king of England. He accordingly crossed over to Bristol, but finding that Henry was now in the south of France, he travelled after him there, and, obtaining an audience, he promised that if Henry would take his part and set him back in his kingdom he would own him for his lord, and become his vassal.

At that time Henry could not attend to this business himself, but he gave the Irish king leave to seek help among his subjects, and gave any of his subjects who chose to help him full permission to do so. Dermot accordingly returned to England, and found helpers, the principal of whom was the Earl of Pembroke, generally called Richard Strongbow. He and some other English and Welsh noblemen and gentlemen — the cousins of Giraldus among them — went over to Ireland with their men. Though they were all of Norman descent, on the father's side at least, that name was quite dropped now, and Giraldus always calls them the English.

1169. Earl Strongbow.

After some hard fighting and much cruelty they conquered their opponents. One instance will show how hard-hearted many of the English or Anglo-Normans still were. After taking the town of Waterford, they had in their hands seventy prisoners, the principal men of the town. There was a discussion among the leaders what should be done with these men. One of them, named Raymond, wished to be merciful, and allow them to be ransomed; but another, having made a fierce speech demanding their death, his comrades approved of it, and the wretched prisoners had their bones broken, and were then thrown into the sea and drowned.

After these successes, Richard Strongbow married Dermot's daughter Eva, and when, not long after, Dermot died, Strongbow, in right of his wife, became king of Leinster. But this was not pleasing to Henry II., who wished to be king himself, and accordingly Strongbow thought it prudent to give up the kingship to his master; Henry allowing him, in return, to keep very large possessions for himself.

Whilst this was going on, and the English were gaining more and more the mastery, the clergy of Ireland held an assembly, in which they agreed that their troubles were a punishment sent on the Irish by God for their sins, and, above all, for the wicked trade in slaves which they had so long carried on with the English, and it was therefore decreed that all the English slaves in the country should be set at liberty. This is the last time that we hear of the slave-trade in England.

Henry at last found time to visit Ireland, and nearly all the kings and chiefs of the country, especially Roderic of Connaught, who was the head of all, submitted to him as their over-lord, and did him homage. This was about Christmas time, and many of the Irish princes came to Dublin to visit the king, "and were much astonished at the sumptuousness of his entertainments, and the splendor of his household." It is said that a large hall was built on purpose for the king to hold his court. It reminds us of the ancient Britons (relations of the Irish) to hear that this hall was built, "after the fashion of the country," of white wicker-work, peeled osiers, — for we remember the "palaces" of the Britons, and their first little Christian church at Glastonbury. Wicker-work dwellings seem to have been peculiar to the Celtic races.

1171. Submission of the Irish princes.

King Henry received and feasted the Irish chieftains, and Giraldus says that at these feasts they learned to eat cranes, "which before they loathed." He stayed in Ireland a few months, and, as he had done in England, restored peace and order. With the help of the clergy he also made many laws for improving the habits of the people. But after he went away things soon became as bad as ever, and the English noblemen who remained behind grew almost as savage and wild as the natives. They established themselves chiefly along the eastern and southern coast, and the part where they lived was afterwards called "The Pale." They and the native Irish hated each other bitterly for a time, though afterwards the English allied themselves to their wild neighbors, and became, as was said, "more Irish than the Irish."

The English settlers.

It does not appear that any lasting good came of the conquest of Ireland, such as it was, except that Henry added another lordship to his titles.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Disputes between Church and State. Investitures. Ecclesiastical courts Thomas à Becket — as chancellor — as archbishop. Excommunication. Death of Becket. He is looked on as a saint. Henry does penance.

Disputes.

Before the Norman Conquest there had never been any disputes between the king and the church; the king, the earls, and the thanes had agreed perfectly well with the archbishops and bishops. No one had ever thought of any distinction between church and state. Very little was heard of the Pope, except when an archbishop had to go to Rome for his pall, as a sort of token that he was the head or principal bishop, and that the Church of England owned his supremacy.

But things were much changed now, and there were great disputes and fierce quarrels between the king and the church. This was not because there was any difference in their religious opinions. In the time of the Protestant Reformation, several centuries later, there were such differences; but at the time we are speaking of, the king, the lords, and all the people believed as the Pope and the clergy did, and the disputes were wholly about power and mastery.

The king and the bishops.

The first matter of dispute was whether the bishops and archbishops were subjects of the king or of the Pope. This had begun to be a matter of contention between Henry I. and Anselm, but as they were both moderate and reasonable, they did not come to an open quarrel. The king demanded that they should do homage to him like the other great lords, and that he should have the power of giving them the ring and staff, which were the signs of their office, as the old kings of England had always done. But the Pope had now begun to claim this power for himself or his legate, and to say that the king had no right at all to the homage of the spiritual lords.

The other matter in dispute was with regard to the juris-

diction of the courts of law over the clergy. In the time of William the Conqueror there was a separate ecclesiastical court, but the plan had not worked well. Henry II. determined that if a clergyman committed a crime he should be tried by the judge of the secular court, and punished as any other man would be. The clergy would not hear of this; neither they nor their bishops would submit to be under the temporal power, as it was called.

The ecclesiastical courts.

By this time the rule of the celibacy of the clergy was quite established. This rule, as we know, had been introduced by Dunstan about two hundred years before. But the contest had gone on even up to the time of Henry I., who was inclined to take the part of the married clergy. The "Chronicle" has an account of a great council in London, A. D. 1129, consisting of bishops, abbots, and other churchmen. "When it came forth, it was all about archdeacons' wives, and priests' wives, that they should leave them by St. Andrew's mass; and he who would not do that should forego his church, and his house, and his home. This ordained the Archbishop of Canterbury, and all the suffragan bishops who were then in England; and the king gave them all leave to go home, and so they went home; and all the decrees stood for nought; all held their wives by the king's leave, as they did before." But this did not last much longer; and now the clergy were all unmarried, or if any of them had wives it was kept quite secret, and the wives were insultingly called "concubines."

If the bishops owed primary allegiance to the Pope before the king and the clergy were amenable to the ecclesiastical courts, and not to the king's judges, then the clerical body constituted a nation in the heart of the nation. And without wives and families they would have few ties to bind them to the community in which they lived. Henry loved power, and stood on his prerogative. He yielded the question of the celibacy of the clergy, but he was determined not to sanction the independence of the bishops and their courts from the laws of the realm. There could not be two masters in England.

Before going farther into the history of this strife, it is well to notice that in the end, and after a contest of many hundred years, the English nation decided that the king (or the civil power) was supreme. The great principles that

Henry I. and Henry II. strove for are now the law of the land. But at that time there was less intelligence, and the people almost always sided with the clergy and the Church against the king and the State.

The Church and the people.

There were powerful reasons for the popularity of the clergy. In spite of the pride of the popes and the higher clergy, and though many of the lower clergy were very different from what they should have been, still on the whole the churchmen were more merciful and more just than the laymen. We have heard much of the tyranny and barbarity of the barons and soldiers. The clergy did what they could to check and over-awe the tyrants, and to protect the helpless and poor. We saw that it was greatly through the exertions of the bishops that the peace was made at last between Stephen and Matilda.

Sanctuary.

The Church was also a safeguard and a refuge in those days of fighting and plundering, by affording the right of sanctuary. If a person were pursued by his enemies, and in danger of being seized and killed, he might take shelter in a church or churchyard or other sacred place, and no one would venture to touch him. To hurt or kill any one in a church was considered an unpardonable crime; and many a poor creature's life was saved in that way from ruffians, who would know neither pity nor fear in any other place. It had been one of the worst outrages in the days of Stephen that "they spared neither church nor churchyard."

Discipline.

Again, in those ecclesiastical courts which Henry wished to put down, they not only tried offending priests, but managed to extend jurisdiction over many other people too. For instance, any one who could write in those days, was looked on as a clerk, or learned person, and could be tried by these courts. This was a great boon, because the punishments were not nearly so severe as in the civil courts. There was no putting out eyes or maiming; they never went beyond beating and imprisonment. Moreover, the clergy were always known as the protectors of widows and orphans.

Teaching.

Though there were no schools for poor people, and not many for the rich, and though the Church services were said in Latin, yet the clergy took some pains to teach the people. There were no Bibles; yet they knew a good deal about the Scripture stories. And they did not

learn by sermons, as we should have expected, for it seems that there were very few sermons preached in churches for the people, but only in monasteries for the monks.

Pictures.

One way was, that all the church walls were covered with pictures; very often of the Bible histories, but sometimes of the lives of the saints. Almost all these old pictures have perished in England, though some of the very churches are still standing. But the pictures have either faded away or have been whitewashed over.

A very old writer and saint, who was defending the use of pictures in churches, to which some people in his days objected, just as many English people do now, wrote thus: "I am too poor to possess books; I have no leisure for reading; I enter the church, choked with the cares of the world; the glowing colors attract my sight and delight my eyes like a flowery meadow, and the glory of God steals imperceptibly into my soul; I gaze on the fortitude of the martyr, and the crown with which he is rewarded, and the fire of holy emulation kindles within me, and I fall down and worship God. . . ."

But the priests had another way of teaching the same things, which was by the acting of mysteries and miracle-plays. The play was a scene out of the Bible, or the life of a saint; the actors were clergymen and acolytes, and the theatre was a church. This was when the practice was first begun. On some special occasion or festival, when part of the prayers had been read, the clergy and choristers would act a sacred drama. After a time, in order that more people might see it, they would have a stage in the churchyard and act it there. They would perform the creation of the world, the fall of Adam, Cain and Abel, Noah building the ark, etc.; and again, the shepherds of Bethlehem, with the angel, the wise men from the East, the crucifixion, etc. At appropriate places some doctor or expositor would come forward to explain what was being represented, would preach a short sermon, or give advice to the people.

The sacred drama.

They took a great deal of pains with these plays. When they acted the Creation, in order to show the making of the birds and beasts, they collected as many strange animals as they could get alive, and turned them loose; or they would let fly a flock of pigeons. They dressed in the best costumes they could manage; some were dressed for angels

and some for devils. Those who acted saints had gilded wigs and beards to look like a glory; the angels had white robes and wings; the devil had a dress of leather, covered with hair and feathers, and ending at the hands and feet in claws.

After a time the rich tradesmen got up plays of the same kind, which were acted in the streets or open places; and they continued to be very popular for nearly five hundred years. The plays founded on Bible history were called "Mysteries," and those from the lives of the saints "Miracles." Though this was all done very seriously, and some of it made as impressive as possible, they had here and there a little amusement. There was one great joke about Noah's wife, because she would not go into the ark; and there was also a little jesting among the shepherds in the field before the angel came to sing. Fragments of these old plays are still rudely acted in old-fashioned places at Christmas time. These performances must have been a great excitement and delight to the people in those days, when they had no books, and so little to interest or amuse them.

All these reasons had weight in inducing the people to side with the Church in the great struggle that followed.

Henry II., being determined to get the mastery of the Church, took the opportunity of the Archbishop of Canterbury's death to appoint to that high post a special friend and favorite of his own, thinking that he would be a great help to him in carrying out his plans. This favorite was Thomas à Becket, a very famous man, well-known through the world.

Thomas à Becket.

Of course he was a clergyman, or he could not have been made an archbishop; but he was only a deacon, which is the lowest rank, and he had hardly lived as a churchman at all. He was Henry's chancellor, his confidential adviser, and intimate friend. Many stories are told of his magnificence. At one time he was sent as ambassador to France, and he travelled in such a gorgeous style that the astonished French people exclaimed, "What manner of man must the king of England be, since his chancellor travels in this fashion!" In the procession which attended him, besides knights, squires, grooms, and singing-boys, there were hounds and hawks, wagon-loads of plate and other luxuries, and, strangest of all, twelve monkeys on horseback. There seems to have been a strange liking for

The courtier.

these grotesque creatures in the midst of pomp and splendor; they were perhaps looked on as a kind of foil.

The house he lived in was so large and handsome that it might be called a palace. He used to receive numbers of guests of all ranks, and feast them with the choicest food and wine, served in gold and silver vessels by attendants finely dressed. Sometimes there would be so many visitors that there was not room for them at table. So the chancellor gave orders that the floor of the apartment should be strewed with fresh hay or straw every day, in order that the visitors who had to sit on the floor might not spoil their handsome clothes. This spreading of clean straw or of fresh green rushes every day, was looked on as another specimen of Becket's extravagance.

This was the man whom Henry appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, expecting that he would assist him in bringing the clergy under the law. But he was bitterly disappointed. No sooner was Becket made archbishop, than he altered his whole way of life. He was a man who could do nothing by halves. Having gone to the extreme in the character of a man of the world, he would now go to the extreme in that of a saint. He dismissed his fine servants, his cooks and cup-bearers; he put away all his gay clothing and dainty living; he surrounded himself with monks and beggars (whose feet he washed every day); he clothed himself in dirty sackcloth, ate the coarsest food, and drank bitter water.

1162.

The saint.

Some people believe that he did all this for show and notoriety; but, to do him justice, it ought to be remembered that part, at least, of it he kept secret. It was not known till after his death that he wore the hair-shirt, and that he was scourged every day. He no doubt thought, according to the spirit of the time, that he was pleasing God by using his body so ill; and it was partly on account of this austerity, and the extreme dirtiness of the sackcloth, that he was first called a saint.

Now it was that Henry found out his mistake. Instead of taking the king's part, the new archbishop at once began to oppose him. Henry's principal plans for bringing the clergy under the control of the State and the general law of the land were put into writing at a great council which he held at Clarendon, and they were called the "Constitutions of Clarendon." Becket was persuaded to

1164.

give his consent to them; but he did it in such a grudging and unwilling way that every one thought he was only trying to gain time, and was acting deceitfully. Immediately afterwards he sent to ask forgiveness of the Pope for having consented at all.

In the long disputes that went on between the king and Becket, each thought, no doubt, he had the right on his side; to this very hour people are divided about it. There is no doubt that Becket was very proud and obstinate, but he believed that he was fighting the battle of the Church and of God, and there is something grand about his courage which one cannot help admiring. Besides, on the theory of the Papal Church, he was in the right.

At one time he had to flee from the country in disguise, and remained a long while abroad. While he was away a fresh grievance occurred. The king, who had seen how much misery and trouble were caused by a disputed succession, resolved to do more than even his grandfather had done. Instead of making every one swear oaths to obey his son after his own death, he determined to have him crowned king during his lifetime. The crowning of the king of England had always been considered the especial right of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but he being now out of the country, the Archbishop of York was called on to perform the ceremony in his stead, to the great indignation of Becket. Before this time there had often been discussions between York and Canterbury as to which should be the greatest. Nor was the dispute settled even after Becket's death; for the two next archbishops had such a quarrel about it, at a great meeting of the clergy, that their partisans came to fighting with fists, sticks, and staves; "while the Archbishop of York, in struggling to get the place of honor from the Archbishop of Canterbury, fairly sate down in his lap." It is to be seen much of "poor human nature" was mingled in these great religious conflicts.

Becket in exile.

We are not to suppose that while Becket was abroad he could do no mischief in England. He had a terrible power, which the Church claimed in those days, and which kept the most stout-hearted in awe. This was the power of excommunication. There were two sorts of excommunication, the greater and the less. The less even was a very serious punishment, as it prevented the excommunicated person from receiving any of the sacraments, or

The power of excommunication.

from holding any office in the State; but the greater one, which was only used in desperate cases, was far more horrible. We can hardly realize what it meant at the time. The person who fell under the "anathema," or greater excommunication, was cursed in body and soul, at home and abroad, going out and coming in, in towns and streets, fields and meadows, by land and water, sleeping and waking, standing, sitting, and lying down, speaking and silent, day and night. The heavens were to be as brass to him, and the earth as iron. God was prayed to afflict him with hunger and thirst, with poverty and want, with cold and fever, with blindness and madness. All things belonging to him were cursed, even the dog which guarded him and the cock which waked him. No one was to take pity on him or to help him; his dead body was to be thrown to dogs and wolves, and his soul to be eternally tormented.

However terrible it would be to hear words like these uttered by any one, not to say by a minister of Christ the Merciful, we should know they could do no harm to any one but the man who spoke them; but at this time every one believed that the curse would be fulfilled.

While Becket was abroad he pronounced excommunication on several of the king's servants, and every one thought the next thing would be that he would excommunicate the king himself. Henry fell into one of his fearful rages when he heard of it; he tore off his clothes and threw them about the room, he rolled on the floor, and gnawed the straw and rushes with which it was strewed.

After a time a peace was patched up, and Becket was allowed to return to England. He did not return in a peaceful spirit, however, for he was still greatly enraged at the Archbishop of York for having crowned the young Prince Henry; and he had got letters from the Pope excommunicating him and two other bishops who had assisted at the ceremony. The people crowded to meet Becket, giving him a joyful welcome, and blessing him as coming in the name of the Lord; but the bishops who had been excommunicated went across the sea to the king, who was now in France. It is not surprising that Henry was enraged. He was seized with another of his ungovernable fits of fury, crying out at the cowards that he nourished at his table, and saying, "Will no man deliver me from this proud priest?" Bitterly he repented those words

Becket's return.

afterwards, but he could never recall them, nor undo the deed they wrought.

Four knights, hearing the words, and over-eager to fulfil his will, hastened to Canterbury, where the archbishop was already smarting under a series of insults. It is a curious sign of how the old pride of the man of the world still lived under the sackcloth of the saint, that one of these insults which he felt most keenly, and even referred to in the last sermon he ever preached, was that some of his enemies had cut off the tails of his horses.

When the knights arrived there was a stormy interview; the archbishop's friends and servants were alarmed, but his own spirit only rose the higher. They implored him to take refuge in the cathedral, but he waited till the hour when it was his duty to attend the evening service, nor would he then go in haste, but with all his usual dignity. Neither would he permit the doors of the cathedral to be closed, saying, with the pride of a Christian priest, that "the church should not be turned into a castle." The knights rushed in, crying out through the darkness, "Where is the traitor?" Receiving no answer, they exclaimed, "Where is the archbishop?"

Becket at once came forward in his white robes and confronted them, saying, "I am no traitor, but the archbishop and priest of God." There was a short struggle, and after receiving many blows, Becket, commending his soul to God, fell dead near the altar.

1170. His death.

But by his death he won the victory. It is impossible to describe the horror which this murder caused, not only throughout England, but through great part of Europe. The *sacrilege* (that is, the murder having been committed in the church), the archbishop's courage and dignity, the finding of his hair-shirt hidden under his clothes, the admiration of the common people and the monks, all together combined to raise Becket to the rank of a martyred saint. When the king heard what had happened he was appalled at the consequences of his hasty words. He shut himself up, robed himself in sackcloth and ashes, refused food, and called God to witness that he was in no way guilty of the archbishop's death. He continued shut up for five weeks, continually crying, Alas! alas!

The Pope, on his part, shut himself up in grief and anger. There was great fear that he would excommunicate the king

of England. Henry's proud spirit was so broken that he sent messengers and made a most humble submission to the Pope, renouncing the "Constitutions of Clarendon," and yielding all the points about which he and Becket had contested. After this, and while he was in France, the Pope granted him absolution.

But this submission and this absolution were not enough. Great troubles were gathering around the king. His sons rebelled against him; his wife took their part. Some of the English barons revolted; they were, indeed, very angry at having their castles destroyed, and being kept under such strict control by the king. The Scotch invaded the north of England. The Earl of Flanders, with Prince Henry, was about to invade it on the east. It was universally believed — and by Henry as well — that all this trouble came as a punishment for Becket's murder, and that he had not yet humbled himself enough. There had been a terrible storm in the winter, and when the people heard the rolling thunder they thought that the blood of St. Thomas was calling to God for vengeance.

Henry returned to England, resolved to do what he could to appease the martyr. He landed at Southampton, and immediately began to live on bread and water. 1174. He rode first to Canterbury, and when he came in sight of the cathedral towers he dismounted from his horse and went on foot. The king's penance. As soon as he reached the city he cast off his usual dress and put on that of a penitent, — a woollen shirt and a coarse cloak. He walked barefoot through the crowded streets, marking the rough stones with his blood, till he reached the cathedral gates. Then he knelt, prayed, groaned, and wept by Becket's tomb. He took off the cloak and was scourged with a rod by all the bishops and abbots who were present, and by each of the eighty monks. His pardon. After all this he was declared to be fully pardoned; but he spent the whole night barefoot and fasting within the cathedral.

When he got back to London he fell into a dangerous fever. But a very strange thing happened; what we should now call a "coincidence," but which then appeared like a miracle. The penance had been done and suffered on a Saturday. On the next Thursday at midnight, as the king lay ill in his bed, a loud knocking was heard at the gates. It was a messenger from the north, who insisted on being

taken to the king's chamber. He brought news that the royal army had gained a great victory on that very Saturday, and that the king of Scotland was taken prisoner. The astonished king sprang, overjoyed, from his bed, and with a full heart returned thanks to God and St. Thomas. On the very same Saturday the fleet with which the Earl of Flanders and young Henry intended to invade the kingdom was driven back.

The belief in those days in the power of the saints was still quite as strong as when Canute strove to appease the martyred Edmund and Alphege. Though Becket, we cannot doubt, was honest and conscientious in his aims, he was very far indeed from our present idea of a saint; but in the esteem of that time he was one of the very greatest the world ever saw.

A splendid shrine was made to contain his bones, and people flocked from all parts to visit it and pray to the martyr. It is said that "glorious miracles" were wrought at his tomb; sick people were cured, the dumb spoke, the blind saw, even the dead were raised to life. One miracle, if not very "glorious," was at least very strange. The king of France came on a pilgrimage to Canterbury "to implore the patronage of the blessed martyr;" and this was the first time a king of France had ever set foot on English ground. He gave very handsome offerings to the holy place, and to the monks a valuable golden cup, and one hundred tuns of wine; but while he was praying, the archbishop noticed on his finger a magnificent ring, with a splendid jewel in it. The archbishop (very modestly) begged the king to present this ring to the shrine. The king, however, not being willing to part with it, offered instead a hundred thousand florins, with which the archbishop was fully satisfied. "But scarcely had the refusal been uttered, when the stone leaped from the ring and fastened itself to the shrine, as if a goldsmith had fixed it there." The miracle of course convinced the king, who left the jewel and the florins as well; and the gem was the grandest ornament of the shrine, which was all blazing with gold, diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds. The Canterbury pilgrimages afterwards formed the basis of one of the most famous books in the English language.

Miracles.

In foreign lands as well as in England, Becket's fame spread far and wide, as the hero and martyr of the Church,

and foreigners were anxious for relics of the saint. Parts of his arms, teeth, and brains were long treasured up in Rome, Florence, Lisbon, and many other places. His fame even reached the distant island of Iceland; and in the thirteenth century his life was translated out of Latin into Icelandic for the benefit of the people of that country.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SONS OF HENRY.

Henry's family troubles. His death. Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Chivalry. Richard's absence from England. John Sans-terre. Prince Arthur. Loss of Normandy.

After the strange events of his day of penance Henry's spirit revived; he felt that he was pardoned; his health returned; and he put himself at the head of an army. The English people gathered round him, and the revolt of the barons was put down without a blow. The truth was that the nation was really faithful, and attached to the king's government. It was only some of the older nobility, who had lands in Normandy, and were still Normans in feeling, who rebelled. The other barons, who had English sympathies, nearly all the bishops, and the great towns stood firm on the king's side now that he was no longer fighting in a matter which touched their religion. Thus after his pressing danger he rose stronger than ever.

Henry prospers.

Nor did he entirely give up his schemes for the control of the Church and the clergy; he carried out many of his principles still, though the "Constitutions of Clarendon" had been renounced; and matters were left somewhat undecided, as they so often were, each party having to give and take in turn.

But the king's troubles were not over yet. All the later years of his life were made miserable by the ingratitude and rebellion of his sons. Considering what his marriage had been, it is not wonderful that his domestic life was so unhappy. One son after another rebelled; he forgave them again and again; but they broke his heart at last. As this happened mostly in France, we cannot enter into the details. Henry, who was to have been king of England, died young, before his father. Geoffrey, the second, who had been married to the heiress of Brittany, also died. Richard, the third, was as undutiful as his bro-

Family troubles.

thers. The worst and youngest, John, was his father's favorite; Henry said he was the only one who had never rebelled against him. When, at last, the forlorn and aged king found that John too was a traitor, and had sided with his enemies, it was his death-blow. He cared for nothing more in the world, and died. One of his illegitimate children was alone faithful to him, and tended his last hours. His death.

The next king of England reigned for ten years. In all that time he was only in England twice, and then but for a few months. He could hardly be regarded as an Englishman at all. Yet he is even to this day a popular king. Every one likes the name of Richard the Lion-hearted. When we look at his life and character it is seen that he was a fierce and quarrelsome man. He had been an undutiful son; so much so, that it was believed that when he went to meet his father's funeral the blood flowed from the dead body; showing, according to the old superstition, that Richard was in some sense his murderer. As to his kingdom of England, all he seemed to care about was to wring out of the nation all the money he could. And, as has been truly said, it may be well to have the heart of a lion, but it would have been far better to have the heart of a man. 1189. Richard I.

Though we cannot look on Richard as a good, or great, or wise king, he was in many ways the model of a knight. In these days a knight is not held in such great esteem. But we think still that many noble qualities are expressed by the word "chivalrous." That is the French or Romance word for "knightly." The French word for knight was "chevalier," one who rides on horseback. The German word for knight means the same thing, a *rider* (reiter, ritter), and it came to be a title of some honor, because those who could afford to ride on horseback were the richer and more high-born people. Chivalry.

Gradually other ideas grew up about the name; and in the days of Richard I., and some time both before and after, the one thing which was thought of and desired was to be a good knight. Even a great king was not satisfied with being wise, able, honest, and brave unless he were also a good knight — chivalrous. So that we cannot at all enter into the spirit of that age without trying to understand what chivalry meant.

We cannot fail to have observed that the one great occupation of a gentleman's life in those days was fighting, and we have seen how fierce and savage some of the barons and warriors were, for the study and practice of killing men could only harden their nature and make them brutal. The very heart of chivalry was a yearning to rise out of this savagery and brutality. If we use the word "chivalrous," even to-day, we mean something courteous and delicately honorable, above the common level of civility and honesty. A good knight was bound to be that. He was bound to be gentle towards ladies, to be generous towards even his enemies, to be full of courtesy towards a fallen foe,* and of reverence towards age and authority. Perhaps the truest description of the ideal of chivalry is that by Tennyson in the "Idyls of the King," which, though they are about King Arthur, who lived ages before chivalry had appeared, give a perfect picture of what knighthood might have been had an Arthur, as Tennyson paints him, been living in the middle ages. He says he drew the knights around him —

> "In that fair order of my Table Round,
> A glorious company, the flower of men,
> To serve as model for the mighty world,
> And be the fair beginning of a time.
> I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
> To reverence the king as if he were
> Their conscience, and their conscience as their king.
> To break the heathen, and uphold the Christ;
> To ride abroad, redressing human wrongs;
> To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
> To lead sweet lives, in purest chastity;
> To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
> And worship her by years of noble deeds
> Until they won her; for indeed I know
> Of no more subtle master under heaven
> Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
> Not only to keep down the base in man,
> But teach high thought, and amiable words,
> And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

This is a beautiful picture, perhaps impossible of realization (and the lion-hearted Richard was very far from being like it), but it gives us an idea of what was aimed at; and to

* This was not always the case. The knight had a short dagger with which to cut the throat or rip the entrails of his "fallen foe;" and he did not always spare him. — ED.

have noble aims, even though we cannot reach them, makes life noble.

The knight, then, was to be brave, gallant, pure, faithful, loving, and courteous. A true knight also loved music, songs, and poetry. If he could make and sing romantic songs in praise of his lady, it was a high accomplishment.

But we sometimes find that the knight, in his admiration of virtue, generosity, and magnanimity, undervalued and forgot the less ornamental and more homely groundwork of honesty, justice, and humanity. Again, in Tennyson's description, among the beautiful things which were to be taught, was one rather questionable virtue, — "love of fame." We must not stop to discuss the merits and demerits of this "last infirmity of noble minds;" but, for good or for ill, it was a strong influence in the knightly mind. The knight loved to be famous; to be seen, admired, and celebrated by minstrels was his great reward.

After the Conquest one great change had been introduced in the decision of controversies. The Normans introduced the method of trial by battle. If in a dispute between two men it was impossible to tell which spoke the truth, they would appeal to the wager of battle, that is, the two would fight, and it was believed that God would uphold the right, the innocent would conquer, and the guilty would be overthrown. We often read of this too in poems and romances; indeed, the custom has barely died out yet, though it has long been contrary to the laws of England. As the chivalrous spirit grew, people would fight for the pleasure and the vanity of it. This was the beginning of tournaments, which were in fact terrible combats, but which were considered by the knights as delightful opportunities for displaying their courage and skill, their fine arms and horses. Though both knights and horses were often killed or badly wounded, grand ladies, beautifully dressed, would sit on raised seats around the lists, looking on, one of whom would be chosen queen of beauty, to give the prizes to the conquerors.

But the great blot and fault in the "ideal" of chivalry was that it was limited to a class. The knight was not to be faithful and pitiful to *all*, but only to his own equals, and to his own immediate dependants and servants. He had no idea that he owed anything of courtesy and generosity to the poor and humbly born. He was, we may say, a *gentleman* when he was dealing with gentlemen and with ladies,

but he might be savage and cruel when he had to do with inferiors, tradespeople, and peasants.

The Black Prince, who lived two hundred years later, was the perfect type of a knight.

A great part of Richard's reign was taken up in fighting the third Crusade. A short time before the death of Henry II. the Saracens had retaken Jerusalem from the Christians, and another Crusade had been proclaimed to win it back again. People had tried hard to persuade Henry to join it. He at first very prudently said that he thought it more his duty to stay at home and govern and protect his own subjects than to go and fight the Saracens, though afterwards he consented to go. However, those sharp family troubles which embittered his last years prevented his ever doing so. After his death, when Richard become king, his first determination was to become a crusader.

Richard a crusader.

It is possible that he meant to atone for his undutiful conduct towards his father, for which he felt some remorse; it is probable, too, that he had a romantic and religious feeling about the Holy Land. But he loved war and fighting everywhere; and no doubt one of his main motives was his great longing to win honor and distinction.

His reign began in a dreadful way, by a savage massacre of the Jews. People of that time looked on the Jews as the nation that had killed Christ, and felt as if they were in some sort avenging him if they slew or tortured a Jew. The very spirit of the Crusades was full of ferocity. The people were taught that killing unbelievers was a holy and praiseworthy act. St. Bernard says, "The Christian who slays the unbeliever in the Holy War is sure of his reward. . . . The Christian glories in the death of the pagan because Christ is glorified." There did not seem to people in those days much difference between a pagan or a Turk or a Jew. They thought it glorified Christ, the Prince of Peace, to kill either of them, and priests or monks often hounded the mob on to destroy the Jews. We must say, however, in justice to St. Bernard (who, perhaps, like many other saints, was better than his theories), that he tried to protect the Jews when the Christians in Germany rose against them. He said God had punished the Jews by their dispersion; it was not for man to punish them by murder.

The Jews.

The kings, on the whole, protected the Jews, not out of kindness or Christian charity, but because they could get money out of them. Being in general men of shrewd intellects and better educated than others, and spending their lives in peaceful occupations, they gained and saved great wealth. In particular, they were the best physicians and the best merchants of the time, and "as rich as a Jew" was a true proverb even then. It was they who furnished the money at good interest to build the grand castles and cathedrals. They are said to have been the first people in England who built stone dwelling-houses.* For before they came into the country all the houses were built of wood, and towns and cities were continually being burnt down.

The Jews had made forced contributions to the Crusade now about to start; for the kings, whenever milder means failed to extort money, had recourse to torture and imprisonment. Before each former Crusade there had been a massacre of the Jews, and there was one now. There was one in London, on the day of Richard's coronation; then a still worse one in York, where the Jews were besieged in the castle, and, knowing the horrors that would befall them if they fell into the hands of their enemies, they chose rather to kill themselves, their wives and children, and to burn up all their treasures.

It does not appear that Richard himself was guilty of these massacres; he even punished, though not severely enough, some of the murderers. Having got all the money he could collect together, Richard started on the Crusade, in the course of which he gained great fame, but was also so overbearing and quarrelsome that very little was achieved. Jerusalem could not be won back from the Saracens, and Richard was so bitterly grieved at this disappointment, that when he was led up a hill from which 1192.
the holy city could be seen, he refused to look at it, saying he was unworthy. England was reasonably quiet, and though the people were heavily taxed, they were perhaps none the worse off for their warlike king and his followers being so far away. Prince John, to whom his brother had shown much kindness, but who was treacherous by nature, endeavored to rebel, but was kept in some kind of restraint by his mother, who helped to govern while Richard was absent.

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* Unless the Normans preceded them in this.

As the king was returning home from the Crusade he was separated by a storm at sea from the body of his followers, and at length he was attempting to reach his dominions by land attended only by one man and a boy. In this strait he fell into the hands of the Duke of Austria, who was one of the princes whom he had affronted and quarrelled with during the Crusade, and who soon made him over as a captive to the Emperor of Germany. For a time no one knew what had become of him, and there is an affecting story told of how his friend and minstrel, Blondel, wandered about seeking his master, singing an air which the two had often sung together in happier days, for Richard was also a musician and a poet. At last, after singing it without response under many gloomy castle walls, he heard it taken up by a voice he knew from within a fortress, and thus he found his master. This tale, unfortunately, was not told by any one living at the time, and for that reason there cannot be any assurance of its truth; but it was certainly known before long to Richard's people that he was a prisoner in the power of the Emperor of Germany.

Richard a prisoner.

Though Richard had done little for the English, except take their money, still they were proud of him. His courage made both him and his kingdom famous, and they were much troubled at his captivity. There were two persons, however, who were not sorry for it; these were his brother John, and the king of France. John had given out that his brother was dead during the time in which he had not been heard of, and was very anxious to be made king himself. The French king, whom Richard had insulted in Palestine, and who had his eye upon Normandy, was also desirous of keeping him out of the way. He accused him of many crimes which he had never committed; while John, on his part, offered to pay the emperor £20,000 a month if he would keep his brother in prison. But Richard cleared himself from the accusations of the king of France, and the emperor, after demanding and receiving a heavy ransom, set him at liberty.

1194. His release.

After his release Richard came to England for the second time, where he was crowned again with great ceremony, to wipe out the stain of his imprisonment, and soon after left England forever. He very soon forgave John; indeed, he was not vindictive, although he was so haughty and impet-

uous. The remainder of his life was principally spent in wars with France.

There was a strange mingling of cruelty and generosity in his conduct, even to the last. He was besieging the castle of one of his own vassals, when, almost in the hour of victory, he received a mortal wound from a soldier on the ramparts. After the final assault, and when the castle was taken, the king gave the savage order that every one of the men who had defended it should be put to death, only excepting the archer whose arrow had pierced him. This man was brought before him, and spoke out boldly, telling Richard that his father and his two brothers had been slain by him, and that now, having taken his revenge, he was ready to bear any punishment. Richard could admire the bravery of another, even of his enemy. He freely forgave the man, ordering his attendants to reward him and send him away in safety. Thus, with his last thought of pity and pardon, died the Lion-hearted king. 1199. His death.

Richard, having left no children, was succeeded by his brother John, who was already known as having rebelled against his indulgent father and betrayed his confiding brother. He afterwards showed himself one of the worst men and kings of whom history gives an account. All that was good in him can be stated in few words. He is said by some to have been clever and handsome, and to have had agreeable manners, though another account is that "he was stupid, fat, and sour-looking." He was, however, beyond doubt, a good general and soldier. And one of the men who wrote at the time, after recording his death and his wickedness, and trying to add something favorable, says that he founded a monastery at Beaulieu, and, when dying, gave to the monastery of Croxton lands worth ten pounds. John. His good deeds.

Scarcely had he become king, his character being already so unfavorably known, when he committed a crime which roused universal hatred and indignation, and marked him out clearly for the wicked, pitiless wretch he was. His evil deeds.

He was the only living son of Henry II., and was made king of England without any difficulty. Though the law of the succession to the crown was not yet clearly settled, as it is now, yet the descent from the eldest son of a king had begun to be thought more important than formerly, espe-

cially on the Continent. John's eldest brother had no children; but the second, Geoffrey, had left a young son, Arthur. Though he was still a child, it was held by jurists, as Geoffrey was older than John, his son was now the rightful heir of his grandfather Henry II., and should be king of England and Duke of Normandy. This would certainly be the case now.

Arthur.

At one time during Richard's life there had been a plan for making Arthur his heir; and now his mother, Constance of Brittany, stirred up all the friends she could for him. A strong party took up his cause, with the French king at their head, and there was some fighting in France. At last John, who was a skilful general, gained a victory, and made his young nephew prisoner.

The rest of that poor young prince's story, as it was known or surmised and believed, is told in Shakespeare's play of *King John*. Some of the most pathetic sentences ever written, even by Shakespeare, are in the lament of his mother Constance over her boy —

> "Therefore never, never
> Must I behold my pretty Arthur more."

In the play, Arthur's attendant, Hubert, is ordered to put out his eyes, and the murderous king darkly hints that the death of his nephew would be welcome. Such deeds are necessarily done in darkness, and no one ever fully knew the truth about Arthur's death. The historian, a monk of St. Alban's abbey, who lived at this time, and wrote a very long and interesting account of this, says that John sent him close prisoner to Rouen, "but shortly afterwards the said Arthur suddenly disappeared." If a prince *suddenly disappeared* in such circumstances, it opened a door to grave suspicions; and, it was universally believed that John slew him with his own hand; "for which reason," says the same historian, the monk Roger, "many turned their affections from the king, and entertained the deepest enmity against him."

1203.

This horrible crime was the beginning of John's misfortunes. It not only turned men's hearts against him, but King Philip of France seized on it as a pretext for taking possession of Normandy and a great part of John's other French dominions. It must be remembered that though, as king of England, he was independent of France or any other

over-lord, yet he held Normandy and his other French provinces as vassal of the king of France.

Philip accordingly summoned John to appear before him and the great lords of France to answer for the crime of which he was accused. John would not come; upon which Philip declared that he had forfeited his duchy, and marched into Normandy with an army. If John had been innocent as a man and upright as a king, respected by his nobles, French and English, the affair would have turned out differently. If it had been William the Conqueror, or Henry I., or Henry II., he would never have let Normandy go. But John was so hated and despised that Philip got Normandy and most of his other French possessions with hardly any trouble.

1204. Loss of Normandy.

So, after being united for about one hundred and fifty years, England and Normandy were separated again. Of all the French possessions of the Conqueror, there only remained to England the Channel Islands, which had belonged to Normandy, where the poorer people still speak ancient French, and are governed by remains of old Norman laws, and who still boast "that they rather conquered England than England conquered them."

But though this was a great loss to King John, and he acquired the ignominious surname of "Sans-terre," or "Lackland," it was in the end all the better for England. As long as the King of England was also lord of a portion of France, he was more a foreigner than an Englishman, and the English often had to pay money and to fight in quarrels with which they had nothing to do. Some of the great lords, it appears, still had lands both in Normandy and England, as they had soon after the Conquest; but they now lost them and became entirely English, unless they chose to give up their English estates and settle in France as Frenchmen. The provinces in the south of France, which had belonged to Henry II.'s wife Eleanor, were looked on now as a distant dependency of England, instead of England being only a dependency or province of the great French dominions of the king. From this time forward England was England, with an English king, lords, and people.

The Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle," as we saw, came to an end in 1154, and for the fifty years following, any one who had anything to write wrote it in Latin. But now an English

clergyman wrote, or, rather, translated a book into English.*

1205. Layamon.

It contained many absurd and some beautiful stories, among others that of King Lear and his daughters; and also curious and romantic histories of King Arthur and his knights, and the wizard Merlin. These tales were so popular at that time that the unfortunate young Prince of Brittany had been named after King Arthur.

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* The translation is from the French, although the legends had been British before being adorned by Gallic art. The book is valuable as a specimen of the language in its early form, but as a history it is worthless. It is in verse, and contains thirty thousand lines. — Ed.

CHAPTER XXI.

MAGNA CHARTA.

The dispute with the Pope. Stephen Langton. John becomes the Pope's vassal. The archbishop and the barons demand the charter. The changes it introduced. John breaks the charter. The French invasion. Death of John.

The loss of John's great provinces in France might be looked on as a "blessing in disguise." His wickedness also worked for good in another way. For a long time the great barons and nobles had been tyrants and oppressors, and the king and the people had, more or less, made common cause against them. In this way the kings had grown to be very powerful, and would have been likely to become despots whom nobody could resist. If the king had been tolerably good, he would have gained more and more power, as in France and some other countries. But John was so intolerably base that neither the nobles nor the people could put up with him. So before the royal power had become too firmly established, all his subjects rose against him, and established once and forever the bulwark of English liberty.

Soon after losing Normandy John got into a quarrel with Pope Innocent III., and at the outset there is no doubt that he was in the right. The quarrel related to the election of an Archbishop of Canterbury. There were two candidates for the office, one approved by the king, and the other not, both of whom claimed to have been elected by the monks of Canterbury. In this difficulty they both went to Rome, that the Pope might decide between them; but they were greatly surprised to find that the Pope refused to approve either of them, and commanded the monks to elect another man of his appointing.

The quarrel with the Pope.

This was an unheard-of thing for the Pope to claim the right to appoint an English archbishop, and when John heard it he was naturally indignant, and made a spirited answer. He declared he wondered at the Pope's audacity, and he would stand up for the rights of his crown to the

death, and "as there were plenty of archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the church, as well in England as in his other territories, who were well stored in all kinds of learning, if he wanted them, he would not beg for justice or judgment from strangers out of his own dominions,"—words which, as Fuller says, well "deserved memory, had they been as vigorously acted as valiantly spoken."

In this instance also, good came out of evil. Though it is certain the Pope had no right to appoint the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet he chose an excellent man for the post. His name was Stephen Langton, a name which ought to be had in honor as long as England lasts. However, for the time, King John forbade his entering the country.*

Stephen Langton.

The Pope, on his part, was resolute. He had a power in reserve for punishing kingdoms which fell under his displeasure, almost as terrible as was the power of excommunication against individuals. This was called the interdict, which meant that all religious services were forbidden in the country. The churches were shut up; no sacraments were performed, except baptizing infants and giving the last office to the dying. Marriages were only celebrated in the churchyard or in the porch, instead of inside the church; and the dead were buried in roads and ditches, without any prayers or any clergyman's presence.

1208. The interdict.

"See now," says Fuller, "on a sudden the sad face of the English Church — a face without a tongue; no singing of service, no reading of prayers. None need pity the living . . . when he looks on the dead, who were buried in ditches like dogs, without any prayers said upon them. True, a well-informed Christian knows full well that a corpse, though cast in a bog, shall not stick there at the day of judgment; thrown into a wood, shall then find the way out; buried by the highway side, is in the ready road to resurrection; . . . yet, seeing that these people believed that a grave in consecrated ground was a good step to heaven, and were taught that prayers after death were essential to their salvation, it must needs put strange fears into the heads and hearts, both of such which deceased, and their friends which survived them."

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*Langton was an Englishman by birth, was educated at Paris, and was made a cardinal at Rome before his appointment as Archbishop. — ED.

The people of England were thus in a sad condition, punished by the Pope for no offence on their part, and tyrannized over more and more by the cruel king. Roger, the monk of St. Alban's (who is generally called Roger of Wendover), tells us that there were at this time in the kingdom of England many nobles whose wives and daughters the king had shamefully insulted, "to the great indignation of their husbands and fathers; others whom he had, by unjust exactions, reduced to the extreme of poverty; some whose parents and relations he had banished, converting their inheritances to his own uses; thus the said king's enemies were as numerous as his nobles."

John's tyranny.

He gives many examples of John's cruelty. He was offended at a certain archdeacon, named Geoffrey, for something he had said; so he had him seized, chained, and thrown into prison, where he was half-starved; and, "after he had been there a few days, by command of the said king, a cap of lead was put on him, and at length, being overcome by want of food, as well as by the weight of the leaden cap, he departed to the Lord."

At one time, being afraid his nobles were going to rebel, he demanded hostages of them; that is, he required them to give him custody of their sons or nephews as pledges of their faithfulness. Amongst others, John's messengers came to a certain nobleman named William de Braose, to ask for his son to be delivered into the care of the king. But "Matilda, wife of the said William, with the sauciness of a woman, took the reply out of his mouth, and said to the messengers in reply, 'I will not deliver up my son to your lord, King John, because he basely murdered his nephew Arthur, whom he ought to have taken care of honorably.'" We may imagine how enraged the king was when he heard this speech; he immediately sent knights and soldiers to seize on the whole family. Though they escaped for that time, he got possession of the poor lady afterwards with her son, and starved them both to death!

His cruelty to the Jews was more atrocious than any of his many misdeeds. "All the Jews throughout England, of both sexes, were seized, imprisoned, and tortured severely, in order to do the king's will with their money. . . . Some of them gave up all they had, and promised more, that they might thus escape. One of them, at Bristol, even after being dreadfully tortured, refused to ransom himself; on which

the king ordered his agents to knock out one of his cheek-teeth daily, until he paid ten thousand marks of silver. After they had for seven days knocked out a tooth each day, with great agony to the Jew, and had begun the same operation on the eighth day, the said Jew, reluctant as he was to provide the money required, gave the said sum to save his eighth tooth, though he had already lost seven."

But the king's humiliation was near at hand. He had not taken much notice of the interdict, and still refused to allow Stephen Langton to enter the kingdom. So now the Pope, who had just excommunicated the Emperor of Germany, and, as Fuller says, "had his hand in," proceeded to excommunicate John by name. John even now took no notice, but went on as before. And he led armies successfully into Wales and Ireland, for he was, as we know, a good soldier. But meanwhile he made his own nobles and people hate him worse and worse, and especially the clergy whom he had tried to punish for the Pope's offences.

Pope Innocent, having tried the interdict and the excommunication in vain, now went a step farther, and deposed King John — declared that he should no longer be king of England, but that the Pope would choose another in his stead. It was enough to make William the Conqueror turn in his grave that the Pope should take upon him to put down and set up kings in England. But John was frightened now and humbled. For the nobles, "well pleased that they were absolved from their allegiance to John," began to make friends with his enemy the king of France; and he made preparations to invade England, and seize on that as he had already done on Normandy.

1213. The Pope deposes him.

There would have been no fear that the king of France could have conquered England, if the English had loved their king. For England had become strong, had a great fleet, and trained soldiers. "Had they been of one heart, and of one disposition towards their king," says Roger, "there was not a prince under heaven against whom they could not have defended the kingdom of England." But they were not all of one mind towards their king, or, rather, that one mind was of hatred and detestation of him. John knew this very well, and had reason to be alarmed. Another thing which frightened him was that a hermit, named Peter, had foretold that by next Ascension Day John would no

longer be a king, but the crown of England would be transferred to another. John had heard of this prophecy, and had put Peter in prison for it; for the prophecy was spread abroad everywhere, and everybody inclined to believe it.

In this great strait all John's boldness melted away. Instead of promising his lords and his people that he would reform and govern them justly and mercifully, and rallying them round him to defend their country, he humbled himself to the Pope, and begged for his pardon and help. He not only submitted to him about the appointing of the archbishop, and gave free leave for Stephen Langton to come to Canterbury, but he humbled himself far lower than that. He made over the whole free kingdom of England to the Pope of Rome, and did homage to him as his vassal.

His submission.

He does homage for his crown.

They even say that John took off his royal crown and laid it at the feet of the Pope's legate. People did not fail to take notice that this disgrace and shame happened on Ascension Day. But when that day passed, and John was still alive and well, the poor prophet was brought out of prison, tied to a horse's tail, dragged through the streets, and afterwards hung. His son, who could not have been responsible for his father's sinister prophecy, was hung too. But people whispered among themselves that poor Peter ought not to have been hung, for his prophecy had come true indeed.

As Innocent had fully triumphed, John was solemnly absolved, and the Pope thereupon forbade the French king to invade England. The French king was much enraged at this, for he had made great preparations, and was ready with his army to go over and conquer the island. However, having another enemy ready to his hand in Flanders, he turned against him for the time, and England was left alone.

But though the Pope was now satisfied, and took John's part, the English lords were not so easily pacified; and now they had got an able leader and adviser on their side. This was the archbishop whom the Pope had forced upon England. Innocent must have been greatly surprised at the turn affairs took. He had been quite content with John's submission and obedience, and with a promise John had made to restore the money of the

Arrival of Archbishop Stephen.

Church. We do not hear of his admonishing John to rule his subjects better, to leave off injustice and cruelty, and to protect the poor, the orphan, or the stranger.

When Stephen Langton came to England, the condition of the people was one of the first things to engage his attention. Before John could get absolution from him, he was made to promise that "he would renew all the good laws of his ancestors, especially those of King Edward; would annul bad ones, would judge his subjects justly, and would restore his rights to each and all."

John promised; but of course he did not mean to keep his promise. On the contrary, he immediately collected a great army to fight against his refractory barons. The archbishop boldly told him that he had no right to make war, and induced him to give up his purpose. Directly after this, a great council was held at St. Paul's in London, consisting of the bishops, barons, and others, and the archbishop at its head. The principal public business transacted was, that the archbishop gave leave to the clergymen who had had no Church services for so long to open their churches once more, and to sing the services, "though in a low voice." But privately he called some of the nobles to him, and said, "Did you hear how, when I absolved the king at Winchester, I made him swear that he would do away with unjust laws, and would recall good laws, such as those of King Edward?" Then he told them he had found a most precious thing, — the charter of liberty, which was given by Henry I. (see p. 156), but which seemed to have been lost and forgotten; and by help of that he said they might win back their rights.

Stephen and the barons.

In this great fight between tyranny and liberty, it is important to notice one thing. It is, that Stephen Langton and the barons were not fighting for anything new or trying to do away with anything old. England had always been a free country.* The Angles and related tribes, when they were still living in Germany and Denmark, were noted for their love of liberty, and their kings had never been allowed to be tyrants. They had had their councils of wise men, and their great assemblies, in which every freeman had a voice. Some of all this had been forgotten in the course of

* This is the whig and liberal view of the English constitution. The tory view is supported by arguments and precedents perhaps equally strong. — ED.

ages; but now Englishmen, under this intolerable tyrant, began to "remember from whence they had fallen," and to resolve they would bring their old rights to life again. They would have back the good old laws of Henry I. and Edward the Confessor. Those good old laws were founded on the older laws of Canute, of Edgar the Peaceable, and of Alfred. It shows, too, how the nobles by this time had become completely English, that they wanted the laws of Edward the Confessor, who was the last king of the old English royal family.

The archbishop then showed the barons the charter of Henry I., and caused it to be read aloud to them. When the barons heard it they were delighted; they swore that they would stand up for their rights, and, if necessary, would die for them; the archbishop faithfully promising them his help and support. This was the beginning of the great struggle which ended in Magna Charta, the great charter of English liberties.

They resolve they will be free.

The year after the council at St. Paul's, the barons assembled at the shrine of St. Edmund, the English saint, whom the Danes had killed. In his church they swore on the great altar that if the king refused them these liberties and laws they would withdraw from their allegiance, and make war on him.

When Christmas came John was in London, and the nobles came up to him "in gay, military array," and reminding him of what he had promised when he was absolved, demanded that he would now confirm those promises. The king was greatly agitated, but got leave to wait till Easter, probably hoping that he might find some way out of it by that time. But at Easter things looked rather worse for the king than better; the barons had made use of the interval in inducing almost all the nobility of the whole nation to join them; and now they assembled in a very large army, all well equipped. Besides the nobles, there were also on the same side the citizens of London, with their Lord Mayor at their head.

There was hardly any one on the king's side; he could barely muster seven knights. In this emergency he did just what such a man was likely to do — he "concealed his secret hatred under a calm countenance, and deceitfully promised" to do as they wished.

The barons appointed to meet the king in the meadow of

Runnymede, near Windsor. There John signed the Great Charter — the very charter which, torn, shrivelled, and yellow with age, may still be seen in the British Museum.

1215. The Great Charter.

Roger of Wendover tells us that John signed the charter without making any objection, and every one "exulted in the belief that God had compassionately touched the king's heart; had taken away his heart of stone, and given him one of flesh;" and they hoped that "he was happily inclined to all gentleness and peace. But far otherwise was it." The same writer tells us that some of the few people about the king "said gruntingly, and with much laughter and derision, 'that he was no longer a king, but a slave and the scum of the people.'" Upon which he fell into a rage, as his father used to do, gnashed his teeth, scowled with his eyes, and, seizing sticks and limbs of trees, began to gnaw them with his teeth. After which he began to take measures for breaking all his promises.

To understand the case we should know something of the state of things in England. The kings in those times exercised arbitrary powers in an offensive and vexatious way, and were not above taking bribes of all sorts. Thus one man had to pay twenty marks for leave to salt fishes; others had to pay one hundred shillings for leave to buy and sell dyed cloth. If a man wanted the king to do him justice — to pay him a debt, for instance — he would have to offer a present; sometimes it would be a share of the money, but sometimes it would be things we should have supposed a king would be too proud to accept; it might be two or three horses, or hawks; two handsome green dresses, or three Flemish caps; two hundred hens, or three hundred fishes.

The king's power.

The king's authority was as heavy on the great lords as on the common people. For example, if a baron died the king took possession of his estates, and would not let the son and heir succeed his father without paying a large sum of money; and this was not a sum fixed by law, but the king claimed just what he liked. If the son and heir was still a child, then the king kept all the profits to himself till the boy came of age, and gave out only what he thought fit for bringing him up. As to the widow, she often had a great deal of trouble to get her proper dowry; and if the king chose he could make her marry again, whether

Widows and orphans.

she would or no; and marry whom *he* pleased, not whom *she* pleased. Even under a just and clement king, this might have been intolerable; but a wicked king like John was sure to abuse the power. In Magna Charta these rights were expressly given up.

Offenders against the laws were very often punished by fines; that was no doubt preferable to having their hands or feet cut off; but the grievance was that the fines were not fixed, but were at the king's pleasure, and his pleasure was often measured by his need of money. Sometimes people were made to give up all they had. A countryman might have to give up his very carts and farming-stock with which he earned his living. In Magna Charta John had to promise that a man should only be fined according to his offence, and also according to his property, and that he should never have his means of living taken away from him. And he had to leave the amount of a fine to be decided by lawful and tried men, the man's own neighbors and equals (as in a trial by jury). Fines.

The king had also exercised the right of imposing taxes at his own will; but now he had to promise that he would not do that without the consent of his council. The council was much the same as the old Witan, and something like the Parliament, but with a difference, as will be seen. Taxes.

Another great hardship was, that when the king travelled through the kingdom his servants and officers used to seize on people's horses and carts to carry his goods without paying for them; and they would also take corn and other provisions if they wanted them, in the same way. It will be remembered that Henry I.'s servants used to treat the people badly in this respect, until he put a stop to it. John was now obliged to promise that his people should respect the rights of property. (At that time the hire of a cart with two horses was tenpence a day, and one with three horses was fourteen pence.) Purveyance.

Many other evils were abolished and good rules established in Magna Charta. There were some curious additions made to it afterwards about the woods and forests, which show how tyrannical the forest laws must have been before. If a man's pigs wandered into the king's forest for one night it was not to be made a pretext for depriving him of his property. No one was to be Forests.

killed for hunting the king's deer, but might pay a fine, or go to prison for a year and a day. And a man might keep all the honey found in his own woods.

But the most important point in the charter was that no freeman should be imprisoned or punished in any way except by lawful judgment of his peers or equals; not by the arbitrary will of the king or of any person in authority, but by the law of the land. And the king had to promise too "To none will we sell, to none will we delay or deny justice." We may well imagine the misery that would prevail when justice was sold; when the rich man, who could bribe the judge or the king, had his desire, and the poor man was not listened to. The value of the charter was that it established a rule for kings, so that the country was no longer to be at the mercy of chance, — to depend on whether there happened to be a good or a bad man on the throne, — as it must where a monarchy is absolute.

Unjust imprisonment.

All the powers, or almost all, which the king had over his barons, the barons had over their vassals, and they could oppress them even more than the king could oppress themselves, because the under-vassals had less power to resist. Many of the poorer tenants, instead of paying rent, had to do work for their lords; for instance, they might have to take their horses and wagons and reap his corn and carry it home, when their own wanted reaping. He could tax them and fine them as he liked, and he also had courts of justice (or injustice) of his own. It would appear that in framing the charter the lords, with Langton, were not thinking only of themselves, or their class, but cared for the good of all the people in the land, for they promised to do for their own vassals the same as they made the king promise to do for them.

The barons and their vassals.

Every one knew that John was not to be trusted to keep his word, so twenty-five lords were appointed to look after him and compel him if possible; one of these twenty-five was the Lord Mayor of London. After the king had signed the charter he was made to sign an agreement with regard to these lords, which must have been humiliating. The agreement provides that if he violates the articles "those barons, with the whole community of the country, shall annoy and harass us by all the means in their power, such as taking our castles, lands, and posses-

The twenty-five lords.

sions, and any other means, till we give them satisfaction. And, the better to harass us, the four castellans of Northampton, Kenilworth, Nottingham, and Scarborough shall swear to the twenty-five barons that they will do with the said castles whatever they may command or enjoin them to do," etc. We can hardly wonder at John gnawing sticks after having signed this.

The charter was now published all over the kingdom; it was read in the churches, that all might know what the king had promised, and help to "annoy and harass" him if he broke his word. The king, after his outburst of fury, and passing a sleepless night, went off to the Isle of Wight "in great agony of mind, devising plans to be revenged on the barons." His first move was to send to the Pope and induce him to take his part against his people. The next was, wishing, as Roger says, "to seek revenge on his enemies with two swords, the spiritual and temporal," to hire foreign soldiers from abroad to come and fight for him.

John's plans of revenge.

The Pope, who appeared to care only for his own power, took upon him to "annul and quash" the charter, and forbid anybody to pay attention to it. But the English nobles were not disposed to give way to the Pope; they went on "harassing" the king more severely than ever. After this the Pope said the barons were worse than the very Saracens, and excommunicated them. He also punished his own archbishop, Stephen Langton, by suspending him. Then he excommunicated the barons over again, and laid the city of London under an interdict. Even this did not deter the barons. The Pope had stretched his power too far. For when these sentences were made known, "the city of London treated them with contempt, inasmuch as the barons determined not to observe them;" and even the priests would not publish them. Men began to say that the management of civil temporal affairs did not pertain to the Pope, but only the control and management of the church; "they therefore paid no regard at all to the sentence of interdict or excommunication, but held worship throughout the whole city, ringing bells and chanting with loud voices."

The Pope annuls the charter.

Meanwhile John's other plan — of bringing in foreign soldiers — was having results of an unexpected nature. For while the king by their help seemed to get the better of the

barons, and took possession of several strong castles, these hired soldiers were so outrageously wicked that they only strengthened the general hatred against John. "The whole surface of the earth," writes Roger, "was covered with these limbs of the devil, like locusts, who assembled from remote regions to blot out everything from the face of the earth — from man down to his cattle; for, running about with drawn swords and open knives, they ransacked towns, houses, cemeteries, and churches; robbing every one, and sparing neither women nor children. Even the priests, while standing at the very altars with the cross of the Lord in their hands, clad in their sacred robes, were seized, tortured, robbed, and ill-treated; and there was no pontiff, priest, or Levite to pour oil or wine on their wounds."

Foreign soldiers.

It was hard to say what was to be done with a king like this, so faithless and so cruel — such an enemy to his own kingdom. The barons consulted together, and did a thing which seems unworthy of them. They determined to get rid of John altogether, and they determined also to offer the crown of England to the son of the king of France. Naturally the French king and his son were only too pleased. The Dauphin (the French king's eldest son) had married John's niece, which was supposed to give him some sort of claim to the throne, and he now came over to England with a great company of earls, barons, and knights, all eager to get a share of the rich and beautiful island; doubtless they hoped to settle down as the Normans had done a hundred and fifty years before. But this was not to be. The English lords began to repent of their rash act when they found out how the Frenchmen behaved. They soon began plundering and bringing their booty to London; and the Dauphin Louis, passing over the English lords who were on his side, gave lands and castles to his Frenchmen. It was even said that as soon as he had subdued England and been crowned king he would banish the English barons from the country. The barons were therefore in great perplexity, when a most fortunate event occurred, namely, the death of John.

The barons invite the Dauphin.

He was marching along the coast from Norfolk into Lincolnshire, at a place where two small rivers run into the sea. At low water this part of the sea is nearly dry; but after crossing the mouth of one river, the difficulty is, to be in time to cross the other before the tide

1216. Death of John.

rises. In trying to pass this dangerous place a large part of John's baggage and treasure was lost: men, horses, carts, and costly articles, including his crown. It was the custom, when great people travelled far, to take all their goods with them. The loss of all these valuables so preyed upon John's mind that he fell into a fever. Nobody ever knew whether it was from poison or from eating too many peaches and drinking new cider when he was already ill; but for one cause or other he died in that abbey of Croxton to which he gave the land, worth £10.

Perhaps no one ever quitted the world whose death was such a blessing. John left a son about nine years old. Till this time there had never been a king of England who was a child; a king's young sons had been often passed over, and a grown man, perhaps the last king's brother, had been made king. This may have been the reason for the barons' invitation to the French prince; it might not have occurred to them to make the little boy king; and there was no one else left of the royal family. John was the last son of Henry II., and none of the others had left any descendants, except the poor Arthur, who had been killed. Happily John died before it was too late for the barons to withdraw from the Dauphin's cause. Louis had already made the English nobles hate him, and accordingly they thought it better to have a child for the king than the Frenchman.

CHAPTER XXII.

HENRY III. — RELIGION AND EDUCATION.

Gothic architecture and Westminster Abbey. Extortions of the Pope. The Grey Friars and the Black Friars. The universities. Roger Bacon.

HENRY III. was solemnly crowned at Gloucester by the Bishop of Winchester. Stephen Langton had been suspended by the Pope, and was out of the country; it was not till after Pope Innocent died that he was allowed to return; but when he came back, he, as Archbishop of Canterbury, crowned the young king over again, and took a great share in the government.

1216. Henry III.

At the coronation Henry swore, as the kings usually did, that he would honor the Church, show strict justice to the people, abolish bad laws, and make good ones. He had as yet no power to keep or break these promises, being but nine years old, but he had a good guardian, William Marischal, Earl of Pembroke. Of course the first thing to be done was to drive away the French, which was done without much trouble. Almost all the barons forsook the Dauphin, who had treated them with such contempt, and returned to their allegiance to the young king. There were two fights, one on land and one at sea; the English conquered in both, and Louis was obliged to ask for peace. The English, "who," says Roger, "desired beyond measure to be rid of him," soon made terms with him, and he on his part seems to have been thankful to get away. "Each and all gave one another the kiss of peace, many of them deceitfully. . . . Louis was conducted with all speed to the sea-coast, and thence, in lasting ignominy, escaped to France." These are the lines in which Shakespeare refers to this passage in history: —

The Dauphin sent away.

> "This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself;

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Henry III. had a long reign of fifty-six years. It was not a very peaceable one, though he grew up to be a harmless, well-meaning man, very different from his father. But he was not at all suited for those disturbed times, and by his dulness as well as his weak amiability he got into great disputes with his people. The mere signing of Magna Charta by John was not enough to settle the liberty of England; it took many more years of struggle before those good resolutions could be established. The bribery, tyranny, and injustice of all sorts which had prevailed before Magna Charta seem now outrageous and even absurd; but the English had to battle for many long years to get them trodden down and abolished.

Henry III. had a great reverence for Edward the Confessor, and rather reminds us of him in several ways. Like him he was religious, gentle, and refined; he liked music and poetry; his private life was very good, but he was not wise or strong. And, like Edward, he loved foreigners, bringing them over in numbers, and making them bishops and lords in England. The English of his day liked this no better than Earl Godwine and the English of those days had done.

Henry's character.

Moreover, he offended the people in one way which Edward the Confessor never did — by his taxes and greed for money. Edward, as we remember, had seen a little devil dancing on his money-bags, and had abolished the oppressive taxes. Henry had not the eyes to see the same, and he went on extorting his subjects' money, until there was rebellion.

He was much under the guidance of Archbishop Stephen, and very likely his great reverence for Edward the Confessor was partly learned from him, for we know how he and the barons had wished for his laws back again. Probably they often talked to the young king about him, and when Henry grew to be a man he named his sons by the old English names of Edward and Edmund, names which had gone out of fashion after the Norman Conquest.

Another way he had of honoring Edward the Confessor was by pulling down Westminster Abbey.

As Henry reverenced the memory of Edward the Confessor, it might seem strange that he should demolish the old Westminster Abbey. The old structure was doubtless full of beauty and interest, but the architects knew they would erect a nobler one, and make a still worthier abode for the shrine of the first founder. Just at this time a new style of architecture had come into existence, the Gothic, perhaps the most beautiful of any invented by man. The Saxon or Norman architecture, imitated from the Roman, with its massive pillars and round arches, was grand and solemn and beautiful; but the Gothic, which had taller and more slender pillars and pointed arches, was also grand and solemn and still more beautiful.* The Westminster Abbey which Henry III. built is the same we see and love so much now, the "loveliest thing in Christendom." When we look at it, when we walk along its stately aisles and look up to its lofty and shadowy roof, we feel that there were other thoughts in the hearts of the people of the middle ages besides the fighting and disputing which history books are full of — thoughts which they did not know how to put into words, but which breathe and live for us still in the unperishing stone.

Westminster Abbey.

Soon after the first stone of the Lady Chapel of Westminster Abbey was laid, the young king, who was about thirteen years old, was taken to Canterbury, to a grand service in honor of Thomas à Becket. About fifty years before, a great fire had destroyed the finest part of Canterbury Cathedral. It would be considered a great misfortune now, but it would not make such an impression as it did then. It gives us a glimpse of the extraordinary religious feeling that prevailed, to see how they behaved on the occasion. "They tore their hair; they beat the walls and pavement of the church with their shoulders and the palms of their hands; they uttered tremendous curses against God and his saints; . . . they wished they had rather died than have seen such a day." However, they soon set to work to repair the damage, and make it more splendid than before, filling the windows with painted glass, including pictures of the miracles wrought at the tomb of St. Thomas. A splendid shrine was made to contain his

1220. Canterbury Cathedral.

* There is an able and brilliant essay upon Gothic architecture in Victor Hugo's "*Notre Dame.*" — ED.

bones, and when all was complete the young king and a magnificent procession, with the lords, archbishops, bishops, and a great many Frenchmen and other foreigners, assembled to carry the new shrine to its resting-place.

With all this religious and artistic work, the archbishop did not forget the liberty of the people and the Great Charter. When Henry was about fifteen the archbishop and the other nobles demanded of him to confirm it. One of the king's counsellors objected, saying that the charter had been extorted by force, and the king ought not to be bound by it. But the archbishop was very indignant at this, and said angrily to the counsellor, "William, if you loved the king you would not disturb the peace of the kingdom." When the young king saw the archbishop so angry he immediately promised to observe the charter, though he tried to escape from keeping this promise afterwards.

After the archbishop's death there was a great dispute as to who should succeed him, and it was referred to the Pope to decide. The Pope now determined to take the king's side, the reason of which was that was he in great want of money, and the king's party promised him an immense reward if he would favor them. He sent letters of fulsome compliment to the Church of Canterbury. He said it was "the most noble limb of the apostolic see;" it was "the paradise of pleasure and the garden of sweets;" it had in it "the tree of the knowledge of good and evil" (by which he is said to have meant the archbishopric), and "the tree of life" (meaning the monks), and "from it flowed a miracle-working river" (the blood of Thomas à Becket). After all this, he said he meant to place in that paradise the man whom the king recommended as archbishop.

1228. Death of Stephen Langton.

The Pope interferes again.

For this the Pope was promised a tenth part of all the movable property in England and Ireland. But this was rather easier to promise than to perform. For when the Pope's messengers came to England to get the money, "the earls, barons, and all the laity declared plainly that they would not give it." The bishops and clergy, "after two or three days' deliberation, and no slight grumbling," were obliged to consent, lest they should be excommunicated. The Pope's chaplain exacted what he could get in such a harsh and unjust way that it increased the discontent; he even made the clergy pay the tenth part of

1229. Papal extortions.

the value of the corn which was still growing green in the fields. The bishops had to sell or pawn the sacred sacramental cups and other valuables out of the churches, and Roger says that only "one circumstance gave some slight consolation and comfort," which was, that other countries were in the same plight as themselves, and were being taxed and tormented in the same way by the head of the Christian Church.

Throughout this long reign the subject is met with over and over again, — the extortions of the Pope. One day at Rome the Pope saw some English clergymen very handsomely dressed, having their vestments trimmed with fine gold fringe. He asked where this splendid fringe was made; and, being told, he exclaimed, "Of a truth, England is a garden of delights; truly it is an inexhaustible well in which many things abound; from which many things may be extorted." So he immediately sent out sacred letters to the abbots in England forthwith to send him some of this golden fringe to ornament his own vestments, but sent no money to pay for it. The English abbots had to do that part of the business, "but it struck many with detestation of the evident avarice of the Roman Church," says Matthew Paris, another monk of St. Alban's, who tells us this story. All the men who wrote histories at this time were monks, but when we read what they say about the avarice and extortion of the Pope and his servants and legates, we might suppose their narratives had been written by Protestants.

Up to this time there were few differences in belief in England, yet there is little doubt that these extortions paved the way for the Reformation by alienating the hearts of the people, and doing away their respect for the Pope. The Pope also sent Italian clergymen to take possession of the best livings in England. People began to rise up against this. Letters were sent all over the country to the bishops and clergy, urging them to resist. They were anonymous, but the writers said of themselves that "they would rather die than be put to shame by the Romans." The public discontent was shown by violence, and armed men began to go about. One of the rich Roman clergymen, who had been made canon of St. Paul's, was seized and hidden away, none knew by whom. After about five weeks he made his appearance again, safe and sound, though, as was said, with his purse emptied. An-

Indignation in England.

other, whose barns and granaries were well stored, was likewise visited by some armed men, who emptied the barns for him, "sold the corn on good terms for the benefit of the whole district, and charitably gave a portion of it to the poor."

At one time the king, the nobles, the bishops, and others joined in sending a protest against the Pope's extortions and injustice; but Henry was too weak to keep firm, and was soon frightened into taking part with the Pope again. But though Stephen Langton was dead, many of the English bishops and archbishops followed in his footsteps, and struggled nobly for English freedom both in Church and State. Matthew Paris relates of an archbishop of York whom the Pope excommunicated: "The archbishop endured all the tyranny of the Pope with patience, and did not despair of receiving consolation from heaven. Neither would he bestow the rich revenues of the Church on unknown and unworthy persons from beyond the Alps" (meaning the Italian clergy), "nor submit, like a woman, to be bent to the will of the Pope. . . . On which account, the more he was cursed by orders of the Pope, the more he was blessed by the people."

Men naturally lost their respect for a Church the head of which showed himself so unworthy of respect, and began to lose their respect for religion also. The mass of the people at this time were very irreligious. Probably the Pope's interdict had had this result. To shut the churches, and to silence both prayer and sermon, could not have been improving to the people. This was not only in England. The whole history of Europe at this period is full of similar instances. Consequently religion was everywhere at a low ebb. Irreligion.

But there arose two great saints in this dark time to arouse the world from its sins and its sleep. One of these was an Italian, the other a Spaniard; and though they did not go to England themselves, a great many of their followers did, and gained a wonderful influence over the people. The Italian saint was called Francis, and though we may, perhaps, think him mistaken or credulous, he was beyond doubt a true and noble saint. He was all made up of purity, self-denial, humility, and love. He saw the pride and luxury and avarice of the clergy, and he called on his followers to renounce these vices. Though the son of a rich St. Francis.

man, he gave up all he had, and took poverty for his bride. His heart overflowed with love to Christ, to Christ's brothers on earth, the poor and the sick and the afflicted, and even to the birds and beasts. Here are sentences from a little sermon which he preached to the birds. "My little sisters," he said, as they sang and twittered around him, "you have talked long enough; it is my turn now; listen to the word of your Creator and be silent." "My little brothers, you should love and praise the Author of your being, who has clothed you with feathers, and given you wings wherewith to fly where you will. You were the first created of all animals. He preserved your race in the ark. He has given the pure atmosphere for your dwelling-place. You sow not, neither do you reap. Without any care of your own, He gives you lofty trees to build your nests in, and watches over your young. Therefore give praise to your bountiful Creator."

All the wild animals loved him, and it is no wonder that those who were gentlest and noblest among men attached themselves to him also.

The Spanish saint was named Dominic. Many beautiful pictures are still to be seen of him; and he too was passionately followed by many holy men; but he thought more of the form of doctrine, and in the end his followers wrought much evil in the world. But now these two great men, one of whom has been called the Apostle of Faith, and the other the Apostle of Works, stood out against the pride, the love of money, the cruelties, and the sins of the Church and the world. They both longed earnestly to save souls. For this they both renounced all worldly advantages, and devoted themselves with all their powers, and crowds of followers gathered round them. For in their hearts men love self-sacrifice and devotion more than sloth and ease; they have the divine spark within them, however deeply buried, which is ready to kindle up when the sacred flame is visible in the life of another. So there were found many who were ready to follow the call, and to take up the cross.

St. Dominic.

They were called brothers; in French, "frères;" in the French-English, "friars." Numbers of them came to England. The Dominicans or preaching friars wore black robes, and were called Black Brothers, or Black Friars; they had a monastery near Blackfriars' Bridge, which still bears their name. The Franciscans wore grey

The friars.

dresses, and were called Grey Friars. These friars went about among the ignorant, neglected people, preaching earnest sermons; and the people crowded to listen. It was a great religious "revival," and more stirring because in such contrast to the ignorance all around, than those we sometimes see now. Poor, barefooted, and humble, the friars lived and worked among the sick and needy, and their lives were a sermon. In those days, when people were ignorant of sanitary laws, in regard to drainage, cleanliness, and ventilation, there were many terrible diseases of which we know nothing now except by hearsay; leprosy, for instance, was common. The brothers of St. Francis devoted themselves to tending and comforting these wretched sufferers. Thus religion began to be felt again as a reality among men.

But the great fault of the Dominicans soon began to show itself. Not content with preaching what they thought was the truth, they by and by joined with the Pope and the bishops in persecuting those who did not believe as they did. It never occurred to them that they might, perhaps, be mistaken themselves; nor that, as long as people lived innocent lives, no one had the right to ill-treat them for their opinions. The Dominicans made a pun on their name, which, in Latin, if divided, means Dogs of the Lord — Domini-canes; and they thought it a great part of the business of good dogs to harass and kill the wolves, or heretics, even though these "wolves" were often very harmless and very good people. A cruel persecution was carried on at this time in the south of France against some heretics who were really much better Christians than their persecutors. But as yet there were no wolves or heretics in England. A very few poor Germans had come into the country in the time of Henry II., who seem to have been almost what we should call Protestants now; but they had been most cruelly treated, and had made no converts.

Another great step was now made, which was in due time to help the coming reformation; and that was the advance of learning and education, and especially the growth of the universities. Strange to say, there is no certain knowledge of the beginning of either that of Oxford or Cambridge. It has often been said that King Alfred founded the University of Oxford. But this is not believed by modern scholars, and many other things are placed to his credit with which he really had nothing to do.

Advance of education.

But at this time Oxford began to be famous, and crowded with scholars and teachers. Instead of studying theology solely, scholars turned their attention to other things; they began to read the thoughts of great and wise men of old — men who had lived long before Christ; men of other religions, and other habits of thought. They also began to study more accurately mathematics and natural science, as astronomy and optics. That is to say, they began to learn something of the way the world is made, and the natural laws which govern it. When we say natural laws, we can mean only God's laws — the laws which He made for the powers of nature, and which He does not change.

The laws of nature.

With the study of science the decline of superstition began. The story is told that the hand of St. Thomas (which he put in our Lord's side) was kept in a vessel in a certain city, and by it the people of that city made their judgments. "For when there is any dissension between two parties, both parties write their cause in two bills and put them in the hand of St. Thomas; and, anon, he casts away the bill of the wrong cause, and holds still the bill with the right cause." Another tells of a little society of wild ducks which were under the protection of a particular saint; and if any injury befell the Church or the clergy they withdrew from the pond which they generally inhabited, and would not return till condign punishment had overtaken the offenders. Meanwhile, during their absence, the waters of the pond, which were before very limpid and clear, became putrid.

We know how frightened everybody was when there was an eclipse of the sun or moon, or if a comet appeared. They thought it a sure sign that something fearful was going to happen.

But now we have learned something about the laws of the universe, and we know that no divine power is interfering with those laws. How grandly David writes of this: —

"Praise Him, sun and moon:
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
Praise Him, all ye heavens,
And ye waters that are above the heavens.
Let them praise the name of the Lord:
For He spake the word, and they were made;
He commanded, and they were created.
He hath made them fast for ever and ever:
He hath given them a law which shall not be broken."

Astronomers have now learned enough of this *law which shall not be broken* that they can foretell an eclipse and predict the appearance of a comet, and assure us that these phenomena are entirely unconnected with human affairs. Thus we may hope that studying the laws of nature is really studying the laws and thought of God; and it raises us above those foolish ideas which make God and the saints seem to be changeable and uncertain, sometimes even childish and revengeful.

It was about this time that an eminent Englishman named Roger Bacon began to study what we now term natural philosophy. He took an interest in everything, from the sun and the stars down to the common dust. His life and his discoveries are much obscured by fables, owing to the general ignorance of the time. He was supposed by the vulgar to be a magician with supernatural powers. It has been supposed that he first invented telescopes, which give such wonderful revelations of the distant heaven above us. He is also said to have invented gunpowder, although neither of those claims can be established beyond doubt; but his writings show that he knew the principles upon which telescopes were constructed (as by Galileo, two hundred years later), and that he was acquainted with the composition of gunpowder, learned, perhaps, from the Chinese.

Roger Bacon.

In most departments of thought he was the foremost man of his age, and, as a consequence, he spent many years in prison.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PARLIAMENT.

The foreigners. The king's extravagance. Demands for money. The barons resist. Simon de Montfort. The parliament. Character of Prince Edward. The last Crusade.

As the young king grew up, he soon began to affront his nobles and all his subjects by his extravagance and love of foreigners. His mother had come from Angoulême, and he himself, after a time, married a princess from Provence, and crowds of their relations and dependents came to England. Henry, who was too amiable to say "No," received them all kindly, enriched them, and honored them. He brought in other Frenchmen himself, who were "poor and covetous after wealth." "These men," says Roger of Wendover, "used their utmost endeavors to oppress the natural English subjects and nobles, calling them traitors, and accusing them of treachery to the king; and he, simple man that he was, believed their lies, and gave them the charge of all the counties and baronies, as also of all the youth of the nobility, both male and female, who were foully degraded by ignoble marriages." One of these foreigners, who did much mischief, was made Bishop of Winchester, and "nothing was done in England but what the Bishop of Winchester and this host of foreigners determined on," Roger complains.

The foreigners.

The king's foolish extravagance kept him always in want of money. His sister Isabella was married to the Emperor of Germany, and her wedding ornaments and trousseau were so splendid that they "appeared to surpass kingly wealth." "She shone forth with such a profusion of rings and gold necklaces, and other splendid jewels, with silk and thread garments, and other like ornaments which usually attract the gaze and excite the desires of women, that they appeared invaluable." He also tells of her beautiful bed, and the fine sheets and pillows she had,

1235.

and of her cups and dishes of the purest gold and silver, "and what seemed superfluous to every one, all the cooking-pots, large and small, were of pure silver." She was provided, too, with many fine horses, having their saddles and bridles elaborately gilt and embroidered. Extravagance.

The Chronicle of Roger of Wendover ends here very patriotically, for he takes a pride in tracing up the pedigree of Isabella, through Henry I.'s wife, Matilda, to "the renowned King Alfred (leaving out all mention of the Conqueror William), and through Alfred back to Adam, adding that, being "descended from such ancestors, she was in every respect worthy of a marriage with the emperor."

The splendid outfit which Henry gave his sister, including the silver saucepans, must certainly have cost a great deal of money; as did his own marriage festival, which was very magnificent. He got as much money as he could out of the people by all sorts of means; but though he made them very angry, he could not get enough. He was in debt; he was obliged to summon the nobles together to see what he could obtain from them.

The Chronicle was continued by another and cleverer monk of St. Albans, who went on writing the history of the times he lived in after Roger left off, and who is generally called Matthew Paris.

He tells us that on the summons of the king the nobles assembled "in a countless multitude," being told that they were wanted "to arrange the royal business, and matters concerning the whole kingdom." But when they met together they found out that the "royal business" was to ask for a thirtieth part of their whole property. The king's clerk spoke for him very pitifully and meekly. He made a few excuses, and then said, "The king is now destitute of money, without which any king is indeed desolate; he therefore humbly demands assistance of you in money." 1237. The nobles are summoned.

It is not wonderful that the nobles, "not expecting anything of this sort, murmured greatly," and at last replied with indignation. They said they were oppressed on all sides; constantly paying such large sums of money; and "they declared that it would be unworthy of them, and injurious to them, to allow a king so easily led away, who had never repelled nor even frightened one of Discontent.

the enemies of the kingdom, even the least of them, to extort so much money so often, and by so many arguments, from his natural subjects, as if they were slaves of the lowest condition." They also said that they ought to help in choosing the king's counsellors and ministers.

The king excused himself by saying he had spent so much money on his own marriage and his sister's marriage. To which they openly replied that he had done all this without the advice of his subjects, and they ought not to share the punishment as they were innocent of the crime.

This is a very important point to notice, because it involves another of the great principles which the English kings and the nation contended about at intervals for centuries; namely, that the people who pay the money ought to have a voice in the spending of it; that the government is not to impose taxes without stating what the money is wanted for, and hearing whether the country — the people who are to pay — approve it or not. That is firmly settled now. The government cannot lay a tax without saying what it is wanted for; and the House of Parliament, which represents the country, has the right to deny it. This was, however, quite a new idea in the time of Henry III. Before that, the king and his ministers levied the taxes as they thought fit. A weak and extravagant king might lay on unjust and heavy taxes for foolish purposes. So there is no doubt the barons were right in demurring to the demand.

Taxation.

In the end the king submitted to the advice of his subjects, proclaimed Magna Charta over again, and made other good promises, which pleased everybody so much that they gave him the money he asked for. But in about five years afterwards he wanted money again; he had broken all his promises, and no one knew what had become of the money. This time the nobles were still more angry, and bound themselves by a solemn oath to give the king no more.

But a great good was gradually working out of the evil. The more money the king demanded, the more rules the barons made to limit his power. Parliament began to meet more frequently. This word "Parliament" was quite new in English history at the time we are speaking of. It is from the French, and means "talking" or making speeches. It is not so good a word as the old-fashioned "Witan" or "Witenagemot," the assembly of wise

Parliament.

men, but in time the body grew more and more like the old assemblies of the Anglo Saxons. One great change in this direction was made at this time. The Council, or Witan, had consisted of great lords, bishops, abbots, and the like. They helped the king to make the laws and appoint the taxes. But the smaller country gentlemen, knights and yeomen, had to help in paying taxes, and it was asked why they were not to have a voice in the spending.*

There were difficulties in the way. England being now one country, under one king, instead of consisting of numbers of little tribes, there was no place where such a multitude could assemble. Nor would they desire to make a long journey to London, or wherever the Parliament might be held. It was therefore provided that these country gentlemen and knights, of whom there were a great many in every county, might choose two or three of their number to go to Parliament, and bid them speak for them. Those who were thus chosen to represent the others were called "knights of the shire." And so they are still, and this is the beginning of what is called "representative government."

Representative government.

These knights of the shire or county had already been called up sometimes to the meetings of the council before now; but there were also other people who had to help pay the taxes, and very rich people too, who had never yet been allowed to say a word, either as to the laying them on, or the spending of them. They were not nobles or knights, nor were they owners of land. They were the rich merchants and tradesmen in the towns. The Lord Mayor of London, indeed, was already considered a very important person, and, as we saw, was one of the twenty-five who had been appointed to harass the king. But now, towards the end of Henry III.'s reign, the inhabitants of the large towns were called on to elect men to speak their mind in Parliament, and to look after their interests. This also goes on to the present day. There is the same kind of Parliament now that was summoned in this reign. The king or queen presides; there are the lords of England, the bishops and archbishops; there are the county members, the "knights of the shire;" and there are the borough members, elected by the towns.

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* In old times (see p. 42) every freeman had been entitled to a place in the great assembly of his tribe.

The principal alterations which have been made since that time have been only in giving to more and more of the people the right of voting for members.*

We cannot suppose that great changes like these were brought about without a struggle. The king and the barons at last came to open war. Very singularly, the man who headed the barons, and fought for English freedom, was by birth a Frenchman, but he had large estates in England, and had married the king's sister. He was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester.

1263. Civil war.

Simon de Montfort.

The king, who was now growing old, had a brave helper in his eldest son Edward. Edward naturally took his father's part, and fought in his cause, but he had good sense enough to see how much wisdom there was on the other side, and when he became king he did not follow his father's example, but rather trod in the steps of his uncle, Simon de Montfort.

Two great battles took place between the king and the earl. The first was at Lewes, and in it Simon was victorious, and the king and his son were made prisoners. It was while the king was his prisoner that Earl Simon was able to settle the principle of the representation of the towns in Parliament. Very soon after his famous Parliament was held, Prince Edward contrived to escape. He soon put himself at the head of an army, and fought with Simon at Evesham. This battle was won by Edward; the old King Henry was rescued, and Simon was slain.

1265. His parliament.

"Thus ended the labors of that noble man, Earl Simon," writes an old historian, "who gave up not only his property, but also his person, to defend the poor from oppression, and for the maintenance of justice and the rights of the kingdom." He adds that the earl was distinguished both for learning and for piety, and that he put great confidence in the prayers of religious men. He was so loved and honored by the people that after his death he was said to be a saint, and it was reported that many miracles were wrought at his tomb. His great work was never undone, though he died in the hour of defeat.

It seems an unfortunate mistake that this Edward is always

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*And the struggle for the extension of the franchise (towards democracy) is still going on in 1885. — Ed.

called Edward I., since there had been already three English kings named Edward, though he was the first who had borne the name since the Norman Conquest. The first Edward was the son of Alfred, and a very glorious king, who ought not to be forgotten. The third was Edward the Confessor, whom both English and French regarded with great deference, and after whom this Edward was named.

1272. Edward I.

His reign was a very prosperous and happy one for England. He was a true Englishman; he loved his people, and his people loved him. He was not by any means a perfect character; but a man need not (happily) be quite perfect to be loved and honored, and act a noble part in life. He had already won the admiration and confidence of the nation before his father's death, though he had done some fierce and cruel things. He was tall and handsome. In his youth he was fair, and had yellow hair, but as he grew older we are told that "he was swarthy, and the hair of his head black and curled;" in his old age it was snow-white. He was brave, clever, and affectionate. Edward was a most loving son to his weak but kindly father. It was he who brought from abroad the rare and costly marbles which decorate his father's beautiful tomb in Westminster Abbey. In the battle of Lewes, where he and the king had been made prisoners, he had shown himself very fierce and revengeful, especially against the men of London. But he could be forgiven for that, because a little while before they had insulted and endangered his mother. He was also a most affectionate husband.

His character.

Edward had another great virtue — he loved truth and honesty. The insincerity of kings has been proverbial. The Pope thought he had a right to release people from keeping their promises, and even their solemn oaths. During the later part of Henry III.'s reign when Simon de Montfort and the barons had made him and Edward swear to redress the grievances of the nation, and to govern according to law, the Pope sent over word to absolve them from keeping the oath. King Henry profited by the absolution; but Edward would not follow his example. He had chosen for his motto two very plain English words: "Keep troth."

Edward was not perfect, and as his life went on he did not always "keep troth;" but at the bottom of his heart he

was sincere. He fell into faults sometimes, but he recovered himself, and would frankly own when he had been wrong.

Edward was a true image of chivalry. He wanted to be a perfect "knight;" and he had both the good and the bad parts of that character. At one time, before he was king, whilst he was engaged with a troop of men in restoring order, he heard of a famous robber in a wood near. This man, Adam de Gordon, was reputed to be strong and brave; and Edward, who was also strong and brave, longed to try which could fight best in single combat. Instead of allowing the two little armies to join in battle, he forbade them to interfere, so that he and the robber chief might fight it out between them. After a long conflict Edward got the better, but he was so delighted with the skill and valor of the man that he advised him to surrender himself, promising him his life and a good fortune. This robber was, in fact, a gentleman by birth, who in the wars had lost all his property, and had taken to a wild life; but he now threw away his arms and surrendered to the prince. Edward kept his word, restored his inheritance, and became his faithful friend.

At another time Edward went to a great tournament in France. He had a thousand followers; but the Frenchman who had challenged him came with nearly two thousand. The English began to see that the Frenchmen had deceived them; it was not to be a gentle passage at arms, but a real fight; and they were but one to two. But they behaved like men, and defended themselves gallantly. Edward was attacked in a furious way by the French count; but he sat like a rock, and at the right moment fell in his turn on the count, till he made him cry for mercy. This story shows the dark side of chivalry as well as its heroic one. In the affray we hear that the knights who fell were saved alive, but the poor followers, the men who fought on foot, were killed, "because they were but *rascals*, and no great account was made of them."

As for Edward's ability, we will only quote what Baker says of him. "He had in him the two wisdoms — not often found in any singly; both together, seldom or never — an ability of judgment in himself, and a readiness to hear the judgment of others."

He was married some years before his father's death. His wife was a Spanish princess, named Eleanor. "The

king gave orders," says Matthew Paris, "that she should be received with the greatest honor and reverence at London, as well as at other places; but especially at London, where her arrival was to be celebrated by processions, illuminations, ringing of bells, songs, and other special demonstrations of joy and festivity. On her approaching that city, therefore, the citizens went to meet her, dressed in holy-day clothes, and mounted on richly-caparisoned horses; and when the noble daughter-in-law of the king arrived at the place of abode assigned her, she found it hung with palls of silk and tapestry like a temple, and even the floor was covered with arras." This seems to have been the first time Englishmen had ever seen a carpet on the floor; they were still content with hay and rushes, as Becket had been; for Matthew Paris adds, "This was done by the Spaniards, according to the custom of their country; but this excessive pride excited the laughter and derision of the people."

1254. His marriage.

Eleanor proved a most sweet and loving wife, and Edward was devotedly attached to her. When, at last, after many years of happy life, she died at some distance from London, either in Lincolnshire or Nottinghamshire, the king brought her body to Westminster to be buried. That was a long journey in those days, when the roads were bad, and they had to rest several nights on the way. At each place where they halted for the night King Edward afterwards caused a monument to be set up. The Gothic architecture was in its prime, and these monuments were very beautiful. One of them still stands by the side of a road near Northampton; it is richly ornamented with sculptured niches and statues of Queen Eleanor. The last place they stopped at was a little village between London and Westminster, and there too a beautiful monument was set up. It was said that it was called "the dear queen's cross." In those days the kings and queens still talked French more than English, so this name was in French "Chère Reine;" and we may still see a model of Edward's monument at Charing Cross, with the "dear queen's" images on it. But though this would be a very pretty derivation for the name, it appears that little village had been called Charing long before.

After Simon de Montfort's death, and when all was quiet in England, Prince Edward went on a Crusade to the Holy Land, accompanied by his wife. This was

1271.

the ninth and last Crusade. Like all the others, there was much bravery and self-devotion, as well as much suffering. But the Christian powers could not win back Jerusalem. By degrees the kings of Europe began to realize that they had better stay at home and govern their own kingdoms, than wander away, spending their own lives and their people's lives on what seemed at last only a beautiful dream.

Though the Crusades engendered so much pride, jealousy, and cruelty, and though so many noble lives were wasted, they were not wholly evil in their results. They led people to travel, and to see other countries and other races of men; and this must have made some of them larger-hearted, as King Richard had learned to see the nobleness of the Mohammedan Saladin.

Edward was still abroad when his father died, and he by no means hastened his return, for it was not till August, 1274, that he made his appearance in England.

The coronation feast was characteristic of a nation of good feeders. Orders were sent to provide 380 oxen, 430 sheep, 450 pigs, 18 wild boars, and more than 19,000 fowls and capons. He and his queen were welcomed with the greatest joy and honor: "the streets were hung with rich cloths of silk and arras and tapestry; the aldermen of the city threw out of their windows handfuls of gold and silver, to signify the great gladness they had conceived of his safe return; the conduits ran plentifully with white wine and red, that each creature might drink his fill." Besides the aldermen's gold and silver, 500 great horses, on some of which Edward and his followers had ridden to the banquet, were let loose among the crowd, any one being at liberty to take one for his own, as he could.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD I. — ENGLAND AND WALES.

Edward's government. Dispute about taxation. Humphrey Bohun. The old over-lordship of England in Wales and Scotland. The Welsh people. Conquest of Wales.

EDWARD set his mind to govern his people well, and for their good and happiness. Though he had fought against Simon de Montfort, yet he now clearly saw that his plans had been for the real advantage of the country, and he carried them out himself. He summoned Parliaments such as Simon had summoned, consisting of the lords and bishops, the county members, and the town members. 1272.

At present it is an honor to be a member of Parliament, and men of the highest social rank do not hesitate to solicit votes from the electors, but in those days it was considered a great burden. It was very difficult to get the members to attend; the towns did not like the expense of sending representatives (who were paid in those days), and it was quite difficult to assemble them together. People did not know the good that was to come of it. It is often only one wise man who first sees what is the right thing to do, as the world slowly changes; he is generally thought to be a fool or mad. Perhaps he loses his life, like De Montfort, or is censured and imprisoned for years, as Roger Bacon was. But by and by his ideas tell; a few people begin to understand them; then more and more; at last his wise thought is believed by everybody — it becomes a sort of common-place; and in the end the truth prevails. Edward's parliaments.

Another class, the clergy, who might have sat in Parliament refused. There were bishops in the upper house, and there might have been clergymen in the lower, but they would not enter, and now the right exists no longer. A clergyman can vote, but he is not eligible to sit as a member of the lower house. This is probably a wise rule. For

highly as the clergy are to be respected in their own sphere, in teaching and studying, in caring for the poor and in visiting the sick, it has been found in all countries that they are not good at governing. We have seen enough of the Pope's government; and when Protestant and Puritan clergy got into power (as they did once in Scotland) it was not well, either for themselves or the country.

But though Edward fully approved of the new Parliament, allowing all the principal classes of people to be represented, there was one thing which he was loth to consent to, which was, that no taxes should be laid on without the consent of the people. He had a masterful temper, and he wished to impose taxes as he thought fit. He was not a selfish, extravagant, and foolish king, like his father, and very likely would have laid fair taxes, and for right purposes. But the barons knew better than to give up the right they had fought for and won. Edward was a good king, but who was to say what his son might be? It came to a struggle. There were two principal nobles who withstood the king, and when he obstinately held out they refused to obey him. He was going to Flanders on a war, and he ordered his nobles to follow him. They refused.

The taxes.

Then the king said to one of them, Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, "Sir Earl, you shall either go or hang." But Humphrey stoutly answered, "Sir King, I will neither go nor hang." The end of the struggle was that the king owned that he was wrong, and gave in; the principle was firmly established. But a king, some centuries after this, threw the whole country into rebellion and lost his own life, by trying to levy taxes without the consent of the people.

1297.

Meanwhile, Edward made many salutary laws, and the land was peaceful and thriving. But we must now turn to Edward's wars. His foreign wars may be passed over, but his principal wars were in Great Britain itself, and concerned other people then dwelling in the island, who are now subjects of the English queen. He made up his mind to relinquish his claim upon France. His father had longed to get back his French possessions, but Edward now saw that was hopeless, and he turned his whole attention to Great Britain.

Wars.

This history has now covered a period of more than thirteen hundred years. Through all these centuries there has

been one great difference between the country's condition then and its condition now. *Now* the British Isles are thoroughly one, governed by one queen and one Parliament. It is properly called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Great Britain, of course, includes England, Wales, and Scotland. The course of history, so far, has been tending to this result. When the English first came over from Germany, even England itself was not one. There were many different kingdoms and kings. Little by little these kingdoms were united. Then there was one principal king, and the other kings were under him; afterward the other kings dropped off, and the principal became the only one among the English.

The British Isles.

But besides the English, there were many other peoples in the British Isles. There were three groups of Welsh people, in Wales, Strathclyde, and Cornwall, speaking another language and having many kings of their own. There were the Scotch, who were also divided into different classes of people, with their own kings and chiefs. And there were the Irish. As the centuries went on, some of these began to be united to England too. Some of the Welsh kingdoms, as Cornwall, and a good part of Strathclyde, were swallowed up, and became part of England. The greatest of the English kings became a sort of head or over-lord to most of the others. Alfred's son, the first Edward, had been, as they then said, "the father and lord" of all the Scotch and all the Welsh, besides being king of England. The Scotch and the Welsh princes did homage to the English kings again and again, as when Edgar the Peaceable was rowed on the River Dee by eight tributary kings, and again when Macbeth and the other Scotchmen did homage to Canute. Afterwards Henry II. conquered Ireland, so that the movement seemed to be towards the united kingdom which we have now.

But all this time the union had been very loose. The people of the smaller kingdoms could not believe that it would be for their good to be united in one strong body; each kingdom wanted still to be independent, and say, "Who is lord over us?" Sometimes, and indeed very often, the Welsh and the Scotch tried to rebel; then trouble would follow, as in Edward the Confessor's reign, when Harold had to go twice to fight the Welsh to compel them to submit.

Edward I. had given up the idea of regaining his grandfather's lost possessions in France, and desired to become a sort of emperor in Britain, and that all the other princes should do homage to him. He saw plainly how good it would be for the whole island of Great Britain to be united. England was the largest, strongest, and richest part, therefore his plan was for England to be the seat of power; but he meant Wales and Scotland to be well governed by just and good laws.

Wales and the Welsh.

The Welsh, it will be remembered, were the descendants of the ancient Britons, whom our forefathers, the English, had driven away into the western parts of the island. The archdeacon, Giraldus Cambrensis, who travelled in Ireland in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., wrote a very interesting account of Wales. He was indeed, as his name tells us, half a Welshman himself, but highly educated and living at court. His description of Wales he dedicated to Stephen Langton, and though it was written a little before the time of Edward I. it is not likely that things had changed much.

Religion.

The ancient Britons had learned Christianity before the English came, and had never forgotten their religion. The Welsh were still considered a very religious people after the fashion of that time. The archdeacon tells us "they show a greater respect than other nations to churches and ecclesiastical persons, to the relics of saints, bells, holy books, and the cross, which they devoutly revere." They had an odd way of showing honor to the Trinity, which was that "they sit down by three to a dish." It was not usual for people to have plates to themselves, but two, three, or four people would share in one dish. "They give the first piece broken off from every loaf of bread to the poor." But they did not use a great deal of bread. They do not seem to have made much progress in civilization, and, like most half-civilized people, they lived more on milk, cheese, butter, and meat than on bread, because they knew and cared very little about agriculture, nor was their country well suited to it.

Arts.

They knew nothing of trade or manufactures. For ships they had little wicker boats covered with skins, just as the old Britons had. Such boats are still used on the Welsh rivers for fishing. They lived in little houses, made of boughs of trees twisted together, which

would last about a year. They had neither gardens nor orchards, but would gladly eat the fruit of both when given to them.

Besides religion, the one thing they cared most for was fighting, and they seem in their way to have been very good warriors. They were light, active, and bold; they carried light arms too; for as Wales is full of mountains, and at that time was also full of bogs, heavy-armed men and horses could not have got on at all. If they ever happened to be at peace, they still "meditated on war," and the young men were always practising themselves in climbing mountains and enduring fatigues and hardships. They thought it a disgrace to die in bed. **Warfare.**

They dearly loved their country, as most mountaineers do, and they dearly loved their liberty; and they liked fighting and plundering so well that they were very troublesome neighbors to the English. But still they seem to have been pleasant people, with tastes and ways that were very charming and refined. They loved music as much as the Irish did. Their chief instrument was the harp, and Gerald says they could play it in a most skilful and beautiful way, besides which, they could sing very harmoniously in parts.

They were naturally a bright, quick, clever people, and remarkably kind and hospitable. If a visitor came in the morning, he was entertained all day "with the conversation of young women and the music of the harp, for every house has its young women and harps allotted for this purpose;" but they certainly appear to have feasted the mind better than the body. They did not get much to eat till supper time, and even then "the kitchen does not supply many dishes, nor high-seasoned incitements to eating. The house is not furnished with tables, cloths, nor napkins. The dishes are placed before them all at once, upon rushes and fresh grass, in large platters or trenchers. The principal food was a sort of thin cake of bread, with chopped meat and broth. They were also very temperate in their drink. While the guests were eating, the host and hostess stood up, "paying unremitting attention to everything, and taking no food till all the company are satisfied, that in case of any deficiency it may fall upon them." They also took great pains to amuse their visitors with witty conversation and jokes. The archdeacon **Manners and habits.**

repeats some of their jokes. One of the best of them is that a person, "wishing to hint at the avaricious disposition of the mistress of a house, said, 'I only find fault with our hostess for putting too little butter to her salt.'" Fearing one might miss the point of this joke, he kindly explains it by adding the learned remark, "whereas the accessory should be put to the principal."

Poetry.

But the chief glory of the Welsh was their poetry. Some of their songs were bright and joyous, full of love for beautiful things: for the mountains and the sea, the wild birds and the wild flowers, apple-blossoms and clover, and wood anemones, and for lovely maidens. But they had also songs full of war and battle, and fierce love of country and liberty.

Hatred of the English.

The Welsh had never ceased hating the English, or the "Saxons," as they called them (and call them to this day). They could never forget that the whole land used to belong to them, nor the cruelty of the heathen conquerors, who had driven them off into the wild region they still called their own. They still hoped that some day the Britons would rise again and drive the strangers away, back again to Germany. There were prophecies current among them, which had been handed down from father to son, in which it was said that their hero Arthur was not dead, but had been carried away into fairyland to be hidden and healed, and that at the right time he would come back and lead them all to victory. The principal of these old prophets was Merlin, who is a prominent character in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." At that time everybody both in England and Wales, and in other places too, was very full of the thought of King Arthur and the wizard Merlin, because of that romantic "History of England" mentioned before, which had been translated into English in the reign of King John, and which contained many Welsh legends and fairy tales, told as if they were sober truth.

Llewellyn.

A large part of the book is taken up with Merlin's prophecies, which at that time were thought very wonderful; and the Welsh were in a high state of excitement, believing that they were about to be fulfilled. All through the reign of Henry III., when the English country was so busy with its own troubles and disputes, the Welsh were growing stronger and fiercer. They had a brave and able prince named Llewellyn. One of the prophecies

was that a prince of Wales should be crowned in London; and all the Welsh hoped that Llewellyn would be the one. He gained some great successes while Henry was still king, and the other smaller princes in Wales did homage to him.

He and his people could not endure the thought of his being a vassal to the king of England, and when Henry died, and Llewellyn was summoned to do homage to Edward, he would not appear. He was sent for again and again in vain. Edward's patience was worn out at last, and he marched into Wales with an army. Though the Welsh were fiery and always ready to fight, they seem to have had very little perseverance. They were "very severe in the first attack, terrible by their clamor and looks, filling the air with horrid shouts, and the deep-toned clangor of very long trumpets. . . . Bold in the first onset, they cannot bear a repulse, they cannot struggle for the field of battle, or endure long and severe actions." "In their first attack they are more than men, in the second less than women." 1277.

They were also faithless; they thought nothing of breaking their most solemn oaths and promises; so that when Edward set his mind in earnest to conquer Wales he had not much difficulty in doing so, because the other lesser princes who had sworn to be faithful to Llewellyn deserted him. Edward brought his armies and fleets near enough to hem him in among the desolate mountains of Snowdon, without venturing too far in among them himself, and he had to beg for mercy. A sort of peace was made, and for four years it was kept. After that time the Welsh broke out again; there was some hard fighting, but the end of it was that Edward conquered, and Llewellyn was killed. His head was cut off, and it is said that Edward sent it to London, had it crowned with a wreath of willow, and set up on the Tower in a mocking fulfilment of the prophecy. Soon after this, Llewellyn's brother David, the last of the royal family of Wales, was taken prisoner and most cruelly put to death. Thus Wales was subdued, and has ever since been looked on as part of the English kingdom, though the Welsh did not submit heartily, until, after many years, in the course of events, a Welshman came to be King of England. 1282. Conquest of Wales.

Edward used his conquest wisely. He treated the people well, he governed them justly and mercifully, and intro-

duced many of the English customs and laws, which were better than their own; so that probably the Welsh were, in the end, better off for having been conquered.

It used to be said that Edward, seeing what a wonderful influence the Welsh poets and harpers had on the people by their warlike songs and prophecies, collected them all together and had them murdered. This was called "the massacre of the bards," and there is a well-known poem about it, by Gray, beginning, "Ruin seize thee, ruthless king." But happily the story is not true, and Edward was not a "ruthless" or merciless king, although he sometimes had his enemies put to death. But in those days that was nothing unusual.

It was soon after this time that the eldest son of the king of England was first called by the title of Prince of Wales.

1284. The Prince of Wales.

It was said that Edward, seeing how unwilling the Welsh were to submit to a foreign yoke, promised them that he would give them a prince of their own — born in Wales, and who could not speak one word of English. The Welsh being much pleased at this, he presented to them his own young son, who had been born a few days before in Carnarvon Castle, and who, if he could speak no English, could certainly speak no Welsh. The story is rather a good one, and we might hope it is true; but it is not mentioned in any book written at the time.

But even if it were true, when the Welsh accepted this infant as their prince he was not the eldest son, for Edward had already a son named Alphonso; so they probably hopod that he would be the king of England, and that they would still have a prince of their own, though an Englishman. As it turned out, Alphonso died, and the young Edward of Carnarvon afterwards became king of England and Wales both. Thus Wales quite ceased to have a separate government; for the title of Prince of Wales, still borne by the eldest son of the reigning sovereign, is merely one of ceremony, and does not give the prince any power over Wales, which is as much under the queen and the Parliament as any other part of Great Britain.

After this conquest Edward performed an act which to us seems harsh and cruel, though it was probably considered by himself and his subjects as most Christian and praiseworthy. This was, that he finally drove all the Jews out of the country. We have

1290. Banishment of the Jews.

already seen how cruelly the Jews were treated; how the kings extorted money from them, and how the people every now and then rose and massacred them. It was generally believed that they stole Christian children and murdered them in secret, and that they tried to get mysterious drugs from foreign lands to poison all Christendom. Though the kings of England had, more or less, protected them from the time of William the Conqueror onward, as being in some sort their own property, their protection did not go far, and many hard and tyrannical laws were enforced against them. We may wonder why they chose to live in England, since they met with such bad usage; but the fact was, that in other Christian countries their treatment was far worse.

There appears to have been a religious frenzy in both king and people, moved by which Edward ordered all the Jews out of the country. Edward intended that they should leave in safety, and, as some say, gave them permission to take their property with them. The people, however, treated the poor Jews with shocking barbarity in their flight; and especially the sailors who carried them in their ships. Many of them were wrecked, others were robbed and flung overboard. One instance is given by an old chronicler, who says that he learned it from a manuscript written at the time. "Some of the richest of the Jews, being shipped in a mighty tall ship which they had hired, when the same was under sail, and had got down the Thames toward the mouth of the river, the master mariner bethought him of a wile, and caused his men to cast anchor, and so rode at the same, till the ship, by ebbing of the stream, remained on the dry sands. The master then enticed the Jews to walk out with him for recreation. And at length, when the Jews were on the sands, and he understood the tide to be coming in, he gat him back to the ship, whither he was drawn by a rope. The Jews made not so much haste, because they were not aware of the danger; but when they perceived how the matter stood they cried to the master for help. He, however, told them that they ought to cry rather upon Moses, by whose guidance their fathers had passed through the Red Sea. They cried indeed, but no succor appeared, and so they were swallowed up by the water."

Edward severely punished these murderers; but it is to be feared that very few of the sixteen thousand Jews who were driven away reached the mainland in safety. It was

about three hundred and fifty years from this time before any Jews were allowed to come back; but now, as we know, as many as like live peaceably in England; some very rich, some very poor, but all protected by the laws, and enjoying the same liberty, comfort, and safety as those of the English race.

CHAPTER XXV.

EDWARD I. — SCOTLAND.

The inhabitants of Scotland. The old laws. Candidates for the crown. Edward claims the over-lordship. John Balliol. The first revolt. The first Conquest. The stone of destiny.

SCOTLAND, though much smaller than England, was far larger, more powerful, and more civilized than Wales. The people also were very different. The Welsh, though brave, and fond of fighting, had not much perseverance; they were easily daunted. There were a good many of the very same race in Scotland also, the Welsh of the northern part of Strathclyde, which was part of Scotland; and if the whole country had been peopled by them, perhaps England would, after a while, have subdued them all. But Scotland contained men who were by birth English, Irish, and Normans, though they were now all called Scotchmen. The people of Scotland.

The real *Scots* were in fact Irish. In very old times Ireland, or part of Ireland, was called Scotia, and the Irish people were called Scots. A great many of these had crossed over the narrow sea which divides the two countries, and had settled in the northern part of what we now call Scotland. Here they found a great many wild people living, who were most likely a family of Celts, also called Picts, and the Romans tell us what trouble these two sets of wild men gave them.* It was to keep out the Picts and Scots that Agricola had built his great wall. When they were not fighting the Romans or the Britons, no doubt they spent most of their time in fighting each other; and in some way or other the Scots got the mastery of the Picts; a Scot king became king over them all, and the whole country north of the Forth and the Clyde was called Scotland. The people

* The Celtic Picts (so called from painting their bodies — *pictæ*) were styled Caledonians by the Romans in the time of Agricola. — ED.

in this kingdom were therefore nearly related to the Irish, and spoke almost the same language. The Highland Scotch still have a language of their own, called "Gaelic," but it is almost exactly like the native Irish language, and both Irish and Gaelic are more like Welsh than like English; they are all three Celtic dialects.

When the Anglo-Saxons settled in Britain they not only took possession of what is now called England, but of a good part of what we now call Scotland also. The old Anglian kingdom of Northumberland stretched from the Humber to Agricola's wall. Edwin, the first Northumbrian king who became a Christian, had built a strong fortress on the northern boundary of his dominions to keep out the wild Scots, which was called Edwin's borough, or Edinburgh. Thus all this part of Scotland, except to the west, where the Welsh lived, was part of England, and full of Englishmen: the very same people whose descendants live there now. As is well known, there is to this day a great difference between the Scotch Highlanders and Lowlanders; the Highlanders being Celts, and speaking a Celtic language; and the Lowlanders, Anglo-Saxons, and speaking English, or a dialect of English. The English language is now spreading through the whole country, and all educated Highlanders, and many of the poor also, speak it; but it can hardly be called their native tongue.

After a time the Danes and Northmen came and took possession of the islands and northern parts of Scotland, and many of their descendants still live there. By degrees the Scotch kings got the mastery over more and more of the Lowlands, both of Northumberland and of Strathclyde, as far as to the river Tweed and the Solway Firth, and Edwin's borough became the capital of Scotland, which would doubtless have surprised Edwin very much.

After the Norman Conquest the Scotch king showed great kindness to the conquered English, and married the sister of Edgar the Etheling, who was so religious that she was afterwards called St. Margaret. A great many of the English who were driven out of their possessions by the Normans took refuge in Scotland and were warmly welcomed. Many Normans came there too, who were also kindly received. Some great Norman noblemen had large estates in Scotland, in England, and in France also; and it is hard to say whether they were Scotchmen, Englishmen, or Frenchmen.

Strangely enough, Robert Bruce, who is the pride of the Scotch, and their ideal of a patriot, belonged to one of these families.

Thus in the time of Edward I. the kingdom of Scotland was in size and boundaries just what it is now; and though it contained these different races of men, they all felt themselves, and were called, Scotchmen, and were much attached to their country. It was probably because there were so many of English race among them (who have the great quality of perseverance, and never know when they are beaten) that, instead of conquering Scotland, as he did Wales, Edward I. wholly lost even what he had at first.

It would have been much to our advantage if the Archdeacon Gerald, who wrote such amusing and interesting accounts of Wales and Ireland, had travelled in Scotland also; but there does not seem to be any description of the country written at the time.* Still we can learn something about the manners and habits of the people from their own old laws, as well as from the English or other writers who saw them in England, even if they did not travel into Scotland to see them at home.

A great part of Scotland is very beautiful, full of mountains and lakes and wild moors and heaths. This was the part where the wilder people, the Highlanders, lived. Many hundreds of years after this time they were still uncivilized, and had many singular customs. At this period even the Lowlands seem to have been far less civilized than England, though, at the same time, in some respects, Scotland was better off than England.

Some of the old laws of Scotland, which were at this time still looked on as the law of the land, though the nation had in reality quite outgrown them, would appear to belong to a savage state of society. In England, as has been stated, in early times a man's life was estimated in money. Any one who killed him had to pay a certain sum to his family, according to his rank. A king was worth so much, an earl so much, and a plain man so much. The Scotch in the old times reckoned the value of a man in cows. The king was worth one thousand cows; a king's son or an earl, one hundred and fifty. The lowest mentioned

The old laws.

*Very graphic descriptions of life and manners in Scotland one hundred years later are to be found in Froissart. — Ed.

is forty-four cows, and a little money as well. Even this man must have been descended from a thane, so we do not know what the value of a plain man, or "churl," as the English would have called him, might be. After a time they left off paying in cows, and substituted money instead; and in this they thought they were making an improvement on God's laws, for in their uncouth dialect they take pains to point out the contrast.

"All laws outhir are manis lawe, or Goddis lawe." "By the law of God," they go on, "a head for a head, a hand for a hand, an eye for an eye, a foot for a foot. By the law of man, for the life of a man so many ky (cows). For a foot a mark, for a hand as muckle, for an eye half a mark, for an ear as muckle, for a tooth twelve pennies," etc.

Another of the old laws directs that if thieves had been plundering a monastery, the lord of that part of the country should help, and not hinder, the monks in trying to catch them; which looks as if the lords were rather inclined to make common cause with the robbers, and perhaps to get part of the booty.

The laws declare that the poor who were robbed should be put under the special protection of the king. "It is ordanyt at all thai, the quhilkis (which) are destitut of the help of al men . . . sal be under the proteccions of the lord the kyng." So the king's own people had to plead for the poor man, and if it was proved that a rich man had robbed a poor man, he not only had to restore the goods to the owner, but also to pay eight cows to the king. No doubt that last arrangement would make the king and his servants zealous protectors of the poor and helpless.

The lowest people of all were serfs; but they do not seem to have been ever quite such actual slaves as they were in England and other countries, for the difference between a thrall, or slave, and a churl, which was very well known in England, does not seem to have been very clear, and the serfs could very easily become free.

The serfs.

Two great grievances which came upon the English after the Norman Conquest were never known in Scotland at all. Those were the forest laws and the castles, which had caused such misery. Though there were some Norman noblemen in Scotland, they never had the power there that they had in England; they were rather visitors and friends than masters.

The country on the whole was free and fairly governed.

They had thriving towns, kept in order by their own magistrates, and in which there were no slaves or serfs at all. The houses seem to have been built of wood, as they were nearly everywhere at that time, except where the Jews had begun to build stone houses; but in country places, and especially among the Highlanders, they made both houses and churches of that wattled work which we so often find wherever there were people of Celtic race. These houses were not nearly so uncomfortable as might be supposed, for the walls were made of double framework, with turf or earth piled in between, and were quite thick and substantial enough to keep out the wind and rain. Houses.

By the time of St. Margaret, in the reign of William the Conqueror, they began, like the English, to learn from the Normans to build beautiful churches and abbeys, though they were too wise to let them build castles.

In the Highlands there could not be much agriculture. It is impossible to plough the steep mountain sides, and corn will not grow on the wild moors; but in the Lowlands they were already good farmers, though their implements would seem very clumsy to modern eyes. The ploughs were so heavy that they needed twelve oxen to draw them; six families would join together, each keeping two oxen, and owning one plough among them. The principal food of the poorer people was oat-cake, or coarse gray or brown bread; but in the towns the richer people had white bread and plenty of good meat. The butchers were ordered to keep good beef, mutton, and pork, and to show it in their windows to be seen of all men; if they mismanaged the meat they were punished. The bakers had similar orders. "And quha that bakis brede to sell, aw nocht (ought not) for to hide it, but sett it in their wyndow, or in the mercat for to be opynly sauld." We do not know if the grocers and other tradesmen were as eccentric as the bakers and butchers in wishing to hide away their goods, but they certainly had some commerce with foreign parts, for they had pepper, ginger, almonds and raisins, rice, and figs. They also traded in furs, and had beaver skins and sables. Agriculture and food.

On the whole they were a hardy race, who cared very little for luxuries, or what would now be called comforts. They were excellent soldiers in their way. This is the account given of them not very long after by Froissart, who saw them himself at a time when they were invading England:

"They bring no carriages with them, on account of the mountains they have to pass in Northumberland; neither do they carry with them any provisions of bread or wine, for their habits of sobriety are such, in time of war, that they will live for a long time on flesh half sodden (boiled), without bread, and drink the river water without wine. They have therefore no occasion for pots or pans, for they dress the flesh of their cattle in the skins, after they have taken them off; and, being sure to find plenty of them in the country which they invade, they carry none with them."

In a camp which the Scotch had just quitted, the same chronicler tells us that the English found, besides a quantity of dead cattle, "three hundred caldrons, made of leather, with the hair on the outside, which were hung on the fires, full of water and meat, ready for boiling." It appears that when they were at war, and could steal other people's cattle, meat was the principal food, and bread or oat-cake was a luxury when they had too much meat. "Under the flap of his saddle," Froissart goes on, "each man carries a broad plate of metal; behind him a little bag of oatmeal. When they have eaten too much of the sodden flesh they set this plate over the fire, knead the meal with water, and when the plate is hot put a little of the paste upon it, and make a thin cake like a biscuit, which they eat to warm their stomachs. It is therefore no wonder that they perform a longer day's march than other soldiers."

Their horses were as hardy as themselves. The knights and squires were "well mounted;" but the common men rode on "little hackneys, that are never tied up or dressed, but turned immediately after the day's march to pasture on the heath or in the fields."

Not long after, he relates that some French knights and barons came to Scotland as friends and allies; "but, all things considered," he says, "it was not right for so many of the French nobility to come to Scotland, for Scotland is a very poor country. Whenever the English make inroads into Scotland, they order their provisions to follow close at their backs if they wish to live, for nothing is to be had in that country without the greatest difficulty. The knights and barons of France, who had been at home accustomed to handsome houses, richly ornamented apartments, and good, soft beds, were by no means pleased at the poverty they had to encounter."

Edward was likely to find some difficulty in getting the upper hand of these bold and hardy people if it came to fighting. He resolved to try fair means first, or what he, perhaps, thought to be fair. To begin with, he certainly had some sort of right. The very dispute which arose in his time, or, rather, came to a head in his time, is still going on among learned men as to the justice of Edward's claims. We have seen that a part of what had once been England was now in Scotland. For that part the king of Scotland had to do homage to the king of England as his over-lord. All parties agreed to that. But with regard to the rest of Scotland there was a dispute. Edward declared that he was also over-lord of that. The Scotch would not agree to it, and this was the cause of the war. It would take too long to explain the intricacies of this question; but it may be fairly concluded that there was a good deal to be said on each side, and that both thought they were in the right.

The dispute with England.

Everything seemed to favor Edward at first. The old royal family of Scotland died out, and the last member of it was a little girl three years old, the only granddaughter of the last king. It was arranged that she should be married to King Edward's son, which would have settled everything peaceably; but as she, unfortunately, died, there was a great difficulty in finding out who ought to be king, since there were no children, grandchildren, nephews, or nieces of the last king left. It was necessary to go back a long way to find any member of the royal family who had left heirs. The last one who had done so was Earl David, brother to William the Lion, that king of Scotland who had been taken prisoner by the English on the day when Henry II. did penance for the murder of Becket, more than a hundred years before. Unhappily for the country, Earl David had left a great many descendants, and no less than thirteen of them now came forward as claimants to the crown.

Candidates for the Scotch crown.

As has already been noticed, the rules concerning the succession to an inheritance were not as yet clearly settled, and there was a great difficulty in deciding between the rival candidates. The Scotch people, who do not seem to have had any idea of what Edward's secret purpose was, in their dilemma turned to him, as one of the greatest and wisest kings of the time, and asked him to decide which of the

thirteen had the best right to be king of Scotland. But before Edward would give a judgment on this matter he demanded that all parties should acknowledge him as over-lord of the whole of Scotland. The nobility and clergy, apparently taken by surprise, and perhaps afraid of offending Edward, who had an army behind him, could not find anything to say against it. The common people gave no consent; it was not known exactly what they did say, for Edward would not let their answer be heard, and they were not powerful enough in Scotland to make their opinion of any consequence. Edward, therefore, being satisfied, proceeded to judge among the claimants, who were also made to acknowledge him as lord paramount of the whole country.

1291. Edward I. claims the over-lordship.

It was soon found that only two or three, of the thirteen, had any fair claim. The two principal ones were both descended from daughters of Earl David, and their fathers were Norman noblemen, with estates in Scotland; one of them was named Balliol, and the other Bruce. Edward decided that John Balliol, who was descended from David's eldest daughter, had the best right, and was to be king of Scotland, though only a vassal king to himself.

This John Balliol belonged to a rich and great family; he had estates in Normandy, England, and Scotland. His father founded Balliol College at Oxford, but he himself seems to have been a poor and feeble character. Indeed, both his friends and enemies agree in calling him a fool, and in the midst of all his difficulties he was said to be a "lamb among wolves." It was certain troubles would soon arise. Whatever claim Edward might make as to the former kings of England having been overlords of Scotland, he began to do things which none of them had done, and which the proud Scotch could not brook. Not that he was cruel or tyrannical, for Edward meant that Scotland should be well ruled, but his conduct offended the independent spirit of the people. The courts of law in Scotland were no longer supreme; if any one was not satisfied with the decisions of the Scotch judges, he might carry his case to England, and let the English judges try again. This was, of course, a great insult to the Scotch, and even the poor John Balliol protested against it. However, his overlord soon stopped his mouth for that time.

John Balliol.

There was a very important case pending in the Scottish

court between some great lords, and one of them appealed to the king of England. Upon this Edward actually summoned the king of Scotland to come to England, and appear before the English Parliament, to answer, as he said, for denying justice. Even the English historian seems startled at this, and says, "This king of Scotland was obliged to stand at the bar like a private person, to answer the accusation." Imagine, then, what the proud Scotch people felt.

The Scotch are offended.

At the same time Edward had quarrelled with the king of France, and the Scotch were summoned, as his vassals, to follow him to the war. This was a new thing for an English king to demand and the Scotch refused to obey. On the contrary, they and their king John, made a treaty with the king of France, promising to help him fight the English. From this time onward, for several centuries, there was an alliance between France and Scotland, and both constantly helped each other against the English. The Scotch helped the French at this time, by pouring over the border into Northumberland, and burning and plundering as the Danes used to do.

They ally themselves with France.

Edward very soon withdrew from France and went to Scotland. The Scotch lords made Balliol send Edward a writing renouncing his allegiance, and saying, in consequence of the outrages and insults he had received, he would no longer be his vassal, nor come to him when summoned. To which Edward replied, "Ha! the foolish felon! is he such a fool? If he will not come to us, we will go to him." And he went, taking with him what was in those days a large army — thirty thousand foot-soldiers and five thousand mounted men-at-arms. He besieged and took the castle and town of Berwick, which is on the border. Afterwards there was another fight at Dunbar, and a siege of Edinburgh Castle; but that was all the resistance worth speaking of. It was a complete conquest. The poor puppet, John Balliol, was deposed. He had to appear before the conqueror in a most humiliating way, clothed in a mean dress, without royal robes or ornaments, and, instead of a sword, carrying in his hand a harmless white wand. He was then degraded from the kingdom and sent to England, where he was kept for a time in custody; but not long afterwards he was allowed to leave the country in peace, and go to his estates in France, where he lived quietly for the rest of his days.

1296. War.

Conquest of Scotland.

Edward had no wish to ill treat either Balliol or the Scotch, but he did fully mean to be master. He put terror into the people by allowing a cruel massacre after the taking of Berwick, but when once the country had submitted he showed himself merciful and just. He gave free pardon to all who had rebelled, as he called it, and he endeavored to establish order and peace everywhere.

The sacred stone.

In Edward the Confessor's chapel in Westminster Abbey are to be seen two ancient chairs, one of them being very old and worn. These are called the Coronation Chairs, and in one of them the king or queen of England always sits to be crowned. In the seat of that one there is a block of stone, not carved nor beautiful marble, but merely a rude block of limestone. That stone Edward brought from Scotland, and the loss of it nearly broke the hearts of the Scotch. It has a strange and poetical history, which makes it more precious than the choicest piece of polished marble. This stone was called in Scotland the Stone of Destiny, and upon it all the Scottish sovereigns had sat to be crowned and consecrated. We often read in the early history of nations, and especially in the Bible, of stones being reared up as memorials of remarkable events. This was a sacred stone of the early Scotch people. They believed that it was the very stone which Jacob took for his pillow when he saw the ladder and the angels. They imagined it had been carried from Bethel to Egypt, from Egypt to Spain, from Spain to Ireland, from Ireland to Scotland. It was a magical stone, and in old times it had done wonderful things.

Edward took the stone away. He had already hung up in the Confessor's chapel the golden crown of the Welsh prince; now he placed there the royal stone of Scotland. The other things which Edward brought away from Scotland, including a precious fragment of the true cross, which was called the "Holy Rood," were afterwards given back to the Scotch. They tried and strove to get their precious stone back; but no, "the people of London would by no means whatever allow that to depart from themselves." There was an old prophecy in Scotland, that, wherever the stone was, the Scotch should be supreme; and when, three hundred years after this time, a Scotch king sat upon it, and was crowned king of England in Westminster Abbey, the Scotch had the pleasure of thinking the prophecy was

fulfilled. Though we need not believe that Jacob's head ever lay upon that old stone, when we think of the long generations of people who have gazed upon it with reverence — the wild Irish of old, the fierce and patriotic Scotch, the brave and serious English — of the sovereigns who have been enthroned on it, from the old savage times, when they still thought the stone would groan aloud if a false pretender sat upon it, down to Queen Victoria — we do not wonder that the Scotch and the Londoners considered it too precious a thing to be parted with.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SCOTLAND VICTORIOUS.

Wallace. Battle of Stirling Bridge. The second conquest. Battle of Falkirk. Robert Bruce. His coronation. Death of Edward I. Battle of Bannockburn.

While Edward was in Scotland he made as many as possible of the great lords and bishops come forward and do homage to him again. The Scotch seem to have thought this a mere formal matter. Some little time afterwards the same ceremony was repeated, and, as Baker says, "it seems swearing of fealty was with the Scots but a ceremony without substance, as good as nothing; for this is now the third time they swore fealty to King Edward, yet all did not serve to make them loyal." When the king left Scotland he took a great many of the Scotch nobles with him, and the others who were left at home were carefully watched, lest they should incite the people to rebel; but after his return to England there were new troubles. The English began to build castles and fortresses, and did many other things to offend and insult the Scotch. There was a great deal of discontent and confusion, and the Scotch people only wanted a spirited leader to enable them to rise up against the foreign oppressors.

Though Edward had taken away or silenced the lords and prominent men, such a leader soon made his appearance.

Wallace.

His name was William Wallace; a name very dear to the Scotch to this day. Wallace was neither a great lord nor quite a man of the people. He was rather in the middle rank. An old ballad says "he was cummyn of Gentilmen."

"His Fadyr was a manly Knyght
His Modyre was a Lady brycht."

He was said to be wonderfully tall and handsome, strong and brave. His terrible sword was fit for an archangel rather than for a man. He was, no doubt, a man of remarka-

ble talents also; a leader such as the Scotch needed. The English contrived to affront and insult him, and at last, when he had already been made very furious, they burned down his house and killed his wife. Wallace openly revolted, and soon collected a band of followers, with whom he began to harass the English. No one can help taking an interest in a man who is defending his native land against foreign oppressors, and though the English of those days thought him a "pestilent ruffian," a robber and marauder, all are agreed now in sympathizing with him, and admiring him as a hero and patriot.

Until this time, ever since the feudal system had been established, people had thought knights on horseback to be invincible. A knight and his horse and his armor could only be withstood by another knight with horse and armor. Both horse and armor were very strong and very expensive; the knight himself was brave, skilful, and highly trained. A leader who had many knights was likely to conquer one who had fewer. The rest of the army counted for almost nothing. Two or three such knights would scatter a whole troop of light-armed and untrained foot-soldiers. Thus the knights and the nobles grew prouder and called the poorer men who fought on foot "rascals," and made "no great account of them." The rich and the poor grew more and more divided; the rich were insolent, the poor were depressed and slavish.

Knights and foot-soldiers.

Wallace, when he began to resist the English, had very few nobles or knights on his side; many who at first seemed inclined to take part with him soon fell away, and submitted to Edward again; almost all his people belonged to the peasantry. But he taught them to rely on themselves, and he trained them in military movements to resist and harass mounted men.

Edward sent an army under the Earl of Surrey to stamp out the disturbances. Wallace met them at Stirling Bridge, the principal highway from the south to the north; he determined to stop the English there. The English had one thousand men on horseback, the Scotch only one hundred and eighty. The foot-soldiers were more nearly equal, but the English had more of them than the Scotch. Still Wallace entirely conquered the English; the Earl of Surrey fled; and the Scotch, taking arms on all sides, seized on a great many castles and fortresses,

1297. Battle of Stirling Bridge.

and drove almost all the English out of the country. This victory was a great encouragement to the Scotch people; they were vanquished many times afterwards, and had great troubles, but they never forgot that the English had been beaten once, and might be beaten again.

Edward now determined to lead an army into Scotland and put the rebellion down. He had with him no less than seven thousand mounted men-at-arms, besides a great many men on foot armed in various ways. Wallace, who was not only a brave soldier, but a good general, did not mean to fight a battle with this formidable army. His plan was to starve them out. Scotland being a poor country at best, it would always be difficult for a large foreign army to get food. But Wallace (and those who came after him followed his example) turned it into a wilderness. As the war went on, the people who lived in the southern counties of Scotland, when they saw an army coming, all cleared out, not leaving one man behind, and hastened away to the north. They took with them everything they had, and that was not much, and left a bare waste for the enemy to march through. They used to build little huts of turf and loose stones, which could easily be put up again when they came back, if the enemy had knocked them over.

This must have been a very miserable life; but the Scotch revenged themselves on the English whenever they could, by harrying in their turn the northern counties of England, stealing the cattle and anything else they could find, burning the houses, and killing the people. Not long after this time the inhabitants of those northern counties were found to be so poor, in consequence of the ravages of the Scotch, that more than sixty towns and villages were excused from paying taxes. This was the same region which William the Conqueror had laid waste three hundred years before.

Wallace, then, with his army, which was very small compared with Edward's, hung about in concealment, intending, as soon as want of food drove the English to retreat, to follow them, harassing and doing them all the mischief he could. But the plan failed. It is said that two Scotchmen, who knew where Wallace was, made it known to Edward, and he, with his great army, marched to the spot, which was near Falkirk, and the two armies confronted each other.

1298. Battle of Falkirk.

Edward was a general such as the soldier loves. He was

not a "carpet knight," who showed to most advantage in bowers and halls, tournaments and games. When he went to war he bore all that the common soldier had to bear. He would not drink wine when the others were thirsty and could get none. When they had to sleep on the bare ground he lay down and slept on it too. He was not above wheeling a barrow with the rest when they were fortifying Berwick. No doubt his presence inspired his men with hope and enthusiasm.

The two armies were a great contrast to one another. The English lords and knights were splendidly armed. The armor was beautifully enamelled and chased, and "looked as radiant and as delicate as the plumage of a tropical bird." Even the saddles and bridles were embroidered and set thick with gems. Each lord and knight had his own banner, with his crest upon it, by which every one knew him. One would have a falcon, one a lion, one a swan, and so on, which he carried on his shield and helmet and pennon, so that in the confusion of a battle the leaders would be recognized even when their faces were hidden. Besides his large banner, a nobleman would have a great many smaller pennons, each with the same badge on it (we read of one famous knight who had twelve hundred pennons under him), and these would all be fluttering in the breeze. Froissart often breaks out in admiration at the sight of a fine army. "It was a beautiful sight to view these battalions, with their brilliant armor glittering with the sunbeams. . . . It was a fine sight to see the banners and pennons flying, the barbed horses, the knights and squires richly armed." King Edward had on his banner three leopards "of fine gold, set in red, fierce, haughty, and cruel."

The two armies.

Wallace had very few of the gay, glittering knights; almost all his army were on foot. But he made so wise an arrangement of these plain but resolute foot soldiers that he very nearly won the battle. He placed them in solid masses, very close together, each supporting the other; the outer ones knelt down, holding their lances forward; within the squares were his archers. When the horsemen came galloping up it was like dashing against a wall of spears, as firm as a rock. The knights would have been quite helpless against these despised foot-soldiers had not Edward brought with him a body of Englishmen who were growing very

famous now, the archers or bowmen. At this time there were no guns or cannon, so that most of the fighting was hand-to-hand, except what could be done with bows and arrows. The English were better archers than any other people; they could take wonderfully good aim, and could handle larger and stronger bows, so they could send their arrows farther. Had it not been for the archers, Wallace's brave foot-soldiers would probably have won this battle, as they did that of Sterling; but when Edward saw the situation and made his archers come to the front, it was all over. The solid ranks of men were broken up by the arrows pouring in upon them from a distance; then the horsemen could ride in among them and cut them down as they pleased. Even the lords and knights whom Wallace had on his side did not come forward to help their countrymen, but fled away. Some people said this was because the nobles were jealous of Wallace, because he was not a noble himself; but it may have been only because they were few in number, and had not such good arms and horses as the English.

Thus the English won the battle, and the Scotch army was broken up. Wallace had great difficulty in escaping and hiding himself. Still the Scotch as a nation did not give in. The nobles tried to make head against the English; but none of them were so skilful as Wallace, and they had to yield at last. Edward was moderate and merciful. When they submitted he forgave them all, only putting a very slight punishment on them. He might very likely have forgiven Wallace too if he had submitted. Wallace was too high spirited for that; he kept himself in hiding; but he was caught at last, taken prisoner to London, tried, condemned, and executed.

Edward probably thought all would go well since the hero was dead; the Scotch had no leader, and their spirit would be broken. He began to make arrangements for governing the country and uniting it to England. He gave the Scotch good laws, such as the English had, and did away with some of those old-fashioned ones which were not quite fit for a civilized people. He also promoted many of the Scotch nobles and bishops to places of honor and trust.

Robert Bruce.

But the people had been thoroughly roused, and their defeats had not broken their spirit. Very soon they got the leader they wanted — a man as brave and able as Wallace, and a man too whom the proudest

of the nobles could not object to serve under, since he was one of their own royal family, with a good claim to be king of Scotland. When Edward had been called on to decide between the claimants to the crown there were two principal ones who seemed to have the best right, Bruce and Balliol. Balliol had had his turn, and Bruce was dead, but he had left a grandson behind him, Robert *the* Bruce, as he was called.

Edward I. had brought up this young man in his court, and it is said that at different times he had fought against the Scotch, and took part with the English. But he was uneasy under it; he was not very likely to forget that his grandfather had had the next right to be king of Scotland, and that he was his grandfather's heir. If Scotland should ever have a king of her own again, now that Balliol was out of the way, why should not he be that king? There was only one other man alive who had as good a claim as he had — a man who was called the Red Comyn, and who was related to both Bruce and Balliol.

Edward watched young Bruce narrowly. But one morning, not six months after Wallace's death, Bruce was missed from the English court. There had been some words between him and King Edward. There had been also some words dropped by Edward when Bruce was not by, which made his friends think he was in danger. No one dared to tell him, but Bruce received a present from a friend — of a sum of money and a pair of spurs. He was quick enough to take the hint, and before morning he, with only two followers, was far on his way to Scotland. There was snow lying on the ground, and he feared he might be traced and followed by the marks of the horses' feet, so he ordered the three horses to be shod with the shoes reversed, which made all the footprints look as if they were those of horses on their way into the town. He got safely away, and never stopped till he reached Scotland.

Never was a man more fitted to take the lead and free his country. Like Wallace, he was tall, strong, and handsome; like him, too, he was capable and full of ideas. His shrewd device of shoeing the horses showed he would be ready for any emergency, and was not a mere man of routine. He was always cheerful, hopeful, and good-humored; kind and considerate to women and to those weaker than himself; he had been well educated, and could both read and write, which was a rare thing for a gentleman in those days. He

was as good a knight as the best, for Edward had trained him up in all the rules of chivalry; but when necessary he could leave horse and heavy armor behind, and live like a mountaineer, hiding himself in dens and caves, or on the heath-covered hills.

Almost as soon as he arrived in Scotland he fell in with his cousin and possible rival, the Red Comyn. They had a stormy interview in a church, from which Bruce presently emerged pale and agitated. "I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn," he said to his friends who waited outside. "Dost thou leave such a matter in doubt?" said one of them; "I will make sicker" (sure). And rushing into the church, he did indeed make sure that his master's rival, whom he found wounded and helpless, should never trouble him more.

This terrible beginning of Bruce's career in his native land drew upon him the vengeance of Comyn's relations, and the resentment of the English king; and as the murder had been committed in a church he likewise incurred the wrath of the clergy and the Pope, and was excommunicated. In a spirit of defiance he at once claimed the throne of Scotland and was crowned king. Very few friends or attendants were present to do him honor; the sacred stone was gone; the nobleman whose right and duty it was to set the crown on his head refused to come. But his sister, the Countess of Buchan, a brave and loyal lady, without either his consent or her husband's, came to take his place. Edward was so enraged that, forgetting all his chivalry, he afterwards punished this lady by shutting her up in a den or cage like a wild beast's, in Berwick Castle.

1306. His coronation.

For a time everything went ill with Bruce, and he was reduced to hide himself in the mountains of the Highlands, as Alfred had done in the marshes of Somersetshire. But he never lost heart nor courage. He had a faithful band of friends, who trusted and loved him with all their hearts. Many romantic stories are told of their adventures; how they were hunted with bloodhounds; how Bruce stood single-handed against whole armies, daunting them by his kingly bearing and terrible right arm; how they waded streams and lurked in caves, and could never be caught; how Bruce kept up the spirits of his comrades by reading aloud to them as they crossed great lakes in wretched boats. These stories are delightfully told by Sir Walter Scott in 'Tales of a Grandfather.' But none of them were written

down till after Bruce was dead, and no one can to-day distinguish the true from the fabulous.

As long as Edward lived, no one could say whether he or Bruce would conquer. But he was old now, his end was drawing near. He roused himself to make one more effort to realize the great desire of his life, and started once again for Scotland. But before he could set foot in the country, though he was within three miles of it, worn out by the fatigues of the journey, he died at a place called Burgh-on-the-Sands, on one side of the Solway Firth. There he gave his dying commands to his son, that his heart should be carried to the Holy Land, where he had been in the Crusade in his young days with Eleanor, and that his bones were to be wrapped in a bull's hide and carried forward at the head of his army until Scotland was subdued. This command, though a harsh and vindictive one, did not seem quite so strange in those days as it does to us. Bruce himself afterwards wished his heart to be carried to the Holy Land. When Richard I. died he had ordered his body to be divided into parts, and buried in different places: his heart was carried to the city of Rouen, which had always been faithful to him, and which he loved; his body was laid at his father's feet in token of submission and duty; and the "more ignoble parts" were buried among his rebellious subjects at Poitou. A monarch's burial was a symbol of his last feelings and thoughts. Edward, whose dying effort had been to conquer the Scotch, wished his bones still to lead on the work.

1307. Death of Edward I.

But Edward's commands were not fulfilled. His body was carried back from the Solway Sands, and for sixteen weeks it lay at Waltham Abbey, by the grave of Harold, the last of the old English kings. Then it was conveyed to Westminster, and buried near the tomb of Henry III. Edward's tomb is not beautiful, like some of the others; it looks almost like "a sepulchre hewn out of a rock," and on it is carved in Latin, "This is the hammer of the Scotch people."

As soon as Edward was dead it seemed as if all his work in Scotland fell to pieces. He was succeeded by his son Edward, the same who had been born at Carnarvon Castle, and was the first English Prince of Wales. Edward II. was a poor, weak, idle prince, not at all like his father, not fit to cope with Bruce. He marched a little way into Scot-

land, but did nothing of any importance, and then turned back again into England.

More and more of the Scotch nobles and people now gathered round Bruce, and he pressed harder upon the English. His principal helpers were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, and his friend Lord James of Douglas. All of these vied with each other in deeds of heroism, and were constantly striving who could gain most glory by their valiant acts against the English. At last they had done so much that the English had no place of any importance left to them but Stirling Castle, and that was closely besieged by the Scotch.

Stirling Castle.

The English now made a great effort to save that fortress, and win back their lost ground. Edward II. marched into Scotland at the head of a great army of a hundred thousand men, with splendidly-armed knights and horses, and countless banners and pennons.

Bruce had not half the number; he had his brave Randolph and Douglas at his side. It might be said of him, as Napoleon said when he saw the Duke of Wellington walking up a hill, "There go twenty thousand men."

The armies met near Stirling Castle, by the side of a brook called Bannockburn. Randolph was set to watch against any of the English army entering the castle, which they were come to relieve. By some mischance a troop of English cavalry very nearly made their way in before Randolph perceived them. "See, Randolph," said the king, "a rose has fallen from your chaplet." Randolph hastened to retrieve his fault; he rushed off with his men to stop the English before it should be too late. He had but foot-soldiers to oppose the English horse, and not half so many even of them. Douglas, his friend and rival, saw that he was hard pressed, and rode after with his followers to assist him. But long before they reached the spot, Randolph and his infantry had driven off the English, and when the magnanimous Douglas saw the horses, many of them riderless, on the retreat, he called on his men to stop; for, said he, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field."

1314. Battle of Bannockburn.

Everyone in Bruce's army seemed to have the heart of a hero, and in spite of the mighty English horsemen and the

far-famed English archers, the Scotch won a triumphant victory. Never before or since have the English been so utterly defeated. The king fled for his life, and escaped safely to England. Those of the English who would not flee, and there were a great many of them, were left dead on the field, or were taken prisoners.

After this great victory Bruce's success was complete. The English could never recover from it, and were scarcely able to defend their own border. The Scotch made inroads into England, and defeated them on their own ground. At last a treaty was signed at Northampton, fully acknowledging the independence of Scotland and her king. This was the very year before Robert Bruce died. He left a glorious name behind him, which is as dear to the Scotch nation as that of Alfred is to the English.

1328. Peace of Northampton.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CIVIL WAR AND FOREIGN WAR.

Edward II. His father's last commands. Piers Gaveston. The Lords Ordainers. The Despensers. The queen. Deposition of Edward. His murder. Edward III. The French wars. Froissart. The Black Prince. Battle of Crecy. Calais.

EDWARD II., as has been seen, lost all that his father had gained in Scotland. The rest of his reign was quite of a piece with this. He need not be blamed for not obeying that order of his father's respecting his bones, but he disobeyed another of his dying commands which he ought to have kept. This was that he should send away a special friend and favorite who, as the old king saw, would be likely to give him bad advice and to bring him into trouble. The favorite was a young Frenchman named Piers Gaveston, who had been brought up with him, and to whom he was deeply attached, but whom the English nobles began to hate as deeply, Gaveston was quick, brilliant, and frivolous. He came from Gascony, a part of France which was noted for its inhabitants being vain and self-confident; so much so, indeed, that the term gasconade has become an English word meaning boasting.

1307. Edward II.

Gaveston.

He was very accomplished, and very skilful in arms; he was also very elegant in his dress. He wore beautiful flowered shirts and embroidered girdles, and was extremely good-looking. In all things he seemed to outshine the nobles of the land. He managed to win prizes at the tournaments, and unhorsed a good many of the English lords. It could not have been pleasant to them to be eclipsed in this way by a foreigner; and if Gaveston had been modest or discreet he would have kept more in the background.

But the king was foolish, and seemed willing or desirous to affront the English nobles. At his coronation he gave the precedence to Gaveston over all; he made him carry

the crown, and walk next to himself and the queen. He gave him great riches, both in lands and money. He made him Earl of Cornwall, which before that had always been a title belonging to a prince of the royal family, and he married him to his own niece.

As soon as the Parliament met, the first thing they did was to demand that Gaveston should be banished. Edward was obliged to yield, and indeed took most solemn oaths that he would never let him come back. But oaths did not count for much at that time; and in little more than a year Gaveston was back again in high favor. Neither he nor the king had learned wisdom. The king made as much of him as ever. He, on his part, affronted the nobles even worse than before. He gave some of them insulting nicknames. The king's cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, who took part with the lords, he called "an old hog." The Earl of Pembroke he called "Joseph the Jew." The Earl of Warwick he called "a black dog."

The king thought this very witty and amusing. But the nobles did not take that view of it. The Earl of Warwick vowed that some day Gaveston should "feel the black dog's teeth." A more important person still was affronted, the queen herself. Edward was married to Isabella, the daughter of the king of France. She was very beautiful, and indeed was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world; but there was not much love between her and her husband, even at the beginning. She soon became disgusted at Edward's devotion to his favorite, and never, to the end of his life, did she forgive him.

Meanwhile Edward was constantly in want of money, which of course gave the lords and the country great power over him. It was well settled now that the king could get no money without the consent of Parliament, and the Parliament would not grant him any money so long as he thwarted the solemn will of the nation. Gaveston had to go away before the barons would even come to Parliament. Thus we see what good came of the labors of Stephen Langton, and of the barons' charter; of Simon de Montfort's work, and of Humphrey de Bohun's resistance, when he would "neither go nor hang." The weak and foolish king could not govern according to his own will, for there was a way of keeping him in check. We see now the difference between a constitutional king, who must rule

Resistance.

according to the settled laws of the nation, and an absolute king, who rules according to his own will. But poor foolish Edward wanted to have his own way. The lords were determined to have theirs; they appointed a sort of committee to govern the country, and took the power for a time out of the king's hands.

1310. The Lords Ordainers.

The members of this committee or council were called Lords Ordainers, and they made a great many regulations or ordinances intended to restrain the king, to make his power less, and the power of the Parliament greater. The king promised to submit to this, but he could not do without his favorite. There seemed but one way of getting rid of him; the lords took up arms, and a civil war began. Gaveston was captured at last, and the great nobles whom he had insulted and ridiculed had their revenge. He was carried off to Warwick Castle; the Earl of Warwick, the "black dog," had his opportunity now of showing his teeth, and Gaveston, without trial and without pity, was beheaded.

It might have been thought the king had had a sufficient lesson, and would have tried to make the lords and the people content. It was just at this time that Bruce was making such progress, and had got back all the fortresses but one, and when Edward was obliged to go to Scotland to try and save that one. Many of the nobles, including his cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, would not go with him or bring their followers; and it was perhaps partly owing to that, that he was so disgracefully beaten at Bannockburn.

Nevertheless, it was not long before he set up a new favorite. This time it was an Englishman and a nobleman, one Hugh le Despenser, "in all points just such another" (as Gaveston), "equal to him in goodliness of personage, in favor of the king, and in abusing the lords. Again the king heaped riches and honors so lavishly on him and on his father as to offend all the other nobles. They were both as covetous and arrogant as Gaveston had been, and the same scenes were acted over again. The king and his party got the better at one time, and the chief of the nobles, Edward's cousin, the Earl of Lancaster, was beheaded; so were some others, while one of the most important, Roger Mortimer, was imprisoned, but contrived to escape.

The new favorite.

Hugh le Despenser and his father were utterly hated and detested by everybody, and from hating the favorites people

soon passed to hating the king. Queen Isabella turned against him now, and took part with his enemies. Her brother, the king of France, began to quarrel with Edward, and Isabella went over to France, as was said, in order to make peace. She soon sent for her eldest son to join her, and then she would not come back. She gave out that she dared not come for fear of Hugh and his father, but, in reality, she had fallen in with that Roger Mortimer who had escaped from prison, and joined him in plotting against the king. The barons in England sent messages, telling her that if she could collect about a thousand soldiers, and would bring her young son back to England, they would join her, and make him king instead of his father. Though her brother, the king of France, would not take her part, at least openly, she found a very good friend in Sir John de Hainault, whose niece the young Edward afterwards married; and the Princess Philippa turned out as good and faithful a wife as his grandfather's dear Eleanor. Queen Isabella then returned to England, accompanied by her son and Sir John de Hainault, and bringing with her an army of foreign soldiers. She proclaimed that she was come to avenge the death of the Earl of Lancaster, and as the enemy of the Despensers.

The queen and Mortimer.

The lords and bishops joined her at once; there was hardly any one to take the king's part. He had to flee; but he and the younger Le Despenser were taken prisoners in Glamorganshire. Hugh le Despenser, wearing a crown of nettles, was hung on a gibbet fifty feet high; his father was also captured and put to death.

The king had no friends left. The people were told shameful and false stories about him: that he deserted his wife; that he was an idiot and a changeling; that he was a carter's son, changed in his infancy by his nurse. It was almost an unheard-of thing to dethrone a king; and perhaps that was the reason why this last story was set afloat; since, though there were other charges which could be proved against him, they might not have been sufficient to convince the common people of the lawfulness of deposing him.

Parliament was summoned to decide upon the matter. It was stated, and for the most part with truth, that Edward was not fit to govern; that he did not know good from evil; that he followed bad counsellors, and would not follow good ones; that he spent his time in idle amusements, instead of

trying to do good to his people; that he had lost a great part of his dominions abroad and in Scotland; that not only had he done no good, but he had done great harm, by putting to death many of the great men of the country; that he had broken his coronation oath of doing justice to all; and, lastly, that he was incorrigible, and would never do any better.

He was made to resign his kingdom, and to consent to his son Edward being put in his place. If no further action had been taken, and he had been well treated in a private position, he would have had no more than he deserved, and the country would have been justified in getting rid of a king so unfit to be at its head. But, only eight months after, he was cruelly murdered — it was believed by the orders of the queen and Mortimer, who now took all the power into their own hands, for the new young king was but a boy of fourteen years old.

1327. The king deposed.

His death.

Mortimer soon showed himself as insolent and covetous as either Gaveston or Hugh le Despenser. No one, of course, could feel any respect for the queen, who had deserted her husband for his sake. They both fell into great disfavor with the nation; more especially because it was by them that the peace with Robert Bruce was made, giving up all for which Edward I. had fought, and acknowledging the independence of Scotland, which was very galling to the English pride.

1328.

Meanwhile the young Edward was growing up a brave, ambitious, and spirited youth. When he was eighteen he would no longer submit to be kept in subjection by his mother and her worthless lover, and by a bold and skilful surprise he seized on Mortimer in Nottingham Castle, and assumed the government himself. Mortimer was tried, condemned, and executed; and Queen Isabella spent the rest of her days, in a sort of honorable imprisonment, in a house of her own near London.

Edward III.

"It is a common opinion in England that between two valiant kings there is always one weak in mind and body; and most true it is that this is apparent in the example of the gallant King Edward, of whom I am now to speak; for his father, King Edward II., was weak, unwise, and cowardly; while his grandfather, called the good King Edward, was wise, brave, very enterprising, and fortunate in war." So writes Froissart, the delightful chronicler, who tells us most about the long reign we are now

Froissart.

entering upon, and of whom mention has been already made. He was a foreigner, secretary to Philippa of Hainault, the wife of Edward III. He lived in England a considerable time, but travelled about also in France and other places. We learn more about "chivalry" from him than from any other writer; for though he was a priest and a scholar himself, knightly deeds, glory, and fame were the joy of his soul. The intense delight he takes in telling his stories, his great love for noble acts, his admiration for brave and gallant knights, make his book very charming reading. He took pains to find out the truth as far as he could (though he sometimes made mistakes nevertheless). He evidently found the greatest pleasure in writing his book; indeed, he says, towards the end of it, that, "through the grace of God," he will work upon it as long as he lives. "For the more I labor at it the more it delights me; just as a gallant knight who loves his profession, the longer he continues in it, so much the more delectable it appears." He was quite certain, too, that his book would be a very interesting one; and a favorite, he thinks, with all good people. He says he well knows that when he is dead and gone "this grand and noble history will be in much fashion, and all noble and valiant persons will take pleasure in it." It is about five hundred years since this book was written, and it is still a very attractive book; and we of the nineteenth century can still take almost as much pleasure in it as the "noble and valiant persons" for whom he wrote it.

The English people take pride and delight in reading of the reign of Edward III., because of the famous battles in which they beat the French, of which Froissart gives animated descriptions.

But besides the fighting and the glory and the gallantry, there were sore troubles too which came upon England and Europe in this reign. Twice over there was a dreadful pestilence, — more dreadful almost than any other recorded in history; but in the chronicles of this time, as in Froissart's own, we find but a few lines about this plague, though we find many pages devoted to wars and victories.

War with France.

In the great war with France which Edward carried on the tables were quite turned. Instead of Frenchmen wanting to conquer England, it was the English who wanted to conquer France, and Edward claimed to be its king. As to his claim, volumes have been

written on both sides. It is only another proof that in those days the laws by which princes succeeded to kingdoms were very unsettled, and when there were two or three rival claimants, each of whom seemed to have some right on his side, it was generally decided by force of arms. Edward's mother, the beautiful but wicked Isabella, was daughter of a king of France, and it was through her that Edward made his claim.

This was the beginning of a war between France and England, which was called the Hundred Years' War; because, though they were not fighting all the time, there was never any lasting peace. England got great glory, but she did not get France. At the end of that long war she lost every part of France she had ever possessed except one town, and that she lost some time afterward. It has been seen that it is much better for both that England should be for the English, and France for the French.

The hero of this age, the very crown and flower of chivalry, was the Prince of Wales, Edward III.'s eldest son. His name was also Edward, though he is nearly always called the Black Prince. Froissart, however, never calls him so; and no one knows how he got that title, whether from wearing black armor or from his terrible deeds. Before his first battle his father dressed him in black armor, but it is probable that he was generally clothed in rich and beautiful colors. He never lived to be king of England, and was buried at Canterbury Cathedral. There his tomb, with his likeness on it, may be seen to this day. It is faded now, after these five hundred years, but when it was new it was glowing with colors. On the armor may still be seen marks of the gilding with which it was covered. Above it hangs his helmet, with the gilded leopard for his crest, his velvet coat, which was embroidered with blue and scarlet, and his shield, emblazoned with the arms of England and of France.

The Black Prince.

He was very young, only sixteen years old, when he first fought the French. He had only been made a knight about a month. He had not yet "won his spurs;" that is, he had not yet done anything to distinguish himself, and to make him worthy of the gilded spurs which knights wore. He first fought in the famous battle of Crecy, not very far from Abbeville, in France. It is sometimes said that Roger Bacon's gunpowder came into use, and that cannon were first employed, in this battle, but Froissart says

1346. Battle of Crecy.

nothing about it. There is no doubt, however, that artillery began to be employed about this time.

Froissart says that in this battle the king of England had not more than an eighth part of the forces which the king of France had, but they were fine soldiers, and excellently disciplined. There were more than five thousand of the English archers. The king of France, however, had fifteen thousand Genoese with cross-bows, on whom he depended, besides immense numbers of Frenchmen, all eager for the fight. But Froissart tells us that "no man, unless he had been present, can describe truly the confusion of that day, especially the bad management and disorder of the French, whose troops were out of number."

Before the battle began Edward "rode at a foot's pace through all the ranks, encouraging the army, and entreating that they would guard his honor and defend his right; so sweetly and with such a cheerful countenance did he speak that all who had been before dispirited were directly comforted by hearing him."

The young Prince of Wales, surrounded by many gallant knights, had command of the first battalion. When all were duly arranged the English army "seated themselves on the ground, with their helmets and bows before them, that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive. The king overlooked all from a little hill near.

Before long the great and tumultuous French army approached, longing for the battle, but obeying no commands, and keeping no order. "As soon as the king of France came in sight of the English his blood began to boil," and he ordered the Genoese bowmen forward. "During this time," says Froissart, "a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder, and a very terrible eclipse of the sun; and before this rain a great flight of crows hovered in the air, over all those battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up, and the sun shone very bright, but the French had it in their faces, and the English in their backs."

Then came the meeting of the excitable Italians with the dogged, undemonstrative English. "When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry to abash the Englishmen, but they stood still and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese a second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little, and the Englishmen removed not one foot;

thirdly, again they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let their arrows fly so hotly and so thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. . . . In the English army there were some Cornish and Welshmen on foot, who had armed themselves with large knives; these, advancing through the ranks of the men-at-arms and archers, who made way for them, came upon the French when they were in this danger, and falling upon earls, barons, knights, and squires, slew many."

One of the allies of the French, who fought very bravely on their side, was the blind king of Bohemia. When he heard that the order for the battle was given, he said to his attendants, "'Gentlemen, you are all my people, my friends, and brethren at arms this day; therefore, as I am blind, I request of you to lead me so far into the engagement that I may strike one stroke with my sword.' The knights replied that they would directly lead him forward; and in order that they might not lose him in the crowd, they fastened all the reins of their horses together, and put the king at their head, that he might gratify his wish, and advanced toward the enemy. . . . The king rode in among the enemy and made good use of his sword, for he and his companions fought most gallantly. They advanced so far that they were all slain, and on the morrow they were found on the ground with their horses all tied together."

In the thick of the fight the battalion of the Prince of Wales was hard pressed and in great danger. A knight rode in all haste to the king to entreat him for assistance. "The king replied, 'Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?' 'Nothing of the sort, thank God,' rejoined the knight, 'but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help.' The king answered, 'Now, Sir Thomas, return back to those that sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have en-

trusted him.' The knight returned to his lords and related the king's answer, which mightily encouraged them, and made them repent they had ever sent such a message."

At last the battle ended; the French king had to flee, and his huge army was broken and scattered. When Edward saw his noble young son return to him victorious, he "embraced him in his arms and kissed him, saying, 'Sweet son, God give you good perseverance; you are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day; you are worthy to be a sovereign.' The prince bowed down very low and humbled himself, giving all honor to the king his father."

Some people think that it was from the brave, blind king of Bohemia that the Black Prince took the famous badge of the three ostrich feathers, and the motto "Ich dien," which are still the crest and motto of the Prince of Wales. This is not very clear; nor is it known how he came by them. The Welsh say "Ich dien" are Welsh words; but most people think they are German, and that the king of Bohemia really used them. In German those two words mean "I serve." One wonders whether in the hour of triumph the victorious prince had a thought of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister! It will be seen hereafter that he acted on his motto, and was "lowly and serviceable," after his greatest triumph.

After the victory of Crecy the king of England at once laid siege to Calais. It was bravely defended, but at length was forced by famine to surrender. Edward was indignant with the inhabitants for their obstinate resistance, and demanded that they should submit themselves absolutely to his will, without any terms or conditions. Even his own barons and knights entreated him to be less harsh than this, and he at last consented to pardon all the rest if six of the principal citizens would come to him "with bare heads and feet, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands." These six were to be at his absolute disposal. When the inhabitants of the town received information of the king's decision, it caused "the greatest lamentations and despair, so that the hardest heart would have had compassion on them." But before long "the most wealthy citizen of the town, by name Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said, 'Gentlemen, both high and low, it would be a very great pity to suffer so many people to die through famine

Siege of Calais.

The six burghers.

if any means could be found to prevent it; and it would be highly meritorious in the eyes of our Saviour if such misery could be averted. I have such faith and trust in finding grace before God, if I die to save my townsmen, that I name myself as first of the six.' When Eustace had done speaking they all rose up and almost worshipped him; many cast themselves at his feet with tears and groans." The brave and devoted man soon found companions; one after another stood forth to offer themselves; and when the six were completed they were led before Edward, who, as Froissart tells us, "eyed them with angry looks," and ordered their heads to be struck off. All his attendants, and especially one of his bravest knights, Sir Walter Manny, entreated him to be more merciful, and not to tarnish his noble reputation by such a cruel act. But it was all in vain till the Queen Philippa, who had come from England to visit her husband, fell on her knees before him, and said, "with tears, 'Ah, gentle sir, since I crossed the sea with great danger to see you I have never asked you one favor; now I most humbly ask as a gift, for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men.' The king looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, 'Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here; you have entreated in such a manner that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you to do as you please with them.' The queen conducted the six citizens to her apartments, and had the halters taken from their necks; after which she new clothed them, and served them with a plentiful dinner; she then presented each with six nobles, and had them escorted out of the camp in safety."

But though the six citizens were thus kindly treated by the queen, and the rest of the inhabitants escaped with their lives, they were not allowed to remain in the conquered city. All the knights and lords were put in prison, and the rest of the inhabitants were compelled to leave their homes and all they possessed, for King Edward determined to repeople the town with English alone. Three hundred years after this, when Calais had been long restored to the French, an English traveller relates that, passing through the city, he went to see "the relics of our former dominion there," and was shown on the front of an ancient dwelling these words in English, engraven on stone, God save the king.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GLORY AND SORROW.

The Battle of Poitiers. The Black Death. The serfs. Loss of Aquitaine. The Black Prince and the parliament. Death of the prince.

The French and the Scotch had become friends and allies at the time when England was against them both; so now while the war with France was going on, and Edward and his son were engaged in it, the Scotch took the opportunity of invading England. But they were defeated in battle near a place called Nevil's Cross, and their king, David, was made prisoner and kept in England nine years. Froissart says that Queen Phillippa headed the English army, but this is not now credited, for no old English writer says anything about it.

The English began to think their armies invincible. They grew more and more fond of fighting, and of the rich plunder they brought home: "the gold and silver plate, fair jewels, and trunks stuffed full of valuables."

Ten years after the battle of Crecy there was another great and famous battle, fought near Poitiers, in the more southern part of France. The Black Prince, who, though still young, was a grown man now, was at the head of the English; and the French king, John, at the head of his own troops. The army of the Black Prince consisted of only eight thousand men, while the French king had more than sixty thousand. The prince encouraged his men with brave but not boastful words. "Now, sirs," he said, "though we be but a small company, in regard to the puissance of our enemies, let us not be abashed therefore; for the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but where God will send it. If it fortune that the day be ours, we shall be the most honored people in the world; and if we die in our right quarrel, I have the king, my father, and brethren, and also ye have good friends and

1356. Battle of Poitiers.

kinsmen; these shall revenge us. Therefore, sirs, for God's sake, I require you to do your duties this day; for if God be pleased, and St. George, this day ye shall see me a good knight."

The small English force were so skilfully posted and so well managed that the French were utterly defeated, and their king, who had fought very valiantly, was made prisoner. The Black Prince showed his generous spirit, his courtesy and modesty. "When evening was come," writes Froissart, "the Prince of Wales gave a supper in his pavilion to the king of France, and to the greater part of the princes and barons who were prisoners. . . . The prince himself served the king's table, as well as the others, with every mark of humility, and would not sit down at it, in spite of all his entreaties for him so to do, saying that 'he was not worthy of such an honor, nor did it appertain to him to seat himself at the table of so great a king, or of so valiant a man as he had shown himself by his actions that day.' He added, also, with a noble air, 'Dear sir, do not make a poor meal because the Almighty God has not gratified your wishes in the event of this day; for be assured that my lord and father will show you every honor and friendship in his power, and will arrange your ransom so reasonably that you will henceforward always remain friends. In my opinion you have cause to be glad that the success of this battle did not turn out as you desired, for you have this day acquired such high renown for prowess that you have surpassed all the best knights on your side. I do not, dear sir, say this to flatter you, for all those of our side who have seen and observed the actions of each party have unanimously allowed this to be your due, and decree you the prize and garland for it.' At the end of this speech there were murmurs of praise heard from every one, and the French said the prince had spoken nobly and truly, and that he would be one of the most gallant princes in Christendom if God should grant him life to pursue his career of glory."

Three or four years after this, when both countries were worn out with fighting, and France was almost ruined by her own armies and the English armies forever ravaging and devouring everything, a peace was made. The French promised three million of gold crowns as a ransom for their king, who was then allowed to go back to his country; but as he could not collect the promised sum, he afterwards

honestly returned to England. He died in the Savoy Palace in London, which had been fixed upon as his residence while in captivity. Edward gave up his claim to be king of France; but he kept the duchy of Aquitaine and the town of Calais; and it was agreed that he was no longer to be a vassal under the king of France for these French possessions, as he and his fathers had always been before, but to be an independent sovereign over them. The Black Prince took up his abode in Bordeaux, to rule over these French provinces.

The battles of Crecy and Poitiers fill a large space in the history of their time, but very little is said about what happened in the ten years intervening, as if history was concerned only with kings, princes, and soldiers. But it was during that time that the first of those terrible pestilences came, which were in reality far more important than either of those famous fights. A few thousand men were killed in the battles; but by means of this awful disease more than two million people perished in England alone.

The black death.

The disease was so virulent that few who were attacked lived more than three days; it was called by the dreadful name of the Black Death. It is difficult to realize it. Of course it was not literally true that half the people in every house died; but, taking all together, there seems hardly any doubt that half the people of England died of this frightful plague; in some places more, and in some less.

More than two thirds of the clergymen in Norfolk and in Yorkshire died, so that it was almost impossible to get any one to read the service; and the bishops were obliged to make quite young boys rectors of parishes, or the churches must have been shut up. In the town of Yarmouth, which was a flourishing fishing town then, as it is now, more than seven thousand people were buried in one year, so that most of the houses were left empty and desolate, and gradually fell into decay. Nearly two hundred years afterwards there were still gardens and bare spaces where there had formerly been houses full of happy people.

In the west of England it was equally fatal. In Bristol so many people died that there were hardly enough left alive to bury them. The principal streets were so forlorn and deserted that the grass grew several inches high in them. In smaller villages and hamlets, sometimes every house was left empty, all those who dwelt in them being dead.

It was most terrible of all in London. One of the knights whom Froissart mentions, Sir Walter Manny, gave a large piece of land near Smithfield in which to bury those who died, and in one year fifty thousand people were buried there. But this new cemetery was not used till all the other churchyards were overflowing, and it is probable that more than one hundred thousand people died of this plague in London, small as it was then compared with what it is now. This cemetery, with the chapel that stood in it, was afterwards given by Sir Walter Manny to the monks of the Charterhouse, and it is there that the school and college (or almshouse) of the Charterhouse now stand.

The Black Death was perhaps the most fearful plague that ever came to Europe; for it raged in Italy, Germany, and France quite as fiercely as it did in England. We never hear of such plagues in modern times, for even the worst visitations of cholera have been nothing like this. A plague which should carry off half the people of a country would spread consternation through the world.

In those days people knew nothing about the laws of health. Their towns were dirty, crowded, and undrained. They did not know how to guard against infection. They did not know the importance of pure air and pure water. The windows were small, the houses dark, and the streets narrow. The doctors would often try to cure their patients by consulting the stars, or by magical ceremonies. The clergy thought that the pestilence was sent as a judgment for sins, and led the miserable people about, singing woeful litanies, and barefooted, —

> "Pressing the stones with feet unused and soft,
> And bearing images of saints aloft," —

in hope of winning pardon from an angry God.

It was not until quite lately that people began to find out that care and cleanliness — clean houses, clean water, clean streets, clean air, and clean bodies — are the means for keeping off these awful scourges.

A change had been going on for some time in the condition of the laboring classes. Many of the villeins and serfs had been gradually rising into freemen. Though it had long ceased to be a common practice for a rich man to sell his serfs, still most of the poor until about this time were looked on as part of the estate, and

The laborers.

were obliged to live and work on the land where they were born. Magna Charta, which had done so much for other people of the land, had been of very little help to laborers. The landlords even strongly objected to their serfs putting their children to school; for if a serf boy proved to be clever, and got on with his learning, he might in time become a clergyman, and then he would be free.

This was changing now. More and more of the serfs were buying their liberty and becoming free. Edward III. and his lords and knights wanted a good deal of money for their wars, and some of it they got in this way. It was also becoming customary, instead of a landlord giving a poor man a piece of land and a cottage, on condition of his doing work for him, for the peasant to pay rent in money for his house and land, and for the master to hire laborers to work on his own home-farm. This is the custom among owners of land now, and it gives more liberty and is pleasanter for both parties.

Moreover there was a new kind of work now to be done, in which workmen could be useful, and which was a great help to them in gaining their liberty. This was the manufacture of cloth. England had long been noted for its fine wool, but it used to be all exported, principally to the Netherlands, because the English, as Fuller tells us, "knew no more what to do with their wool than the sheep that wear it, as to any artificial and curious drapery." Edward III. invited a great many of the skilful Flemish weavers to immigrate, and teach the English to make fine cloth. This trade was of great benefit to the English.

Cloth weaving.

"Happy the yeoman's house into which one of these Dutchmen did enter, bringing industry and wealth along with them. Such who came in strangers among them soon after went out bridegrooms, and returned son-in-laws, having married the daughters of their landlords. Yea, those yeomen, in whose houses they dwelt, soon preceded gentlemen, gaining great estates."

When the Flemish weavers set up their looms and taught the English to weave cloth, of course they wanted workmen. Many serfs escaped from their masters and came to Norwich and other towns and learned to weave; and if they could manage to stay there a year and a day without being caught they were free, and the masters could never make

them go back again. Thus there were not nearly as many serfs as there used to be, and the masters had often to hire free laborers for money to plough and sow for them.

But after the Black Death there were very few laborers left; they asked for higher wages, but the masters did not want to pay them. The king's council interfered, and made a law that all the laborers were to work for their masters for the same wages that they used to have before the Plague. Masters were also forbidden to pay any higher wages than before. If the men disobeyed they were to be put in prison. Not long afterwards a still more cruel punishment was ordered. If any of the laborers went away, and the master could catch them, he was to burn the letter F, for fugitive, into their foreheads with a hot iron.

Statutes of laborers.

But the people had begun to learn their value and their power; they joined together, and stood by each other, refusing to take the low wages; and those who had the means helping those who had not. Legislators know now that it is useless to make laws fixing the rate of wages; that must be settled between the parties themselves; and all the law can do is to hinder either party from violence. Statesmen in Edward's time had not discovered this; they had to learn it by experience. Fresh laws were made to bind the laborers; but they were determined to be free. The result of this great dispute will be seen later.

After the battle of Poitiers, and when the Prince of Wales was established at Bordeaux, things went on very ill. Perhaps his great success had turned his head. Instead of being modest and courteous, as he was before, he became proud and arrogant, as did the English who were with him. He ruled Aquitaine very badly. Froissart says that he himself "witnessed the great haughtiness of the English, who are affable to no other nation than their own;" they said of the gentlemen of Gascony and Aquitaine "that they were neither on a level with them nor worthy of their society, which made the Gascons very indignant."

The Black Prince in the south.

The Black Prince also went to Spain, and fought for a cruel king there. He lost his health; he lost his popularity. He even became, for a time, very cruel himself. He besieged and took the town of Limoges in France, and treated it even more harshly than his father

1307.

would have liked to treat Calais. He permitted, and even encouraged, a most barbarous massacre of the inhabitants; so barbarous that Froissart says "there was not that day in the city of Limoges any heart so hardened, or that had any sense of religion, who did not deeply bewail the unfortunate events passing before their eyes; for upwards of three thousand men, women, and children were put to death that day."

Almost all the people of Aquitaine and Gascony rebelled against him, and gave their allegiance to the king of France. He returned to England very ill indeed, and for four years hardly anything was heard of him. This was a sad ending to a life that began so brilliantly; but just before he died he came forth once more to help his countrymen, and to win back their love and admiration.

The government of England had been badly managed. Edward III. was growing old, and the good Queen Philippa was dead. Edward took up with another lady, named Alice Perrers, who became his favorite, and did many things which offended and disgusted the nation. Edward III., unfortunately for England, had many children, some of whose figures stand round his tomb in Westminster Abbey, on which his own beautiful image, with the flowing hair and noble face, reposes. The descendants of these children quarrelled and fought for the kingdom of England through more than a hundred years. The third son, John, was born at Ghent, in Flanders, and so was called John of Ghent, or Gaunt, as it used to be written then.* He married the daughter and heiress of the Duke of Lancaster, great-niece of that Earl of Lancaster whom Gaveston had called "an old hog;" so he gained her titles and estates, and became Duke of Lancaster. He had most of the royal power in his hands. Though he was an able and well-educated man he took no pains to please either the clergy or the people; the government was very wasteful, and only the courtiers were pleased. The wars he undertook were expensive and inglorious; he took a large army to France, which won no victories, but was nearly starved and ruined. The ministers whom he appointed to manage matters in England were altogether unworthy of trust; every one was discontented and uneasy.

Discontent in England.

* This is Shakespeare's "John o' Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster."

It was not the barons now who stood forth against the tyranny, but the House of Commons, assembled in what was afterwards called the "Good Parliament." Hitherto the Commons had never done much but vote for the taxes if they approved them, and present petitions against grievances; they had not attempted to meddle with the government. Once, indeed, when Edward III. had attempted to consult them, they would not give any advice, very modestly saying that they were "too ignorant and simple" to form any opinion on such great matters. Now, however, it was felt that something must be done for good government and against John of Gaunt and his ministers, and the king's favorite Alice.

1376. Parliament and the Black Prince.

The difficulty was to find a leader brave and great enough to stand against the king, and the Duke of Lancaster, and the government. But the Black Prince came out from his retirement, like the evening sun from behind the storm-clouds at Crecy. He had been living in the country, at Berkhampstead, very ill; often falling into fainting-fits, which looked like death; but now that he saw his country's need he came from his retreat and was carried to London. He had a palace of his own in the city, near where the Monument now stands, but that was too far from the Parliament, which met in the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey. He was taken to the royal palace at Westminster, so that he might be carried from his sick bed to the Parliament.

When the Commons saw him, and knew that he was come to stand up for freedom and justice, their spirit and the spirit of the whole nation rose. The Commons threw away their humility and stood out boldly; they made their complaints, and for that time won the victory. John of Gaunt had to give way, and even to resign his place in the council. Alice Perrers also was banished, and the worst of the king's ministers were deposed.

This great and patriotic effort exhausted the strength of the Black Prince, and he died in the palace at Westminster. When it was known that he was dead the sorrow was inexpressible. Even his enemies grieved for him. The king of France, the son of that King John whom he had made prisoner at Poitiers, had special prayers and services said for him in the Sainte Chapelle at Paris. But his friends and relations, and his coun-

Death of the prince.

try could not be comforted at all. His father never recovered from it, and died the next year. One of his old fellow-soldiers was so heart-broken that he refused to take any food, and died in a few days of grief and starvation. The whole English nation mourned for him as it has never mourned since.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

The English people five hundred years ago. The language. The writers. The friars. The clergy.

In this chapter and the one following, an attempt will be made to describe the various classes in England five hundred years ago, — the knights and esquires, country gentlemen, clergymen, ladies, servants, and laborers, — as well as the monks, nuns, and friars; also to give an idea of their manners and mode of life, opinions and ideas.

Hitherto almost all the books cited as authorities for the history of the country were written in Latin; but the books hereafter to be consulted were written in English.

The language. It is very old-fashioned English; the spelling is antiquated, and there are a good many words which have gone out of use. But still it is English, and with little trouble it is soon read quite easily. If we compare it with the old English before the Norman Conquest, we see the change which was mentioned some time ago; we see many beautiful words which are not in the old language, and which are a great improvement to it; but the whole substance of the language is still that of the German forefathers.

After the Norman Conquest the king and the upper classes spoke French, and the school-children even were taught in French, which must have given to learning an additional burden. As it was fashionable to talk French rather than English, those who wanted to appear "genteel" always tried to do so.

But one John Cornewaile, a schoolmaster, believed that children would get on with their lessons better if they learned them in their own language; and other schoolmasters catching the thought from him, in about thirty years all was changed, and in every grammar school they

were taught in English, as they are now, and learned French as a foreign language. About the same time the lawyers began to talk English in the law-courts. And then the lords and ladies at court, the princes and princesses, kings and queens, began to read English books. An English knight, Sir John Mandeville, a great traveller, wrote an amusing book in French of his adventures and the wonderful things he had seen, and afterwards translated it into English, that "lords and knights, and other noble and worthy men," might understand it. In time the last distinction between the conquerors and the conquered disappeared, and in this sense at least we may say that the vanquished English overcame the victorious French.

The writers from whom we learn most about the manners and thoughts of the people at that time were not historians, but poets, writing to instruct or to amuse the people amongst whom they lived. One of them was a poor man, though a scholar, and he wrote for poor people. Two others were gentlemen living near the court, and writing sometimes for the king or princes. Naturally, therefore, the books are very different; but they all agree in many points. The writers all saw the same things, and described them truthfully in their different ways.

The authors.

The first of them was called William, and though his surname is thought to have been Langland, no one is quite sure what it was. Perhaps he had none at all; for in those days it was rather looked on as a mark of a gentleman to have a surname.* He belonged in some way to the Church, for he had a shaven crown; but he had a wife whom he mentions as Kit, and a daughter called Calote. He seems to have earned his living — and a very poor one — by singing hymns at rich men's funerals. This was not a cheerful occupation, and he had a very melancholy spirit. His long poem, which is called the 'Vision of Piers the Plowman,' is mostly very sad, and tells us a great deal about the evils of the times, and the sins of all classes of people. This book has hardly any of the new foreign words in it;† the lower people did not use or understand them

William Langland.

* That his name was William Langland is not at all doubtful; and he was probably a clergyman. — Ed.

† This is incorrect. The vocabulary of *Piers the Plowman* has about the same mixture of French and Latin as is to be found in the "Canterbury tales," but it has more archaic words from the Saxon. — Ed.

yet; it was written in what we may call a rougher language, powerful but not elegant.

The other principal writer was named Geoffrey Chaucer, and is called the father of English poetry. He was born in London, and his father was a vintner. Geoffrey had a busy, stirring life. He soon got offices in the court, and was thought a great deal of by some of the princes, especially by John of Gaunt. He was sent abroad several times on business of State. In his early youth he was a soldier, and was taken prisoner in France, but was ransomed by the king. At other times he went to Italy, and visited the beautiful cities of Florence, and Padua, and Genoa, where he saw noble buildings and pictures, and, what he perhaps enjoyed still more, some of the great and learned men of Italy and their books. He afterwards translated some of the charming tales he learned there into English.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

There was a great contrast between the two poets: one grave, poor, and sorrowful; the other gay, prosperous, and genial. But in many points, when they happen to write on the same subjects, they agree wonderfully. They were both *good* men, true at heart, hating sin and loving righteousness. Each confirms the other, though telling the tale in a different way.

Langland, in his poem, says he had a dream in which he saw a "field full of folk." There were gentlemen and ladies gayly dressed, poor laborers, townspeople, bakers, cooks, singers and jugglers, beggars, priests, bishops, friars, etc. It was a vision of human life, of which no description can give the least idea.

Chaucer was a more skilful painter of contemporary manners, because he was not so terribly in earnest. Langland bore the burden of the poor so heavily in his heart that his wrath breaks out and his descriptions lose all the fine touches. Chaucer was humane, too, and was with Langland and Wyclif against the friars, but he was first of all an artist. By the device of assembling a variety of persons on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he grouped together the most striking and characteristic figures of the time. He shows us a knight, a squire, a lady, a monk, an innkeeper, a parish clergyman, a cook, a plowman, a scholar, a sailor, and many others, and gives us wonderful descriptions of them all. Chaucer says, when the sweet spring

weather came people began to think of going on pilgrimages, and the favorite place in England was Canterbury.

> "The holy blissful martyr for to seke
> That them hath holpen, when that they were seke" (or sick).

It was rather a long journey in those days from London to Canterbury, and the roads in many parts of England were not safe, on account of robbers. Partly perhaps for that reason, and partly for company's sake, pilgrims would travel together. In Chaucer's poem a number of pilgrims happened to have met at the Tabard inn at Southwark, intending to start the next morning for Canterbury. The jovial host proposed that they should amuse themselves on the journey by telling stories, and whoever told the best story should be rewarded by a supper on their return.

The pilgrimage in those days was like a pleasure-party. The pilgrims rode very comfortably on horseback; sometimes they would have singers and players to accompany them; this time the amusement was to be telling stories. Some of Chaucer's tales are beautiful, some are droll; some of them are quite too gross to read, and show how coarse the lower classes, at least, must have been then. The tales that the better-bred people tell — the knight, the scholar, the lady, and others — are most delicately thought and expressed.

The other court poet was named Gower. He wrote three principal books, the first in French, the second in Latin; and by the time he had written both of these, people had begun to read English books, so he wrote the last in English. He was a fine scholar, though not a genius like Chaucer, — in fact he was extremely dull, — but we can help out our picture of the times by some of his lines. **Gower.**

Another man who wrote a great many books, who was unquestionably the father of English prose, and, above all, who gave England a gift, better even than the best of Chaucer's poetry, who gave her the Bible in English, was John Wyclif, an Oxford man and a clergyman, who fills some space in the history of the time. **Wyclif.**

We are now on the threshold of the Reformation. We remember how the English were disgusted by the extortions and tyranny of the popes. The Parliament declared that the Pope got five times as much out of the country as the government did. Italian cardinals and priests were made archdeacons, deans, and prebends of English benefices,

and the English clergy were kept poor and obscure. Gower wrote, "Rome bites the hand that does not bring a gift. From the court of Rome, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John would get no answer to any of their asking if they took no gift with them."

The friars.

It will be remembered that the Gray and Black Friars — the Franciscans and Dominicans — had come to England about a hundred and fifty years before. They had protested against the love of money and worldliness; they had preached to the poor and comforted the sick. But by this time these friars had become worse than the worst of the clergy. They still professed to be humble and saint-like, but it was all hypocrisy, and the people had found them out. Every one of the authors just mentioned had something to say against the friars. They pretended to be so poor that they had to beg their bread, and they also went about asking for money.

There was a friar among the pilgrims going to Canterbury, of whom Chaucer says, "he was the best beggar of all his house." If a poor widow had but one shoe he would get a farthing out of her before he went away. The friars did not ask for money only. They would beg rings and brooches, even flour and cheese, beef and blankets; nothing of value came amiss. He asks for a very pretty little dinner at a farm-house where he goes begging: the best part of a fowl, white bread, and a roast pig's head; and then boasts that he wants but little food, he is so fond of reading the Bible.

Selling pardons.

Langland, in his dream, tells how a friar comes to one full of sorrow for sin, whom he calls Contrition. The friar gives Contrition a plaster, called "privy-payment." He says, "I shall pray for you all my lifetime — for a little silver." Then Contrition (after paying the silver) "clean forgot to cry and weep and watch for his wicked works as he did before." He tells us in another place that when workmen were badly off, such as weavers and tailors and carters' boys, they "at last espied that friars had fat cheeks." So then they left their labor, put on friars' clothes, and lolled about and lived at their ease.

We must not think that, because the friars had become so degenerate, all the preaching and the beautiful lives of the first and truly holy ones went for nothing. They were bearing fruit now, not in the new friars, but in the hearts of pious men, like Wyclif and Langland, and thousands of others,

doubtless, who felt as they did, though they could not put their thoughts into words.

The "pardons" were papers or parchments, which were bought of the friars or other "pardoners." One of the Canterbury pilgrims was a pardoner, who had a sack full of them "hot from Rome." A priest asks Piers the Plowman, who is come to teach better things, to show him *his* pardon. Piers unfolds the pardon; it has only two lines written in it, — the words of Christ: —

> "They that have done good shall go into life eternal,
> But they that have done ill into everlasting fire."

Langland puts the meaning into a still shorter phrase. "Do well and have well; do ill and have ill." But the priest says this is no pardon at all.

Many of the other clergy of those days gave great disgust to the serious-minded by their luxury, worldliness, pomp, and show. There was a monk among Chaucer's pilgrims, who was beautifully dressed; his sleeves were trimmed with fine fur. He had a curious gold pin, with a love-knot in it, to fasten his hood under his chin. He was fat, and he liked good eating.

Worldly clergy.

> "He was not pale, as is a starved gost.
> A fat swan loved he best of any roast."

He kept plenty of good horses and hounds. "Why was he to study, and make himself mad poring over books? or to work with his hands, as Augustine bade?" He had bells on his horse's bridle that would jingle in the wind "as loud and clere as doth a chapell bell." Gower tells of rectors of parishes that did the same. "They feed dogs, not men; and when they speak of God, think of a hare."

There was a Bishop of Lincoln about this time, of whom Fuller relates a story that shows how far he was from being a true shepherd of Christ's flock. "By mere might, against all right and reason, he took in the land of many poor people (without making the least reparation) to complete his park at Tinghurst," — land where the poor people used to grow corn, and feed sheep and cows, — in order that he might keep the more deer. This was William the Conqueror in miniature. Fuller goes on: "These wronged persons, though seeing their own bread, beef, and mutton turned into the bishop's venison, durst not contest with him, . . . only they loaded him with curses and execrations."

But all the clergy were not like this. There was a parish clergyman who went on the pilgrimage to Canterbury; a very different man from the wealthy monk, the begging friar, or the pardoner fresh from Rome. Chaucer, who writes in a gay, mocking way about all those, becomes gentle and serious when he paints this good parson with his loving touches. Here is part of the description, well worth reading, notwithstanding its old-fashioned look: —

The poor parson.

"A good man ther was of religioun
That was a poure Persone of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Christes gospel trewely wolde preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitie ful patient;
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Full lothe were him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather would he yeven (give) out of doute
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring and eke of his substance.
He coulde in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought, for no rain ne thonder,
In sickness and in mischief (misfortune) to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite (great and small),
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf (gave),
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught."

He would not go away to seek after preferment, "but dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold."

"And though he holy were and vertuous
He was to sinful men not despitous (pitiless),
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne (disdainful),
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heaven, with faireness
By good ensample, was his besiness;
But if were any person obstinat,
What so he were highe or low estate,
Him wolde he snibben (reprove or *snub*) sharply for the nones.
. . . . .
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve."

No one of the poets since Chaucer could better that simple picture.

CHAPTER XXX.

MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND (*continued*).

The knights. The state of education. The households, dress, and luxury of the rich. The condition of the poor.

CHAUCER gives a charming account of the knight who went on the famous pilgrimage, accompanied by his son and one servant. We cannot conceive a more perfect gentleman. Though he had fought many battles, and seen a great deal of the world, there is no boasting or bluster about him. His manners are as gentle as a maid's. He rides pleasantly with the rest, agrees to the host's proposal, draws lots with the others, and tells his story courteously. Chivalry.

This brave warrior, who had been in fifteen battles, besides sieges, had a very tender heart. One of the other pilgrims tells, for his tale, of a great many people, who from happiness and prosperity, had fallen into misery; at last he tells a most piteous story of one who was starved to death with his three children. The knight cannot bear this; he breaks in and prays there may be no more of it. He says it is great sorrow to him to hear of the unhappiness of those who have been happy.

> "And the contrar is joye, and gret solas!
> As when a man hath been in poor estate
> And climbeth up, and waxeth fortunate
> And there abideth in prosperitee—
> Such thing is gladsome, as it thinketh me."

We see in him the best and beautiful side of chivalry. Chaucer teaches us, in another place, what it is to be a gentleman. He says we are not to think it is to be rich and nobly born, but we should look who is most virtuous, and tries always The gentleman.

> "to do the gentil dedës that he can—
> And take him for the greatest gentleman."

Froissart had something of the same conception, for he tells us of a squire who did a very base and cowardly deed, and adds that "he was scarcely a gentleman, for no gentleman would ever have practised such base wickedness." This is a more noble idea of a "gentleman" than many people hold now-a-days, for it is to be feared a great many think "gentillesse" lies in gold and silver more than in "gentil deeds."

The only lady* who went on the pilgrimage was a prioress, that is, the head of a nunnery. In both monasteries and convents they seem to have paid much attention to manners. All the little things which are taught to children in the nursery now, were serious matters of regulation then. The monks of Westminster had special rules for their behavior at dinner, forbidding them to stare, or to put their elbows on the table, or to crack nuts with their teeth. This lady was very refined, indeed, she took great pains to be elegant and stately in her demeanor, as if she had been at court. She talked French too, to seem more fashionable; but Chaucer slyly says that her French was

The lady.

> "after the school of Stratford atte Bow.
> For French of Paris was to her unknowe."

Fine ladies were fond of lap-dogs; in the pictures painted at this time we frequently see ladies sitting idly in gardens, or even riding on horseback, nursing little dogs. So this lady had "small hounds" that she fed with roast meat, and milk, and the finest bread. And if one of them died she wept sore. She was so tender-hearted, indeed, that she would weep if a mouse were killed or hurt in a trap.

The knights and ladies had some refined tastes. They loved gardens and flowers; above all, roses, though Chaucer loved best the English daisy. They loved the songs of birds; walking in a grove with the soft grass under their feet, and the thrushes and nightingales singing above their heads, was as sweet to them as to us. By this time, also, education had become more general. We may be sure all these English books would not have been written if there had been no one to read them. And it was evidently the pleasant custom for those who knew how, to read aloud to those who did not. One man (a little

Education of a gentleman.

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*Excepting the coarse Wife of Bath.

before this time), who wrote a history of England in rhyme, says expressly that he wrote it in English, not for learned people, but for unlearned, who knew neither Latin nor French, that they might have solace and pleasure when they were sitting together in fellowship.

Chaucer's knight had a son with him, about twenty years old. He was an esquire as yet, but of course would be a knight like his father in due time. Chaucer fortunately tells us what he had been taught, so we see the best education which a gentleman's son would get in those days. He had learned to sit well on his horse, and all things belonging to the soldier's art, for he had already seen real fighting, and "borne him well," besides jousting, or the fighting in play, which was then so fashionable. Moreover, he could sing and play on the flute; he could write, and of course he could read; he could draw; he could even make songs himself; and he could dance.

Reading, writing, poetry, music, drawing, dancing, riding, and fighting — a very fair education for a young officer. But he had learned with all this, besides, to be modest and polite.

> "Curteis he was, lowly and servisable,
> And carf before his fader at the table."

To carve the meat for their elders and betters was considered part of the duty of the young squires and pages. "He was at fresh as is the month of May," and had curly hair. He wore a sort of short tunic, with long and wide sleeves, embroidered like a meadow, with "fresh flowers, white and red." His father was very soberly dressed. "His horse was good, but he ne was not gay."

The country gentlemen lagged far behind in the matter of education. There was one of them in this company, a rich man who had often been knight of the shire, or member of Parliament for his part of the country. The principal thing he cared about was eating and drinking. When his turn came to tell his tale, he begged all his hearers to excuse him for his plain way of speaking, because he has never learned much. But he certainly wished for something better. He took a great liking for the curly-headed young squire, and appreciated the pleasing way in which he told his tale. He wished his own son were like him; instead of which, he thought of nothing but playing at dice and wasting his

money, and he did not care about talking with gentlemen, that he might "learn gentillesse aright."

Learning and philosophy.

There was one of the company who was a scholar —an Oxfordman. He was a hard student, very poor and very learned.

> "As lenë was his horse as is a rake,
> And he was not right fat, I undertake."

He did not care for fine clothes, nor for music and dancing. All he wanted was books. Though he had "but little gold in coffer," he did not care for that. He liked to have learned books at his bed's head; they were his delight and joy.

> "And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."*

In the universities there was a great deal of hard study; they went deeply into logic and metaphysics and other profound matters, and sometimes seem to have wasted a great deal of labor and cleverness on what led to very little result. Besides pondering upon abstruse questions very difficult to solve, and perhaps not worth solving after all, learned people who gave their attention to visible and material objects, believed a great many things which we know now to be untrue.

Besides their belief about comets and eclipses, which were still considered as supernatural, and having much to do with the affairs of men, they had many other strange ideas about the heavenly bodies. They thought that a man's life and fortunes in the world depended on what stars could be seen in the sky, and in what part of the sky, at the moment he was born. We still have the saying of a person having been born under a lucky or an unlucky star, or being of a jovial, mercurial, or saturnine temper, though we do not now think a man will be of a joyous, friendly spirit if the planet Jupiter shone upon his birth, or gloomy and morose if he was born under Saturn.

Astrology.

It was also thought that the stars continued to have an influence over the actions of men. Before beginning any business, or doing anything important, people would consult some astrologer or learned man, that he might tell by the

* It is to be hoped that students of English history will not be content with this meagre and imperfect summary of the immortal poem, but will study it for themselves.

stars whether it would prosper or not. A lady would perhaps take his opinion about her marriage, whether her suitor loved her or not, etc. Others would consult astrologers as to whether they would prosper if they took to dealing in sheep or pigs. Doctors also attempted to cure their patients by studying the stars, and making images of them when particular stars were in the ascendant.

The astrologers had considerable knowledge, and no doubt by observing the sky they found out many things which helped on the real science of astronomy; but as yet the wisest of them still believed that our earth was the centre of the universe, and that it alone was fixed and immovable, while the sun, moon, and stars revolved around it. They had begun, however, to believe that it was not flat, but a round globe, and the traveller who had thought it was the moon made Englishmen restless, was convinced that it would be possible to go all round it. In the very centre of the earth they believed hell was placed.

Alchemy.

Learned men wasted a great deal of time, and wore out their lives, in trying to make gold. They were fully convinced that, in some way or other, by mixing, melting, and evaporating, or by some chemical process, they would be able to make the precious metal which all men coveted. They never succeeded, and it has now been long believed that gold is one of the simple elements; but, doubtless, though they never succeeded in that, they found out many curious facts about the things with which they made their experiments. So that as the *astrologers* helped to find out the truths of astronomy, the *alchemists* found out many of the truths of chemistry, — as, for instance, about gases, salts, acids, etc., which it is very useful to know, and we have the comfort of thinking that all their toil was not wasted.

Dress of the rich.

The well-bred young squire, of whom Chaucer gives such a pleasant account, was, perhaps, hardly a fair specimen of his class. Langland has a great deal to say about the fashionable young lords who cared for nothing but idleness, gayety, and fine clothes. They spend all their money in chains and ornaments, and "except their sleeves slide on the earth," they are very wroth.

Parliament interfered with the love of finery, and tried to fix rules for the dress of people according to their rank. Kings and the royal family were to have the best furs, as

ermine, and ornaments of pearls, etc. The richer knights and ladies might have cloth of gold or silver embroidered with jewels, and trimmed with miniver. Poor knights and squires had cloth of silver, and their ribands and girdles "reasonably" embroidered with silver. Those who were of a lower rank were not to wear any silk, any silver, or any ornaments of gold or jewels. If any one ventured to wear a dress forbidden by these laws, it was to be taken away from him.

There was great luxury among the higher classes. Kings and great lords kept enormous households, and lived with lavish magnificence. If it were worth while, we could find out a great deal about their diet, for amongst the other books that were published about this time, there was a cookery-book! They were fond of flavoring with pepper and saffron, wine and vinegar, and seem to have taken vast pains with their dishes. Here is a receipt for making an apple-pie: "Take gode applys, and gode spyces, and figys, and reysons, and perys (pears), and whan they are well y-brayed (pounded) coloure with saffron wel, and do yt in a cofyn, and do yt forth to bake wel." A coffin, we must understand, at that time meant any sort of box, and here it was what we should call a "mould." The country gentleman evidently liked pepper and vinegar and high seasoning.

Their food.

> "Wo was his coke but if his sauce were
> Poignant and sharpe" —
>
> "It snewed in his house of meat and drink."

He had every kind of dainty, varying with the seasons: fish, meat, partridges, etc.; plenty of good wine and ale; and his table stood ready covered all day long.

In the winter people had to eat a great quantity of salted meat. One of the great lords had at one time in his larder, which must have been a pretty large one, six hundred bacon (salted pigs), eighty carcases of beef, and six hundred sheep, for they salted mutton in those days as well as beef and pork. But this was at the end of the winter, so we may imagine what he had at the beginning. He had besides, alive, twenty-eight thousand sheep, and enormous numbers of oxen, cows, and pigs.

All this was to feed the innumerable servants and dependents of all sorts whom he kept. These servants, who had

not much work to do, grew very idle and self-indulgent. They were always complaining of their food; they disdained salt meat, and grumbled when there was no roast; they quarrelled with the cookery and with the beer, just as the same class does to-day. There was a law passed that the servants were not to expect to eat meat and fish twice a day. Servants.

Meanwhile, people who were poor were very badly off indeed. The most sad and grievous fault of this time was that the rich and the poor were so far apart, and hardly seemed to know or feel that they were of one flesh and blood. We know as well, however, how the poor lived as we do about the dinners of the rich. Chaucer gives us particular account of a certain poor widow, who lived with her two daughters in a narrow cottage in a dale; this same cottage, he says, was "full sooty." Her table was mostly served with *white* and *black*. The white was milk and the black was bread, — white bread being a delicacy in those days; most people ate coarse, very dark colored bread, made of rye or barley, with beans or peas. She had bacon, and sometimes an egg or two. This was not very bad fare, as far as nourishment went; but sometimes the poor were much worse off than that. This widow, who lived in the country, had some cows and some pigs; that was how she got her milk and bacon. She had poultry too, and the rest of Chaucer's story is taken up with the adventures of her cocks and hens. The poor.

There is a piteous description of still poorer people given by Langland. He feels for the women most, where they have large families to keep. They spend all their time in carding and spinning wool, and can hardly earn enough to buy milk and flour for their children. They themselves suffer much hunger and woe in the winter; they have to get up at night to rock the cradle; they have to mend and wash; beside all this, they must card and comb the wool ready for spinning, or they would not get food for their children. The winter time is always the hardest for the poor, but it used to be much worse then than it is now. The plowman mentions what he has to depend upon in the spring before harvest. He had no bacon left, nor had he a penny to buy pigs or geese, which were the commonest animals then, for pigs could feed in the woods, and geese on the commons; he had some cheese and curds and cream,

some coarse bread made of beans, peas, and oats, a few vegetables, some half-ripe cherries and apples. And this poor fare must last till harvest, when he will be better off.

But when the better times came, and the laborers were getting more wages, they were very extravagant; it was just as it had been in William of Malmesbury's days; they were more inclined to "revelling" than to laying by their money. They would not eat the coarse brown bread, but must have the finest wheaten bread; no "half-penny ale" for them, but the strongest and brownest that brewers could make; nor would they eat bacon, but fresh hot meat or fish. And so it went on till the bad weather came again, and hunger pinched them.

William Langland's admonitions.

Langland gives sound advice to the different classes of people. He does not wish the lords and knights to turn ploughmen, but to leave off their follies and fopperies. They are to be merciful to their tenants, to take no gifts from the poor, nor to hurt their bondmen. They are to reprove robbers, flatterers, and false men, and to help to keep good order in the land. He says they ought to hunt wild beasts; and we have to remember that at that time the greater part of the country was still wild forest and waste land, full of foxes, hares, and other creatures, which did great harm to the farmers. There seem even to have been wolves still, which, he says, worried men, women, and children. So he desires the knights to hunt these and the wild birds of prey on the week-days; but to go to church on Sundays, and attend to their religion.

The merchants are to trade honestly, and to use their wealth in repairing hospitals for the sick, in mending bridges which are broken down, helping poor sick people and prisoners, and to do other charitable works, and then he promises no devil shall hurt them.

The lawyers are not to take bribes, but for the love of the Lord they are to speak for the innocent and poor, and to comfort them.

The sick, the blind, and the unfortunate are to be helped and comforted; but the idle beggars are to be set to work. They are to be fed with dog's food until they will work; but when they have deserved it they shall sup the better.

Women are to do a good deal of needlework. Some of them are to sew sacks for the wheat; the ladies, with their long fingers, should sew with silk, and work vestments for

the clergy; and they should all spin wool and flax to make cloth for the poor, and help the laborer who wins their food.

There is one set of people he cannot put up with at all — the jugglers and story-tellers, who went about to amuse the people. As he was of a very grave and melancholy sort of character, anything like fun and merry-making was, as Solomon says, "like vinegar upon nitre" to him. We need not agree with him in this, but otherwise we shall perhaps all feel that the world would still be the better if the spirit of his advice were followed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEW ASPIRATIONS.

Wyclif. The English Bible. Richard II. Wat Tyler and the insurrection of the people. Its results.

Of all the great men who lived in Edward III.'s long reign, and that of his successor, Richard II., the one whose work was the most important and has borne the most precious fruit was John Wyclif, who has been called the father of the Reformation. The Reformation may be considered as the greatest event in the history of England, because it is that which has most affected the lives, and thoughts, and actions of its people.

It has been seen that for several hundred years there had been disputes with the Pope, from the time when William the Conqueror disdainfully refused to do homage to him for the kingdom of England. There was the struggle in Henry II.'s time, which ended in the murder of Becket and Henry's humble submission. A little later we find King John acknowledging the Pope as master, doing homage to his legate for his crown, and paying him a large tribute. Though this caused great fury and indignation among the English, it was never formally put an end to till, in the reign of Edward III., the whole Parliament, lords, commons, and bishops too, agreed to cast it off, and declared they would not only not pay the arrears of the tribute, but would never pay any more.

But these disputes were what we may call political; they were all concerning worldly affairs, and had nothing to do with religious belief. Until this time the English people believed every one of the doctrines of the Roman Church.

Wyclif. John Wyclif was the first man who expressed doubt of some of those doctrines, and taught other people to do the same.* He was a clergyman, a man of

* Wyclif was the king's chaplain, and his first treatise was in defence of the king's prerogative against the claim of the Pope. His departure in doctrine was at a later day. His early works were in Latin.

great ability and learning, the head of Balliol College at Oxford. He was also a man of a strong character; very religious, and heartily in earnest in whatever he did.

Wyclif saw, as Chaucer and Langland did, the wickedness and hypocrisy of many of the friars, and the evil they wrought among the people. He wrote against them, and he preached against them; and his treatises and sermons, being very forcible and in the vulgar tongue, had a great effect on men's minds. One time he fell very ill and was thought to be dying; upon which a deputation of friars paid him a visit, and, after a few polite wishes for his health, they exhorted him, now that he was at the point of death, that he would, "as a true penitent, bewail and revoke in their presence whatever things he had said to their disparagement. But Wyclif, immediately recovering strength, called his servants to him and ordered them to raise him a little on his pillows, which when they had done, he said with a loud voice, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the evil deeds of the friars.' On which they departed from him in confusion."

During the time when John of Gaunt was managing the kingdom in his father's old age, he was engaged in a great political strife with the clergy and bishops, and was very glad to find a helper in Wyclif. Accordingly, for a time he favored and protected him. "Apostolic poverty for the clergy was the idea they had in common; it was recommended to them by very different reasons," says a modern historian.

John of Gaunt protects him.

Wyclif soon began to use very strong language about the Pope, calling him "Antichrist, a proud and worldly priest, and the most cursed of purse-clippers and kervers" (carvers). The Archbishop of Canterbury suspended him, and he was summoned to appear before an assembly of bishops at St. Paul's Church in London. John of Gaunt and the Lord Marshal of England, Henry Percy, went with Wyclif, to protect and encourage him in case of any violence. There was an immense concourse of people crowding around, and within the Ladye Chapel a grand assembly of dukes and lords, besides the bishops and archbishops.

1377. Assembly of bishops.

The lords and the bishops soon fell to quarrelling. The story is amusingly told by Foxe, who wrote the lives of the English reformers. A few words of Lord Percy, he says,

cast the Bishop of London "into a fumish chaff;"* and very soon a fire began to heat and kindle between them, "insomuch that they began so to rate and revile one the other that the whole multitude, therewith disquieted, began to be set in a hurry." John of Gaunt spoke upon Wyclif's side; to whom the bishop, "nothing inferior in reproachful checks and rebukes, did render and requite to him not only as good as he brought, but also did so far excel him that the duke blushed and was ashamed, because he could not overpass the bishop in brawling and railing." The duke presently whispered (not so low but that he could be overheard) that "he would rather drag the bishop out of the church by the hair of his head than he would take this at his hand." Then the citizens stood up for their bishop, and "with scolding and brawling" the council broke up without hearing Wyclif.

After this the Pope issued a bull against Wyclif; but no harm came of it, for John of Gaunt still protected him, and this time the citizens of London also took his part. When this Pope died, the state of the Roman Church grew still worse than before, since it became divided against itself, and two rival popes were set up, one at Rome, the other at Avignon, who were most furious enemies to each other, and set the whole Christian world at enmity. The English took the side of one Pope, and the French that of the other, and each party called the opposite one "dogs."

1378.

The Pope whom the English supported sent some of those "sacks full of pardons" to England, and proclaimed that he would absolve from every crime or fault those who would help him in destroying his enemies. These pardons, of course, were not to had for nothing; but so eagerly were they bought that, in the diocese of London alone, "there was collected," says Froissart, "a large Gascony tun full of money, . . . and it was solemnly declared that all who had given their money, and should die at this time, were absolved from every fault."

The doctrine which Wyclif first questioned was that concerning the sacrament, and the miraculous change in the bread and wine, which was called transubstantiation.

* The "few words" of Lord Percy were (in modern slang) only "chaff," and the bishop was a match for him. — Ed.

But he soon went on to other doctrines too, such as "pardons," pilgrimages, worship of the saints, and worship of their images. When, by the course of events, he was placed in opposition to the Pope and the Church on political grounds he had time to look at abuses and dogmas, and to reason for himself. For many years his great work was translating the Bible into English; and while he was working and studying at that, his mind returned to the simplicity of primitive Christianity.

The popes and the councils of the Church had by this time decided that lay people had no right to read the Bible. In the old Anglo-Saxon times it had been different, and such people as knew how to read had been encouraged to read their Bibles. But the clergy had grown more proud, and more anxious to keep the power and influence in their own hands.

The Church and the Bible.

If the common people could read, then they might judge, and that would put the laity more on a level with the clergy. But the clergy, perhaps, honestly thought plain men could not understand the Scriptures, and might "wrest them," as St. Paul says, "to their own destruction," and it became a settled rule of the Church that no layman should read the Bible. The clergy only could rightly understand the Scriptures, and the laity might listen humbly to the parts they chose to read to them.

Wyclif's translation.

Wyclif loved truth better than power and greatness. He soon found people to agree with him, even some of the clergy; those he sent about everywhere preaching to the people;* two of the most learned of them he kept to help him translate the Bible. Another clergyman, one of the Church party, wrote of Wyclif in these terms. "Christ delivered his gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might administer to the laity, and to weaker persons, according to the state of the times and the wants of man. But this Master John Wyclif translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity, and to women who can read, than it formerly had been to the most learned of the clergy. . . . And in this way the gospel pearl is cast abroad and trodden under foot of swine,

* Aside from his translation of the Bible, Wyclif's greatest work was in his training of great numbers of "poor priests" for parochial visitation and open-air preaching.

and that which was before precious both to clergy and laity is rendered, as it were, the common jest of both! The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the clergy and divines is made forever common to the laity."

Wyclif and his friends took great pains to get copies of the new translation made and circulated as widely as possible. But as in those days books were wholly in manuscript, they were very expensive. A New Testament of Wyclif's version cost, not long after this, £2 16*s.* 8*d.*, which was as much as twenty or thirty pounds now. His translation is the basis of our present Bible, but in time a new translation became necessary, first on account of the changes going on in the language, next, because Wyclif, not being a Greek scholar, had made his translation from the Latin Vulgate. Still with pains we could read and understand his English. Some of his phrases are very pithy. For the verse, "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust," he puts, "He knew our britil making."

The bishops were indignant with Wyclif, and tried to have him imprisoned or silenced. When Wyclif began to attack the doctrines of the Church, John of Gaunt ceased to take his part. He did not wish to alter his belief, or other people's, but only to get the power and wealth of the clergy. For a long time the University of Oxford stood by Wyclif, but at last it had to give in, and he and his followers were banished from that city. Why Wyclif was not sentenced to death or imprisonment is not clearly known, but he had powerful friends in court. Probably John of Gaunt still protected him personally, though he no longer sided with him; he was also favored by the good and beloved wife of King Richard II.

He is persecuted.

He was permitted to retire to his parish at Lutterworth, and there he spent most of his time in improving his translation of the Bible. At last the English bishops appealed to the Pope, and Wyclif was summoned to appear at Rome to give an account of himself. But he was now too old and infirm to go, though he said he would cheerfully have gone if possible, for he was always glad to explain his faith to any one, and above all to the Bishop of Rome. Very soon after this, whilst he was performing the service in his church, he was struck with paralysis, and in two days died. The first of our English reformers, though

1384. His death.

he had a stormy life, had a peaceful death. Persecution had not become as cruel in England as it did afterwards; but, as if the Church of Rome repented of its gentleness towards Wyclif, about forty years later the Pope commanded his bones to be dug up out of his grave, burned to ashes, and then thrown into a brook.* But Foxe remarks upon this, "Though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and the truth of His doctrine they could not burn; which yet to this day do remain, notwithstanding the transitory body and bones of the man were thus consumed and dispersed."

In the midst of all this stir of thought, the old King Edward III. died, having reigned fifty years. His end was as melancholy as William the Conqueror's. He was deserted by all his friends; none even of his children were near him; and his wicked favorite Alice, who had returned after her banishment, stole the very rings off his fingers. The Prince of Wales's young son Richard, who was only eleven years old, was made king. Every one thought that his uncle, John of Gaunt, would have liked to take his place, and in former times it is probable that he might have done so; for, though Henry III. had been made king while still a child, Richard was the first instance of a grandson of the last king succeeding to the throne. But as John of Gaunt was very unpopular, and had made a great many enemies, while every one was disposed to love the young prince for the sake of his father, the Black Prince, he contented himself with watching his opportunities.

1377. Death of Edward III.

The first notable event in Richard II.'s reign was what is sometimes called "the peasants' revolt," and sometimes, in a more dignified way, "the rising of the commons." We have seen how miserably the poor lived, and that, though many had in one way or another become free, the greater number were still serfs or villeins. These poor men, in return for their cottages and little plots of land, had to plough and reap, thrash and winnow, and do many other things for their lords without wages. They were now, however, beginning to feel their power, and to murmur against the oppression of their masters. Many of the same class in other countries, especially in Flanders, had already risen in revolt, and those

* The order to dig up and burn his bones was passed by the Council of Constance, 1394. The sentence was carried out in 1428. — Ed.

in England were in a very dissatisfied condition. When things are in that state, it is like gunpowder only waiting for a match.

The war with France was still going on, and, as usual, there was a great want of money. When it was found that the customary taxes would not bring in enough, a new one was levied, which was called the poll-tax, that is, a tax on everybody's head. It was arranged on a sliding scale. The Duke of Lancaster, who was the highest subject in the kingdom, was to pay £6 13*s.* 4*d.*; earls were to pay £4, barons £2, and so on down to the lowest; and every one of these, excepting beggars, was to pay a groat, which is 4*d.*, but of course was worth a great deal more then, perhaps about 5*s.* Still the government did not get enough, and next year there was another poll-tax. For every one in the country over fifteen years old three groats were to be paid; only it was said, in a general way, that the rich were to help the poor. When it was left in that vague manner it was certain the rich would not do more than they could help, and it would fall very heavily on the poor. The tax-collectors too were violent and rapacious.

The poll-tax.

Here was the spark that set the gunpowder alight. The poor people rose, not only in one or two places, but almost all over the kingdom. It seemed as if they could not have had time to plan together, or communicate; there were no telegraphs or even post-offices then. But all at once, in counties far and near, the people rose. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Devonshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Kent, the peasants were up in arms. Their leaders were poor men like themselves, "fellows with no surnames." The lower orders of people at this time had no family names. The principal leader of the people was a man whose trade was to make tiled roofs, and who was called Wat Tyler. There was also one who had perhaps been a thatcher, as he was called Jack Straw. And another very important one was a priest named John Ball.

1381. Rising of the peasants.

Wat Tyler.

Froissart, who must have been growing old now, but was still busy writing his history, gives an account of the rising. He had not much sympathy with the poor, and gives a disparaging account of their leaders. He calls Wat Tyler a bad man, and a great enemy to the nobility; and John Ball "a crazy priest." He gives us a speci-

John Ball.

men of Ball's sermons. "Every Sunday after mass, as the people were coming out of church, this John Ball was accustomed to assemble a crowd around him in the market-place and preach to them. On such occasions he would say, My good friends, matters cannot go on well in England until all things shall be in common; when there shall be neither vassals nor lords; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill they behave to us! For what reason do they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? And what can they show, or what reason can they give, why they should be more masters than ourselves? They are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor clothing. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, while we have only rye and the refuse of the straw. They have handsome seats and manors, while we must brave the wind and rain in our labors in the fields, and it is by our labor they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves, and if we do not perform our service we are beaten. . . ." There seems so much truth and sense in this that one wonders Froissart could write it down without perceiving it too. The same Archbishop of Canterbury who had suspended Wyclif put John Ball in prison for two or three months, but as soon as he came out he began preaching again as before. It is said that his favorite text to these sermons was a rhyme —

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then a gentleman?"

In the old Bible pictures, such as most likely were painted on all the church walls at that time, they always showed Adam and Eve digging and spinning, so the people would quite understand that rhyme.

Froissart, as we have seen, had no feeling for these people, nor had Gower the poet. He was a rich gentleman living in Kent, where the worst of the rioting was. He wrote a good deal about it, sometimes satirically, and at others indignantly. He compares the peasants to oxen and asses. "Asses, disdaining the curb, rose like wild lions to seek their prey, and, leaping about the fields, terrified all the citizens with their wild hee-aw. They would no longer carry sacks into the town, nor bend their backs to any burden. They claim to be lodged and combed like horses." Still he thinks

the revolt would not have happened had there not been great evils in the land.

At last then the people rose and resolved to free themselves. As might be expected they did many bad things even at first; but, for a mob of oppressed and down-trodden people, it seems wonderful they did no worse. They burst into the manor-houses and ransacked them. When they found the lists of the villeins on each estate, and the work they were bound to do, they burned them. They put to death a great many lawyers and other officials, whom they looked on (perhaps very truly) as their oppressors, and burned their houses. Wat Tyler and John Ball, with a great troop behind them, marched up from Dartford in Kent to Blackheath; and the rich men in London, in great alarm, shut the city gates, and tried to keep them from crossing London Bridge.

The revolters in London.

But as many of the lower people in London were on their side, and as also there was much fear that the mob would burn down the fine houses and suburbs outside the city gates, they were obliged after a time to let them in. The most of the rioters did not mean any harm; they sent messages to the young king, saying that they respected and would obey him, but that they must tell him their grievances, and they hoped he would set them right.

At first "they did no hurt, and took nothing from any man." But, out of fear or false kindness, people set a great deal of meat and drink before them, and when they had once tasted the strong wine they could never have enough of it. Then they grew wild and violent. They had a great hatred of John of Gaunt, and declared they would never have a king named John. They now seized on his palace, the Savoy Palace, in which the French king had lived so long, and set fire to it; though it was full of silver and gold and jewels they did not steal anything; and one man, who was found carrying some valuables away, they put to death as a thief; but, unfortunately they drank a great quantity of his wine.

In the excitement a great many men were killed, and a horrible night was spent in London; murder and drink on one side, and terror and fury on the other. When morning came it was thought best to try and appease them, and, as they had demanded to see the king, it was agreed that he

should go and meet them. Accordingly, Richard, who was about fifteen or sixteen, and was a spirited young fellow, sent word to them to retire to "a handsome meadow at Mile-End, where in the summer-time people go to amuse themselves," and he would meet them there. About sixty thousand of the peasants assembled. They must have been sober by this time, for they behaved very well.

The young king.

They made four petitions to the king. The first was that they should be set free for ever, they and their children; they would no longer be called slaves nor held in bondage. Secondly, that a free pardon should be granted to all. Thirdly, that they might buy and sell in any market that they liked. And fourthly, that good land should be let at fourpence an acre. That last sounds absurd to us now, but there were reasons which made it not so absurd then.

King Richard promised to grant all their demands, and, speaking very calmly and sensibly to them, "his word greatly appeased the more moderate of the multitude, who said, 'It is well; we wish for nothing more.'" Great numbers of them then returned quietly to their homes, and no one can deny that they had behaved wonderfully well.

Meanwhile, unhappily, a great part of the mob had not gone to Mile-End at all, but had stayed rioting in London. Whilst the king's back was turned, some of the lawyers and other men were murdered; especially the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had put John Ball in prison. The rabble went on drinking Rhenish wine and Malmsey Madeira. Moreover, many of those who remained would not be content with what the king had promised, but plotted a number of wicked schemes; or, at least, so Jack Straw is said to have confessed afterwards.

The next day the king, with only about sixty followers, fell in with a great body of the insurgents at Smithfield, and, seeming still anxious to pacify them, had some talk with their leader. But Wat Tyler behaving insolently, and threatening one of the king's attendants, the Mayor of London, William Walworth, who was in Richard's train, struck him from his horse, and he was killed. Upon seeing this his followers set themselves in battle array, and bent their bows. It was a perilous moment; but the young king, with rare spirit and courage, rode boldly forward alone, saying, "I am your king; I will be your leader." The rioters,

struck with admiration or shame, attempted no further violence, but really followed the king. Soon a large body of citizens hastened to the spot to protect him, and the crowds, at Richard's command, quietly returned home. Thus ended the revolt; for the insurgents in the other counties, hearing how those in London had submitted, for the most part dispersed of themselves; the others were put down by force.

The worst part of the story is still to be told. None of the king's fair promises were kept. As to the free pardon that had been granted, not only were the leaders, John Ball and Jack Straw, beheaded, but a great many others were executed also; in all, it is said, as many as fifteen hundred. This was not wholly the fault of Richard. His pardon had been granted before he knew of the murder of the archbishop and the others, which took place in his absence. Perhaps, too, he would have liked to keep his promise about freeing the villeins, for when Parliament met he begged them to consider the propriety of abolishing the system of serfdom or villeinage. But Parliament refused; they said "no one should rob them of their villeins."

End of the revolt.

Thus it would seem as if all had been in vain. But it was not so really; the insurrection bore fruit. The poll-tax was entirely done away with; and though the masters would not, in so many words, set the villeins free, it appears that the spirit the men had shown made them a great deal more careful as to their treatment. Gradually they saw, perhaps, how much better the plan of hiring and paying laborers worked. Thus, at the end of fifty years from the plague of the Black Death, the long struggle of the laborers succeeded at last, and every Englishman was free.

Results.

Before leaving this subject we will notice for a moment how the like conflict went on in France. There, too, the peasants had been oppressed, far more than in England; the serfs had been treated like beasts of burden. They rose up at last against their oppressors, plundered and burned their castles, and massacred the nobles, men, women, and children. The English revolters did nothing at all like this; there was nothing which could be called a "massacre." We may think the English government was very unjust and cruel in the punishments it inflicted, but it was mild and merciful compared with the French. The dauphin on one

occasion killed twenty thousand of the peasants; they were cut down in heaps, crushed to death, and slaughtered like wild beasts. In some parts the whole country was cleared of them by the savage butchery of the knights and lords.

In England, as we have seen, it was not very long before justice and the right prevailed. The English nation went on, more or less peacefully, growing in liberty and unity. The French nobles, no doubt, thought they had "stamped out" the rebellion. They continued century after century to treat the poor as badly as ever, and at last came the frightful explosion of the French Revolution.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RICHARD THE REDELESS.

Character of Richard. His uncles. Troubles of the reign. Death of the Duke of Gloucester. Richard aims at absolute power. Henry of Lancaster. His banishment. His return. Deposition of Richard.

RICHARD'S behavior at the time of the revolt showed great presence of mind, courage, and a certain generosity, and it might have been hoped that a youth possessing these qualities would grow into a fine and noble king. But it was not so; for though he was handsome, clever, and affectionate, as well as high-spirited, he grew up headstrong, proud, self-willed, and very revengeful; he had been spoiled by flattery and bad management in his youth, and never learned how to govern himself; far less, therefore, could he govern a great kingdom. He soon gained the title of Richard the Redeless, which has the same meaning as the old nickname of Ethelred the Unready, the unwise or uncounselled one.

The king's uncles.

While he was young his uncles strove to get all the power they could, and gave great offence to the king. It has been seen that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had set public opinion against him by his pride and extravagance, and that the common people were so hostile to him they had burned his palace, and declared they would never have a king named John. But after that time he appears to have changed his conduct, and to have become a peace-maker. In Shakespeare's play of *Richard II.*, John of Gaunt appears as a very noble character and great lover of his country, but this picture could only have been true of him in his later years.

Another younger son of Edward III. was the Duke of York. He does not seem to have been able like his brothers, nor ever to have quite known his own mind, or what side he meant to take; as we may read in Shakespeare's play. It is important to remember these two dukes, because it

was their descendants who caused the long and dreadful civil wars between the houses of Lancaster and York.

The youngest uncle of the king was the Duke of Gloucester. He was shrewd and ambitious, and as soon as John of Gaunt retired he got most of the power into his own hands. Richard had his favorites, and they were hated as Gaveston and Hugh le Despenser had been. The Duke of Gloucester, who had gained great influence, encouraged the Parliament to make a dead set against these favorites, and to call on the king to dismiss them. Richard was growing up very haughty and arrogant, and he replied that for such men as the members of Parliament he would not dismiss the meanest servant in his kitchen.

But by this time Parliament had become too powerful to be treated in this high-handed way. Richard had to submit. His ministers were dismissed and banished; a new administration was appointed, with the Duke of Gloucester at its head, and leaving Richard a mere puppet. The Duke of Gloucester in his turn used his power very tyrannically; a great many knights, judges, and others whom he looked on as his enemies were put to death, and when the king attempted to interfere, the duke led an army of forty thousand men against him. Richard had to yield once more, and his friends fled for their lives. 1387.

Before long, however, Gloucester's power came to an end. One day, in the midst of a great council, the king, turning suddenly to the duke, said, "Uncle, how old am I?" "Your highness," replied the duke, "is in your twenty-second year." "Then," said Richard, "I must certainly be old enough to manage my own affairs; I am much obliged to you, my lords, for your past services, but I want them no longer." So he put down the Duke of Gloucester's ministers, and set up others in their stead, and governed the country himself. Things went on very quietly for eight years; but all that time he kept in his own heart the determination to be revenged on his uncle and those who had supported him. 1389. Richard assumes the authority.

During this quiet time he made an effort to subdue the people of Ireland. They were still as wild as they had been in the days of Henry II. Even the Englishmen who had settled down in the country had become quite as uncivilized as the natives. Richard showed great skill and good sense in his way of treating them, and by a Ireland.

blending of firmness with gentleness, he brought the island for the time to obedience and a reasonable degree of order. The four Irish kings did homage to him. He treated them with kindness and courtesy, knighted them, and tried to civilize them. The English gentleman who was intrusted with the task of teaching them good manners gave a very droll account of his difficulties, and the pains he took to break them of their uncouth habits; such as making grimaces as they sat at table, and eating out of the same plates with their servants and minstrels. He tried to make them wear dresses of silk and fur like English princes; but he complains that they would frequently return to "their coarse behavior." And when, after nine months, Richard went back to England, after doing what he could to establish justice and peace, all the Irish did as the four kings did, and returned to their wild and lawless ways.

While quite young the king had married a princess of Bohemia, whom he dearly loved, and whom all the country loved. She was called the "good Queen Anne;" she was a friend and protector of Wyclif;* and it was most likely through her that Wyclif's doctrines were carried to Bohemia, and took root there. There is no doubt that many of his books were sent to Bohemia, some of which are said to remain even now in an ancient library at Prague. John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who were the earliest reformers on the continent of Europe, probably derived their doctrines from him. In England, however, the teaching of Wyclif fell into great disfavor after the peasants' revolt, because it was generally believed that some of his followers, if not he himself, had favored the preaching and opinions of John Ball; and the son of John of Gaunt, Wyclif's early protector, afterwards became a cruel persecutor of those who followed his doctrines.

Anne of Bohemia.

Nevertheless the conflict with the Pope on temporal matters went on as vigorously as ever, and a law was passed which was called the Statute of Præmunire (the Latin word with which it began), providing heavy penalties upon any who should venture to bring in the Pope's bulls, or exercise any authority in his name, in the kingdom of England.

1393. Statute of Præmunire.

Not long after this Queen Anne died; and when, at the

* So was the widow of the Black Prince. — ED.

end of two years Richard chose a new wife, his choice was very displeasing to the country and to the Duke of Gloucester. The French war was still going on, and Richard wished to put an end to it by marrying a French princess. Strange to say, in spite of the heavy taxes and distress, the English were not at all anxious for peace. They had never suffered from the war as the French did, because it was all carried on in France, though the French had once or twice tried to invade England.

Richard becomes unpopular.

Froissart reports the French as saying, "Why should we not for once make a visit to England, and learn the way thither, as the English have learned the way into France? Let us go and see how they behave." They believed that if they did so "England would be ruined and destroyed beyond resource, the men put to death, and the women and children carried in slavery to France." And the English were represented as saying in return, "Let them come, and not a soul of them shall return to tell the story!" Once or twice a French army did land in England, but no great harm came of it.

The English still wished to carry on the war, and were angry with Richard for making a truce for twenty-five years, and for marrying the French princess, who was a little girl of eight years old. The Duke of Gloucester, in particular, declaimed loudly against it. Now was the time when Richard took the revenge he had meditated so long. The Duke and his friends were treacherously seized and imprisoned. Gloucester was sent to the castle in Calais, and never appeared again. It was given out that he died of apoplexy; but it was universally believed that he was murdered by the king's orders. This caused a great uproar; the two other dukes prepared to avenge their brother's death, and it was with great difficulty that a sort of peace was made. And when peace was restored, "the king of England," says Froissart, "governed more fiercely than before. . . . He now assumed greater state than ever kings of England had done, nor had there been any one who expended such large sums of money. . . . At this period there was no one, however great, in England who dared speak his sentiments on what the king did or intended doing."

1396.

His arbitrary government.

Richard intended to be an absolute monarch. We have seen that the different classes in the country — the lords, the

commons, and the Church — had been striving for centuries to limit the power of the king, and make him govern, not according to his own will, but according to the law of the land; that they had made John sign the charter; that they had given more and more power to the Parliament; that they had prevented the king from laying on taxes without the consent of Parliament; that Parliament never would consent when the king disregarded the wishes of the nation. Richard wished to undo all this work, and for a time he seemed to be succeeding.

But it was not likely that a nation with such a history, which had stood up for its liberty and its rights so valiantly, was going to resign them at a word. Richard contrived, moreover, to make himself a dangerous enemy, and give his opponents the very head they wanted, by his arbitrary way of proceeding.

Though Richard had been made king without opposition, and John of Gaunt passed over, there was likely to be a difficulty in naming his successor; for he had no children. We should say now, without a doubt, if there were no descendants of Edward III.'s eldest son, the right would next come to the descendants of his second son. The brother next to the Black Prince was the Duke of Clarence, who had been long dead, and who had left only a daughter; still the children of that daughter had the next right to the throne. She had married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, and Richard declared her grandson to be his heir. Thus, as we may say, John of Gaunt and his son were quite put out of court.

Henry of Lancaster.

But Richard seems to have had an uneasy feeling about his cousin Henry, John of Gaunt's son. He was a brilliant man, and much liked by the country. Shakespeare tells how Richard observed the way he courted the common people, and tried to win their regard by being wonderfully polite to them.

> "How he did seem to dive into their hearts
> With humble and familiar courtesy;
> What reverence he did throw away on slaves."

No doubt the people would remark the contrast between him and the king who was "governing so fiercely."

We may observe here that in the play we find this Henry called by a good many different names,—Bolingbroke, Derby,

Hereford, and Lancaster. Those were all different titles of his, and the most important one to remember is Lancaster, which he assumed after his father's death, because when he came to be king he and his son and grandson are called the House of Lancaster.

Henry had a quarrel with the Duke of Norfolk, one of the principal nobles, who had formerly opposed the king. The latter declared that Henry had used treasonable words about his cousin the king. Henry in his turn accused Norfolk of being the traitor. As each persisted in declaring his own innocence, and the other's guilt, it was decided to appeal to the wager of battle. The two were to meet fully armed and to fight it out, and whichever conquered would be declared to be innocent. To us this appears like deciding that a strong man with good armor, a powerful horse, and a skilful arm was always right; and a weak man, with a poorer horse, was always wrong; but the idea was founded on the belief that God was constantly interfering to work miracles in the affairs of men. They thought that if the two champions solemnly appealed to Him, He would if needful work a miracle, and let the weaker one vanquish the stronger, if the right lay on his side.

These two great lords appeared before the king and court in splendid armor, and ready to fight on this quarrel. But just as the fight was about to begin the king interfered; he forbade the duel and laid a heavy punishment on both. The Duke of Norfolk he banished from the kingdom for ever; his cousin Henry for ten years, which he afterward altered to six. He had perhaps reason for believing that there had been some truth in what each had said of the other, and that he would be safer with both of them out of the country.

His banishment.

Soon after this old John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, died, and then Richard did the last infatuated act, which brought matters to a crisis. Instead of allowing his banished cousin to succeed to his father's property, Richard seized on everything for himself. He sent officers to take possession of the lands and to collect the rents; and he gave away some of the estates altogether. It must be remembered that nothing had been proved against Henry; and indeed Froissart says "he prided himself on being one of the most loyal knights in the universe." Therefore the unjust seizure of his inheritance caused a general indignation.

Richard seizes his inheritance.

At this moment, when he had put himself so thoroughly in the wrong, Richard once more proceeded to Ireland. That unfortunate island was again in a troubled state; but Richard would have done better to stay at home and look after England. He left as regent his uncle, the Duke of York, who, besides being naturally of an irresolute character, was very old.

This was the opportunity for Henry of Lancaster. He had made friends while in exile with another important person, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom the despotic Richard had also banished. These two now determined to return to England. Henry landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire (a place which has long since been washed away by the sea), professing that he was only come to claim his own inheritance. Almost every one took his part, especially the great lords of the north, the Earl of Northumberland and the Earl of Westmoreland. The Duke of York, after wavering for some time, at last also took the side of Henry, who was his nephew as well as Richard; though it soon became very evident that he would not rest satisfied with his father's possessions, but aimed at being king himself.

His return.

Richard, being away in Ireland, heard nothing of these movements for a long time. When he got the news, contrary winds prevented him from crossing the sea, and by the time he returned all was lost. His own men forsook him without striking a blow. Richard disguised himself as a priest, and wandered about with his few friends seeking help and finding none. At last he went to Conway in Wales, where the Earl of Northumberland was, and surrendered himself. It seemed as if all his great pride melted out of him at once. He saw very well that his day was past, and his cousin's day was begun.

He was taken to London, where he rode through the streets on a wretched horse, while Henry rode on one of Richard's own favorite chargers. He was then taken to the Tower, and Parliament was summoned. The day before it met, the archbishop, who had returned from banishment, and the Earl of Northumberland made the unfortunate Richard sign a paper, saying that he resigned the crown, and absolved the people from their allegiance. He also said that if he could have had leave to appoint a successor, he should have chosen his cousin Henry.

1399. Deposition of Richard.

The next day this paper was read to the Parliament, and also Richard's coronation oath, in which he had sworn to rule justly, to keep the charters and respect the laws. After this a long list of grievances was read, to show that he had broken that oath, and oppressed the people, that he had laid taxes illegally, that he had claimed to make and alter the laws according to his own will, that he had taken away the power of Parliament, that he had deceived and put to death his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, that he had been most unjust to his cousin Henry, and many other charges. The result was easily foretold. Richard was deposed and imprisoned. Henry was made king by both archbishops, by the whole Parliament, and by the voice of the country.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HENRY OF LANCASTER.

The Lollards. Persecution. Prince Harry. The Border Wars. Percy and Douglas. Owen Glendower. Battle of Shrewsbury. The King of Scotland.

If the English monarchy had been elective, the choice of Parliament and of the nation would have given Henry IV. a very good title to be king. But, from of old, it could neither be said to be strictly elective nor strictly hereditary. According to the old custom, when the country used to *elect as its king a member of the royal family*, Henry would have been in as good a position as King Alfred himself, had Richard been dead. But with the growth of the feudal system, people had come to think less of election and more of the hereditary right of the king, and Henry had not that right.

Henry's title.

As long as Richard was alive no one could tell that his friends and the people might not rise in his favor, and restore him to his throne. It was certain that Richard would not lie long in prison. Just as when the Duke of Gloucester had been imprisoned by him and never appeared again, but died no one knew how, so it was now with himself. It was soon announced that he was dead, and of course it was believed that he was privately murdered by the king's order, or permission; though for a long time after reports used to be spread abroad that he was alive, which kept Henry in constant alarm.

Then, too, there was the young Mortimer, who according to the laws of inheritance was the real heir, and who was as yet a child. Henry had taken possession of him, and kept him as a sort of honorable prisoner in the court, where he received a good education, and was very well treated. Still this was another danger, for any day Henry's enemies might try to take him away, and make him king, as indeed they did after a time.

Thus it was by no means a bed of roses that Henry prepared for himself when he aspired to be King of England, and he strove to conciliate all parties in order to secure his position. Above all, through his whole reign he took care never to get into any disputes with the Parliament, to which he owed his crown.

Almost the first act of his reign was a mark of kindness and favor bestowed upon the aged poet Chaucer, whom he had doubtless known well all his life, on account of his father's friendship. Richard was deposed on the 30th of September, and on the 3d of October the new king doubled Chaucer's pension, but he only lived one year to enjoy it.*

Though he showed himself thus generous and grateful to his father's old friend and his country's great glory, he had no such kind feelings to the other famous man, whom John of Gaunt had at one time protected, John Wyclif. The worst thing in all his reign is that he most cruelly persecuted Wyclif's disciples. Wyclif himself, as we saw, died a peaceful death, but he had left many followers, whom the Church of Rome desired to suppress and punish. These followers of Wyclif were called the Lollards. It is not known what that word meant, but it was a term of contempt. This is part of a description of them, said to be written not by one of their friends, but by a Roman inquisitor, "The disciples of Wyclif are men of a serious, modest deportment; they avoid all ostentation in dress, mix little with the busy world, and complain of the wickedness of mankind. They maintain themselves entirely by their own labor, despising wealth, being fully content with mere necessaries; . . . they are chaste and temperate, never seen in taverns nor amused by vain pleasures. You find them always employed either learning or teaching. They never swear, they speak little; in public preaching they lay the chief stress upon charity."

The Lollards.

The high dignitaries of the church did all they could to oppress these harmless men. Henry, perhaps in order to win their favor in his difficult position, was very ready to help them. One of the first laws passed in his reign was one commanding that "heretics" should be burned alive. Before Henry had been king two years the

Persecution.

* According to one account Chaucer's wife was sister of the wife of John of Gaunt. — Ed.

first of these "heretics" as they called them, "martyrs" as we call them, was burned in Smithfield. He was a London clergyman named William Sawtre, and the principal charge brought against him was denying the doctrine of transubstantiation and the worship of the cross. He said that he would not worship the cross on which Christ suffered, but Christ who suffered on the cross.

Before he could be put to death it was necessary formally to degrade him from his position as a clergyman. The secular courts were not allowed to punish a Churchman, and the ecclesiastical courts could not punish with death. The priest then had to be made into a layman before the sentence could be executed. Step by step he was degraded from one office after another which he had held in the Church. First the priestly vestment and the sacramental cup were taken from him, and he was no longer a priest but a deacon; then the New Testament and the deacon's stole were taken, and he was only a sub-deacon; one sacred thing after another, the alb, the candlestick, the taper, the lectionary, were taken away, till he stood only as a sacristan or sexton, wearing a surplice, and holding the church key in his hand. These also were removed, the marks of the "tonsure" or shaven crown of his head were done away with, and he was left a mere layman. The dishonored and discrowned victim was faithful unto death. The archbishop handed him over to the secular power, to the high constable and marshal of England, with the hypocritical entreaty that they would receive him favorably, for the Roman Church always delivered over its victims with a recommendation to mercy, and William Sawtre was burned at the stake. Many noble and brave men suffered the like in after times; but we ought not to forget this first one, who died for conscience' sake.

1401.

Henry IV. had several sons, the eldest of whom is a very famous character. He is often called "Harry Madcap," on account of the gay, wild life he led when he was young. It is not known whether he really was as wild as he is reputed to have been, for it is mostly in Shakespeare's plays that we find this description of him, and many historians doubt if it is true. But as long as people read Shakespeare nobody will ever be able to think of Prince Harry except as a witty, dissipated prince, with some touches of better nature, which gave a sort of promise of his future glory.

Prince Harry.

There is one story about him which shows both sides of his character, and which is told by Sir John Elyot, but as he lived more than a hundred years later, it is by no means certain that the story is true. It is, however, too interesting and characteristic to be omitted. "The most renowned prince, King Henry V., during the life of his father, was noted to be fierce, and of wanton courage; it happened that one of his servants whom he well favored was, for felony by him committed, arraigned at the King's Bench. Whereof the prince being advertised, and incensed by light persons about him, in furious rage came hastily to the bar, where his servant stood as a prisoner, and commanded him to be ungyved and set at liberty; whereat all men were abashed, saving the chief justice, who humbly exhorted the prince that his servant might be ordered according to the ancient laws of this realm; or if he would have him saved from the rigor of the laws, that he should obtain, if he might, of the king his father, his gracious pardon, whereby no law or justice should be derogate. With which answer the prince, nothing appeased, but rather more inflamed, endeavored himself to take away his servant.

"The judge, considering the perilous example and inconvenience that might ensue, with a valiant spirit and courage commanded the prince, upon his allegiance, to leave the prisoner and depart his way. With which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible manner came up to the place of judgment, men thinking that he would have slain the judge, or have done to him some damage. But the judge, sitting still without moving, declaring the majesty of the king's place of judgment, and with an assured and bold countenance, said to the prince these words following: 'Sir, remember yourself; I keep here the place of the king, your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherefore eftsoone, in his name, I charge you, desist of your wilfulness and unlawful enterprise, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your own subjects. . . . And now, for your contempt and disobedience, go you to the prison of the King's Bench, whereunto I commit you, and remain ye there prisoner until the pleasure of the king your father be farther known.' With which words being abashed, and also wondering at the marvellous gravity of the worshipful justice, the noble prince, laying his weapon apart,

doing reverence, departed, and went to the King's Bench as he was commanded.

"Whereat his servants, disdaining, came and showed to the king all the whole affair; whereat he, awhile studying, after, as a man all ravished with gladness, holding his eyes and hands up to heaven, abraided,* saying with a loud voice, 'O merciful God, how much am I, above all other men, bound to your infinite goodness, specially for that ye have given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer semblably, and obey justice.'"

Other storms arose to trouble Henry's reign. The first began in Wales. It was more than a hundred years since Edward I. had conquered that country; but the people had not submitted willingly, nor ceased to hate their conquerors. A Welsh gentleman, named Owen Glendower, who was said to be descended from the last Welsh king, Llewellyn, and who took offence at what he considered ill treatment from Henry, rose in rebellion, roused up the people, and made war on the English. He had at first great success, and took prisoner Edward Mortimer, the uncle of the little heir to the English throne. Henry marched against him; but Wales, with its mountains and marshes, was a very difficult country for English soldiers to fight in; and this being the autumn season, there were so many storms and so much snow that the king had to draw back. The snow and the storms came in so well to help the Welsh that Owen gained the character of a great magician, who could govern the weather as it suited him.

Troubles in Wales.

To please the English nobles Henry had determined to carry on the war with the French which Richard had tried to put an end to; and the Scotch, as usual, were on the side of France. There was seldom now any fighting with Scotland on a large scale, as in the days of Wallace and Bruce; it was principally a kind of marauding war that was carried on along the borders. There were two great families especially who were always fighting: on the Scotch side the Douglases, and on the English the Percies, at whose head was the Earl of Northumberland.

Troubles on the borders.

Both parties thoroughly enjoyed this state of things. One old writer tells how they would fight with the utmost

* *Abraided*, started suddenly.

valor till "sword and lance could endure no longer," and then they would part from each other, saying, "Good day, and thanks for the sport you have shown;" or, as Froissart said, "they so glorify in their deeds of arms, and are so joyful, that, at their departing, courteously they will say, 'God thank you.'" It was one of these little battles that was sung about in the splendid old ballad of "Chevy Chase," or the battle of Otterbourne.

The Earl of Northumberland, who had helped Henry IV. to the throne, had a famous son, Henry Percy, who, because of his impetuosity and fiery character, was called Hotspur, and who is described in Shakespeare as "the Hotspur of the north; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, Fie upon this quiet life."

The Percys.

Just about this time the Percys and the Douglases had a fiercer battle than usual, at a place called Homildon Hill, where the Scotch were totally defeated, and Douglas and some other Scotch nobles made prisoners. The custom in those times was that if a man of rank and consequence were made prisoner, he would pay a large sum of money to be set free, and the Percys expected to receive a heavy ransom for these Scotchmen. But the king interfered; he took one of their prisoners away from them, and demanded that the ransom of the rest should be paid to him, and not to the Percys.

Hotspur, in the greatest fury and indignation, renounced the king's cause, complained bitterly of his ingratitude for the services he and his father had rendered to him, and determined to join his enemies. The first of these with whom he made friends was his own prisoner, the Scotch Douglas, with whom he had always been fighting hitherto. Then he thought of the Welshman, Owen Glendower, who had done the very same thing with his prisoner Mortimer. All these now allied themselves together against the king of England; though, if we are to believe Shakespeare, the impetuous, rough, and plain-spoken Hotspur did not get on very well with Owen Glendower, who was pompous, prosy, and pretentious.

Thus there was a formidable combination against Henry: Wales and Scotland, with France backing them up, and, worse still, rebels at home. The Percys were soon joined by other English nobles who had been Richard's old friends,

and especially by Scrope, the Archbishop of York. The king, however, was prompt and determined, and soon collected a large army. Prince Henry, who, with all his frolics, could be brave and in earnest when needful, helped his father. The king had also another clever and courageous young son, named John, who afterwards became very distinguished. With them he marched against the rebels. They met at Shrewsbury where a great battle was fought, in which the rebels were defeated, and Henry Hotspur killed.

1403. Battle of Shrewsbury.

The rebellion was crushed for a time, but before long it broke out again. A lady contrived to steal the young Mortimer out of Windsor Castle, and to flee away with him, but they were soon overtaken, and the prince brought back. After a time the principal conspirators were taken prisoners and put to death; even the Archbishop of York was beheaded. Though more than one archbishop had been murdered in England before now, this was the first time that a great churchman had been executed by the law, and it caused great indignation in the country. Pious people began to make pilgrimages to his tomb, and it was soon reported that miracles were worked there.

1405.

By degrees, in one way or another, all the great dangers which had threatened Henry passed away. His principal enemy in France, the Duke of Orleans, was murdered, and the Duke of Burgundy, who succeeded to his power and influence, was inclined to be friendly to England. So that Owen Glendower and his Welshmen were left without the help of France, and could do no more harm. The Earl of Northumberland was defeated once more and killed. And Scotland had to be quiet, for Henry contrived to get into his power a most important person, no other than the king of Scotland himself.

All Robert Bruce's descendants in the male line were extinct, and the family of one of his daughters had been called to the throne. This daughter had married a great nobleman, the high steward of the kingdom. It was customary in those days to surname men after their trade or business. Though this was most generally done among the lower orders, it was also sometimes the case in higher ranks, and the lord steward's children and grandchildren came to be called Stewart as their family name. This was the beginning of the royal line of

The king of Scotland.

the Stewarts, some of whom were afterwards kings of England.

Scotland was in a very miserable condition. The kings were not strong enough to rule, and there were constant tumults, fights, and murders. The king's eldest son had been murdered, and it was thought wise to send the next son, who was now heir to the kingdom, to be educated in France. But on his way thither some English vessels fell in with his ship, took possession of the young Prince James, and brought him to Henry. Though England and Scotland were now at peace, Henry would not release him. He said, in a sort of grim joke, that "if the prince was to learn French he could learn it quite as well in his court as in France, for that he himself knew French very well." The Scotch prince very soon after became king, by right, through the death of his father, but even then Henry would not set him free.

He did not treat him ill, but gave him an excellent education, as he had promised, and the young king grew up clever, accomplished, and good. He was a poet of some merit. After the death of Chaucer there was a dearth of poetry until Spenser's time. While James was a prisoner in England he fell in love with an English lady, a relation of the king's, about whom he made some beautiful poetry. After a time he was allowed to marry this lady. The marriage proved a very happy one. He went back to Scotland at last, when he had been in England for over eighteen years, and was one of the best kings the Scotch ever had. So good and just, indeed, was he that the turbulent nobles would not submit to him; they rebelled, and finally murdered him, his faithful English wife defending him to the last.

Henry IV. did not live long to enjoy the peace which followed. He fell into very bad health, and was liable to terrible fits. He had all through his reign been wishing to go to the Holy Land and fight a Crusade; for though the Crusades had long been at an end, the thought or the dream of winning back the Lord's sepulchre had not yet died away. It is probable that his conscience stung him sometimes for the way in which he had treated his cousin Richard, and that he thought to make amends in that way. There had been a prophecy too that he should die in Jerusalem.

At last one day he was praying in Westminster Abbey

before the shrine of Edward the Confessor, when he was seized with a fit. There was a chamber in the abbey, as there is still, called the Jerusalem Chamber. It chanced that the sick king was carried into this room. When he came to himself he asked where he was, and on being told that he was in the "Jerusalem Chamber," he exclaimed, "Laud be to the Father of heaven! for now I know that I shall die in this chamber, according to the prophecy made of me aforesaid, that I should die in Jerusalem." And there indeed he died.

1413. Death of Henry.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CONQUEST OF FRANCE.

Character of Henry V. Lord Cobham and the Lollards. The war with France. Harfleur. Battle of Agincourt. Rouen. Treaty of Troyes. The king's marriage. His death and burial.

Though the Prince of Wales, who now became king as Henry V., had been dissipated and headstrong, there had always been intimations of a high and noble nature, and people were now willing to overlook his youthful follies, and to accept him with good hopes as their king. We shall see how completely he changed, as is not uncommon in a man of strong character, when, as he is passing from youth to manhood, a great crisis occurs in his life. All the vigor he had formerly given to his gayeties and follies he now turned to serious matters, so that England never, perhaps, had a more firm, brave, and religious king.

1413. Henry V.

In the first acts of his reign he showed a generous spirit towards those whom his father had regarded with dread and jealousy. The legal heir to the throne, the young Mortimer, had always been a thorn in the side of Henry IV., as Harry Hotspur very well knew.

His generosity.

> "He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
> Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
> But I will find him when he lies asleep,
> And in his ear I 'll holla 'Mortimer;'
> Nay, I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
> Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him
> To keep his anger still in motion."

Henry IV. had kept Mortimer in honorable but real captivity. He was now a grown young man, and one of the new king's first acts was to set him at liberty, and show him friendship. Perhaps his long imprisonment and good education had made a philosopher of him, for, though released from captivity, he never seems to have wished to be king, but remained a faithful friend to Henry all his life. Never-

theless, the descendants of the Mortimers came to the throne at last.

Henry was also generous to his old enemies the Percys, who had been so thoroughly defeated by himself and his father. Harry Hotspur's son was restored to his title and estates as Earl of Northumberland, and the Percys did not forget this generosity.

Henry even took some steps towards releasing the king of Scotland, whom his father had imprisoned, but they came to nothing. The Scotch perhaps hardly wanted him back, as they were in a most disorderly condition, and the young king, if he were already in love with the beautiful English lady, might not be very anxious to return. However that might be, it appears that he and Henry were very good friends, and we find him afterwards helping Henry in his wars, and following him to his grave as chief mourner.

The young king also released many other prisoners and published a general pardon. Having thus done all he could in justice and generosity to the living, he proceeded to do what was possible to honor the dead. He appears to have retained some affection for Richard II., and felt great remorse for his wretched death. Richard had been buried privately in the country. His body was now brought to London and honorably buried in Westminster Abbey, in a very stately tomb which he had made for himself while he was still living. There we may see his effigy now lying hand in hand with that of his wife, Anne of Bohemia, whom he so tenderly loved.

Henry was also extremely religious, though unhappily he entirely threw himself into the cause of the Church, as against the followers of Wyclif. We saw how Henry IV. sullied his renown by the statute for burning heretics. His son carried out the same system, "verily believing that he was doing God service."

His religion.

Persecution had not destroyed the Lollards; there were still a great many of them in the country. It was at this time that the Archbishop of Canterbury made some additions to his palace at Lambeth, and imprisoned so many of the poor followers of Wyclif in a part of the new buildings that it has ever since been called the Lollards' Tower.

At the head of these persecuted men was a nobleman who had formerly been a friend of the king's, Sir John Oldcastle, or, as he was afterwards called in right of his wife, Lord

Cobham. Being a rich and powerful man, he was able to help and protect the teachers of the Lollards, and the archbishop accordingly made an attack upon him. It was now believed that the Lollards were not only heretics in religion, but also traitors and rebels against the government. It had already been charged against them that they had helped the peasants in the revolt under Wat Tyler, and they were now accused of being disaffected and ready to rebel if they could. Possibly this might be true about some of them, and was not much to be wondered at, as the poor had still many grievances and much injustice to endure; but it has never been shown that they did anything wrong.

The Lollards and Lord Cobham.

Lord Cobham was in the first instance charged with heresy, — with denying the doctrine of transubstantiation, and saying that the Pope was Antichrist. He stood very gallantly to his principles, and was condemned to be burned, but contrived to escape. Some time after this a report was raised that he had summoned the Lollards to meet him in great numbers near London, for the purpose of seizing on the king and his brothers, who were spending the Christmas together at one of the royal palaces at Eltham.

The king heard of the plot, and was quite ready to believe it. He was told that twenty-five thousand rebels would assemble in the fields north of London, at St. Giles's; at that time it was a rural neighborhood quite out of London. London was a compact city shut in with walls and gates. There were Bishops Gate, Alders Gate, Lud Gate, and many others of which only the name still remains. The king ordered all the gates to be closed, and then posted armed men round about those fields and rode there himself. But no crowd appeared, only about eighty men with no leader of any importance. Lord Cobham was not heard of, and no one knows to this day whether he and the others had intended to come at all. Perhaps they were kept away by hearing of the king's armed men; perhaps no such conspiracy had ever existed.

Thirty-nine of the unfortunate eighty were either hanged or burned; those who were considered traitors were hanged, and the heretics were burned. Lord Cobham was not captured for four years; but at last he was found in Wales, brought to London, and, being looked on as both traitor and heretic, he was burned as well as well as hanged. "His last

words, drowned by the crackling flames, were praise of God. The people wept and prayed with him; they heard in silence the declarations of the priests that Cobham died an enemy of God, and a heretic to the Church." But for the time the Lollards were put down, and forced to hide their opinions and avoid observation as much as they could.

The Church had a triumph in maintaining the form of doctrine; but there was another great danger threatening her. The Church was enormously rich. It had been so long looked on as a mark of piety and means of salvation to give lands and money to the Church, that by this time a very large part of the country was in the hands of the clergy. For example, the Abbey of Westminster alone had vast possessions, not only in Westminster, but in other places far and near. It had its orchard where Orchard Street is now, its pastures and gardens at Long Acre and Covent (Couvent or Convent) Garden. It owned lands scattered abroad through ninety-seven towns and villages, seventeen hamlets, and two hundred and sixteen manors.

The wealth of the Church.

Even before Henry IV. died the House of Commons had begun to make calculations as to the quantity of land possessed by the Church. It was said that its property was so great that it would suffice to maintain fifteen earls, fifteen hundred knights, and more than six thousand fighting men, and the House advised the king to take possession of it. Henry IV. had not followed this advice, but now that he was dead it began to be talked of again. The Church potentates were in alarm, and in the very beginning of Shakespeare's play of *Henry V.* we find the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely considering what they had better do to save their riches.

They had plenty of worldly wisdom and they knew their man well. Henry, with his high, brave, religious enthusiasm, had no wish to rob the Church, but with his whole soul he longed for glorious adventures. Though there were sometimes truces, the Hundred Years' War was not over yet, and France was still unconquered. The shrewd churchmen saw that if they could turn his eyes and thoughts that way they would be safe. His father, too, who had had so much trouble with the turbulent nobles, had advised Henry, as the only way of keeping them from raising disturbances at home, to lead them to foreign wars.

The war with France renewed.

Shakespeare represents him as saying, —

> "By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
> Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
> It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
> Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
> But if it be a sin to covet honor,
> I am the most offending soul alive."

He was only too willing to listen to the advice that he should go to war again. The clergy promised him large sums of money to help his army, the English people rejoiced at the thought of gaining more victories and more spoils, and the condition of France was such as to give him every hope of success.

It is impossible to describe how miserable that country was at this time. The king, Charles, was insane; the dauphin, his eldest son, was selfish and wicked; and his other near relations, who ought to have tried to supply his place, were always quarrelling fiercely among themselves. The principal of these were the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Orleans, who hated each other most furiously. The Duke of Burgundy had caused the former Duke of Orleans (father of the present one) to be murdered in the streets of Paris. His party were called the Burgundians, and the party of the Duke of Orleans were called after his father-in-law, who was abler than he, the Armagnacs. The Burgundians were inclined to be friendly with England. The people of Paris were divided between the two parties; the lower classes, and especially the butchers, sided with the Duke of Burgundy. Murders and uproars were common, and the miserable country was turned almost into a desert, as if an enemy's army had ravaged it.

State of France.

This gave a grand opportunity to the English. Henry said, probably with sincerity, that he was called by God to punish the wickedness and vices of the land, and to restore it to peace and order. When our own wishes lie very strongly in one direction, it is not very hard to persuade ourselves that God's will lies that way too.

Henry was for no half measures; he revived Edward III.'s claim to be king of France. If that had been an unreasonable claim on the part of Edward, for Henry V. it was quite preposterous, because he himself was not the lawful heir to Edward. The English Parliament had accepted Henry IV. as king of England, though he was not the direct successor,

but the English Parliament could never make him king of France. If Edward had any real right, that right must now have descended to Mortimer; though, as he does not seem to have wished to be king of England, still less was he likely to wish to be king of France.

Henry, however, now claimed the throne of France, and wished to marry the French king's daughter. Some negotiations were set on foot, but they led to nothing, and the war began again. Just before Henry started trouble arose in England. Though it lasted but a short time, and was speedily ended, it must not be passed over, because in it we see how "coming events cast their shadows before;" the "coming events" being the Wars of the Roses, the great struggle between the two families of York and Lancaster, which was soon to begin. The Duke of York, being a younger son of Edward III. than John of Gaunt, had still less claim to the throne than the Lancasters, but his descendants had now made themselves stronger by the heir of the family, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, marrying a lady of the House of Mortimer, sister to the Mortimer who has been mentioned so often. This Earl of Cambridge now conspired against King Henry with some other nobles, intending to make his brother-in-law king. The plot was discovered, and the conspirators put to death; but Richard of York and Anne Mortimer had a son who did not forget his great descent, and who made a figure in history.

The House of York and the Mortimers.

Henry, with a well-appointed army, sailed to France, and laid siege to the town of Harfleur, at the mouth of the Seine. On landing in France he gave the most strict orders that the peaceable inhabitants of the country should be well treated. They were not to be injured in any way, and this order he constantly adhered to. Even when his army was in most need he permitted nothing to be taken from the country people which was not paid for, thus treating them far better than their own cruel and selfish princes did.

Henry invades France.

After five weeks Harfleur was taken, but during that time the English army had suffered so much from disease that it had dwindled down to a very small number. Henry, however, did not choose to return to England after taking only one town; he determined to march through Normandy and Picardy to Calais. He had to pass the river Somme, but on

the other side of this river was the great French army, which tried to hinder his crossing. At last, however, the English got over, and the two armies confronted each other. The French army was quite six times as large as the English, and it included great numbers of those proud and wicked princes and nobles who made their country so miserable. The English found the country through which they marched was almost a desert, and before they met the enemy they were half starved and in a most wretched plight.

The great battle of Agincourt has been grandly described by Shakespeare. The night before the fight the French were full of boasting, and vainglorious confidence; they were so sure of the victory, and of taking Henry prisoner, that they had sent to him beforehand about fixing his ransom. And the princes and lords were longing for morning, that they might fall on the poor, sick, starving English. "Alas! poor Harry of England," says one of them, "he longs not for the dawning as we do."

1415. Battle of Agincourt.

> "The poor condemned English,
> Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
> Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
> The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
> Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
> Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
> So many horrid ghosts."

The English army had not nearly so many noblemen as the French; but it had a great many of those stout archers so often mentioned. The French nobles would hardly admit any of the lower ranks into their own hosts; they said France should be defended by gentlemen only.

The great French army was crowded between two thick woods and among newly-ploughed fields. It was in autumn, and the ground was soaked and muddy. The heavy-armed men and heavy-armed horses struggled and floundered about. The English archers, on foot, and lightly clad, were as nimble as deer. Each of them, beside his good bow, had an axe or a mace, and a sharp stake tipped with iron, which he was to plant in the ground before him. It was like Crecy over again. As the proud French knights, who scorned the English archers, came riding up, the arrows flew among them like hail; they could not get to close quarters with the archers because of the palisade of sharp stakes. The horses sank knee-deep in the soft ground. At last the archers,

flinging aside their bows, sprang out from behind the palisade, and began to ply their battle-axes, and with such force that an old chronicler says "it seemed as though they were hammering on anvils."

King Henry fought like a lion. When he had ridden among his men to cheer them up before the battle, he had worn above his helmet a golden crown glittering with jewels. One of the French princes with a great blow shattered the crown, but the good helmet sheltered his head — the very helmet which may still be seen above his tomb in Westminster Abbey, dinted with the sword-marks of that French prince. The French nobles fought bravely too, but their bravery was of no avail; there was no discipline, no rule; they were all too proud to obey orders, and they were slain in crowds.

Towards the end of the fight, when the English were making a great many prisoners, a terrible mistake occurred. A loud noise was heard in the rear of the French, and those who were retreating seemed to be rallying again. Henry supposed that reinforcements had arrived, and gave orders that all the prisoners should be put to death; "for which act," says Baker, "though done in cold blood, yet the king could not justly be taxed with cruelty, seeing the number of prisoners was more than his own soldiers, and nothing could give assurance of safety but their slaughter." It was soon found, however, that the noise was caused by some peasants coming to plunder, and Henry at once put an end to the massacre.

The great battle was won; it was a splendid victory, and raised the fame and spirit of the English higher than ever, though no other great result followed from it. Henry, with his grave, religious spirit, gave all the glory to God, and forbade any one of his army to boast of his brave deeds, "or take that praise from God which is His only."

The slaughter of the French nobility and gentry in this fight was terrible. Besides many royal princes and great noblemen, nearly eight thousand men of gentle blood were killed. Many others, among them the Duke of Orleans, were made prisoners. Henry was kind and courteous to the duke; he went himself to console him and bid him be of good cheer, saying, "If God has given me grace to win this victory, I acknowledge that it is through no merit of my own;" but he added, "I believe that God has willed that the French should be punished, and if what I have heard be

true, no wonder at it; for they tell me that never were seen such disorder, such a license of wickedness, such debauchery, such vices as now reign in France. It is pitiful and horrible to hear it all; and, certes, the wrath of the Lord must have been awakened."

Henry was obliged to return to England, for he was in want both of men and money. The English people welcomed him with exultation; when his ship arrived at Dover they rushed into the sea to meet their hero, and carried him to the shore on their shoulders. At every town on the road they poured out in thousands to see him and do him honor. He did not pass Canterbury without visiting Becket's shrine, and making offerings there. When he arrived at Blackheath half London came forth to meet him, headed by the lords and commons, the clergy, the mayor, and the aldermen. Never was there such triumph and joy. But he still gave all the glory to God,—

"Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;"

and a grand service was held in Westminster Abbey to render thanks for the victory.

The beautiful abbey which Henry III. had begun was still unfinished. Indeed, for the last hundred years it had scarcely been touched; but Henry V., in the midst of all his wars and campaigns, found time to care for it. He gave orders that the works should go on, and in his days the stately nave, as we now see it, was nearly finished. The architect was no other than Richard Whittington, "Lord Mayor of London town."

Westminster Abbey.

Though Henry had gained the battle of Agincourt, he was still as far as ever from being king of France. It was not long before he invaded the country again, and resolutely began the conquest of Normandy. He tried to make the Normans remember how nearly he and they were related, and that he and his nobles were descended from Norman forefathers; he talked to them about the Northmen, who were the ancestors of both. But it was to no purpose. The Northmen in England were Englishmen now, and the Northmen in France, Frenchmen. They were enemies, not friends. Every part of Normandy that he conquered Henry treated well; indeed, the people had not been so peaceable and so safe for a long time, but still they could not bear to be governed by a foreigner.

1417. Conquest of Normandy.

After taking a great many places in Normandy, Henry at last besieged its capital, Rouen, a large and beautiful city, which made a valorous defence. The French held out obstinately, till they were almost starving, and Henry might not have succeeded, had it not been for the dissensions and civil wars of the French nation itself. The armies that ought to have come to the relief of Rouen were employed in fighting one another, and at last Henry gained possession of the city, but not till the garrison had eaten their horses and dogs, and many thousands had died of hunger and disease.

1418. Siege of Rouen.

When the French found that Rouen was lost, and all Normandy in the power of the English, it seemed as if the quarrels and discords among themselves must cease, and that they would all join against the invaders. There was some attempt at making peace with the English, and Henry again demanded the hand of the French princess, but it came to nothing as yet. The Duke of Burgundy, who had hitherto somewhat favored England, now appeared to forsake the English cause, and made a kind of peace with the Dauphin. The treacherous Dauphin contrived to get the Duke of Burgundy into his power. They had agreed to meet in the middle of a bridge at Montereau, between strong barricades, each of them attended by only ten men. The Dauphin and his followers had sworn the most solemn oaths that no evil should befall the duke. Nevertheless, no sooner was he within the empty space, and shut off from the rest of his people, than one of the Dauphin's men struck him a deadly blow with an axe; the rest then set on him and murdered him, killing some and imprisoning others of his ten men.

This horrible murder put an end to the hopes of France. The murdered duke's son, who succeeded to his father's great titles, power, and possessions, cast off all thought of peace with the Dauphin, took part with Henry and the English at once, and there was no one left to resist. The poor insane king (who had intervals of reason sometimes) and the queen were much under the influence of the Duke of Burgundy; besides which, the queen hated her son, the Dauphin, and loved her daughter Katherine, the princess whom Henry wished to marry. Now, therefore, a peace was really made, which is called the Treaty of Troyes. The fair young princess was given to Henry at last, and they were married in one of the beautiful

1420. Treaty of Troyes.

churches of that city. Henry was declared regent of France as long as the king lived, and when he died Henry was to be king of France in his stead.

Once more he returned to England, with the beautiful French princess by his side. Once more he was received with enthusiastic joy and triumph. The new queen was crowned in Westminster Abbey, and by and by a son was born to him, who was to inherit his glories. The young warrior, so noble, so famous, beloved and honored king of England, soon to be king of France also, and, as he hoped, to restore order, religion, and peace to that fair but unhappy country; with a wife whom he loved, and a son to bear his name. He was but thirty-three years old; and now, all unexpectedly, the end came.

He had returned to France, where there was still fighting and resistance, for it could not be supposed that the Dauphin was going to rest quietly under the loss of his kingdom. It was a very hot summer. Henry was leading his army to support his allies in Burgundy, when he was seized with sudden illness, and knew he was to die. He died as bravely as he had lived, and as piously. He gave the best advice to his brothers and counsellors, comforted them with kind and calm words, and charged them to be faithful to his wife and child. Then he desired the seven penitential Psalms to be read to him. When the reader came to the words in the fifty-first Psalm, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem," Henry stopped him and said that he had always intended to go on a crusade and restore the Holy City, when once he had established peace and good order in France (as his father had also intended). Soon after, he exclaimed, "My part is with my Lord Jesus Christ." "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed it;" and so died.

1422. Death of Henry.

After his death three cities vied with each other for the honor of his burial — Paris, Rouen, and Westminster. But everybody knew how he had loved Westminster Abbey, and it was decided that he should be buried there. It was one of the grandest funerals that had been known in England. King James of Scotland, who had been with him in France, followed him to his grave as chief mourner. He had chosen the place for his tomb himself, just behind the shrine of Edward the Confessor. It is more than a tomb, it is a separate little chapel, ornamented with sculpture and statues,

and built in the shape of his initial letter, H. His image was made of English oak, and covered with silver; the head was of solid silver. All the silver is gone now; but the oaken figure is still to be seen; above it on a bar are his dinted helmet, his shield, and his saddle.

Thus this short glorious reign ended, like a dream, or like a tale that is told. The next reign, that of Henry's son, was long, inglorious, and melancholy. All Henry's great victories went for nothing; all his work was undone. The English naturally feel pride in these foreign conquests, but Henry had no right to the French crown, and England had no right to govern France. It is not at all a matter of regret that all Henry's great conquests were lost, and his great hopes fell to the ground.

It has been remarked before, as the English kings gradually lost their possessions in France, that it was much for the interest of England that they did so. Had it ever come to pass that France and England had been governed by one king, even though that king had been an Englishman, there is no doubt that England, which is much the smaller of the two, and cut off by the sea from the rest of Europe, would have become a mere province of France. The king must have principally lived in France, as Henry II. and Richard I. did; and England would never have developed her own special character, or taken her own great place in the world.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FRANCE RECOVERS.

Henry VI. The Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester. Cardinal Beaufort. The Maid of Orleans. Coronation of Charles VII. of France. Death of the Maid.

The young prince, son of Henry V. and Katherine of France, was only nine months old when his father died. The government would therefore naturally fall into the hands of his uncles, the last king's brothers. There were two of these, the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of Bedford was the same as the young Prince John who fought in the battle of Shrewsbury, in the days of Henry IV., and of whom we read in Shakespeare's play. He seems to have been his father's favorite, and was now grown to be a very wise and capable man. His brother, Henry V., placed great confidence in him, and when he was dying appointed him to be regent of France, giving him much good advice as to how he was to proceed. The other brother, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was a turbulent, ambitious, and selfish prince, who did a great deal of mischief as long as he lived. Though his brother Henry appointed him to be regent of England, he had warned him with his dying breath never to set his own selfish interests above those of his country; and the English Parliament, perhaps knowing already the sort of man Gloucester was, thought it better that England should be governed by a council. Still he was called protector, and when his brother, the Duke of Bedford, was away in France, he naturally had a great deal of power and influence. He was liked by the people, and was called, one hardly knows why, the "Good Duke Humphrey." He certainly had one good point about him, which was that he liked books and literature; he collected a very beautiful library, and he used to invite foreign scholars to England and employ them to translate books for him.

1422. Henry VI.

His uncles.

Though at this time there were no very brilliant English writers, like Chaucer or Langland, people were growing more and more fond of reading. All books were still in manuscript, and about this period it is said that there is a great change in the appearance of these manuscripts. The old ones were very beautifully written; the scribe, or writer, took his time; the pages were often exquisitely ornamented, and every letter perfectly formed. There were not very many books then, nor, indeed, could there be, when they were produced at this rate. But now so many people wanted to read books that the scribes had to hurry more, and to get a great many more written. They began to write a sort of running hand; not half so beautiful to look at, and not always very easy to read; but by this means books grew more plentiful. Duke Humphrey afterwards presented his fine library to the University of Oxford.

Besides the two dukes, Henry V.'s brothers, there was another very powerful man, his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, who was Bishop of Winchester. He was enormously rich and ambitious. He and the Duke of Gloucester were continually striving for the mastery, and kept England in a constant state of disquiet. The French historians give him a very bad character; one of them calls him plainly "a Satan," though no longer "the old Satan, shameful and outcast, but a Satan who is acknowledged, decent, respectable, and rich; sitting on a bishop's throne."

Cardinal Beaufort.

Almost directly after the death of Henry V. the unfortunate king of France died also. The treaty of Troyes had provided that, when he died, Henry V. was to succeed him as king of France. But as Henry was already dead, the right, such as it was, descended to his little son, who was accordingly called king of France. How things might have turned out had Henry V. lived we cannot tell, but it is probable, even then, the Dauphin would have made some resistance. As it was, he at once came forward with his partisans, and declared himself king of France, under the name of Charles VII. And though the treaty of Troyes had been called "the perpetual peace," the war broke out again.

The French war breaks out afresh.

The Scotch were, as usual, allies of the French. Although their king had been a prisoner, and in Henry V.'s power, they had fought on the French side even during his reign,

and some of the Scotch nobles had received great titles and honors in France. The Scotch, indeed, were so brave and so accustomed to fighting the English that it began to be said "they were the only antidotes to the English," and the French were glad to have as many Scotch soldiers as possible in their armies. To put a stop to this, the Duke of Bedford at last decided to set the king of Scotland free, on his paying a ransom and promising to keep peace towards England. So, after nearly nineteen years' absence from his country, King James Stuart and his English wife went to Scotland, where he did his best to keep his promise, though he could not always hinder his unruly subjects from fighting the English.

The Duke of Bedford had no easy task. The most important piece of advice his brother Henry had given him, respecting the affairs of France, was to keep friendship with the Duke of Burgundy. He had always endeavored to do this, and had, indeed, married the sister of the duke; but his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, gave great offence to the Duke of Burgundy by marrying a very rich lady, who was already married to a cousin of his own, and whose heir he hoped to be himself.* After this it cost the Duke of Bedford a great deal of trouble to maintain the alliance with Burgundy.

On the whole, however, the English still kept the upper hand in France. There was another battle and victory at Verneuil, which was thought almost as great as Agincourt. The Dauphin had very little power in any part of France, except south of the river Loire. The English longed to press beyond this river; but before they could venture to do that they must get possession of Orleans, a strong and important city which was built upon it. And now commenced one of the most famous sieges in history, and one of the most romantic stories.

1429. The siege of Orleans.

The English were not numerous enough to surround this city entirely; but they built a number of strong forts called "bastilles" around it, which could overlook and protect the

* Jacqueline, Countess of Hainault of Holland, had been, for motives of state policy, married to John of Brabant, a sickly youth fifteen years of age. She left him in disgust and escaped to England, where the Duke of Gloucester, having seen and admired her, took her as his wife without waiting for the Pope's dispensation to annul her former marriage.

blank places intervening. Some of the most famous warriors of England gathered round the city; the head of all was Lord Salisbury; the bravest perhaps was Talbot. As the siege went on, Salisbury was killed; but little by little the English were gaining. They were finishing their fortifications, and it seemed that very soon they would enclose the whole city, so that no aid and no food could be brought in. Then it would most likely have the experience of Rouen over again; and if Orleans fell, the English would become masters of the south of France, as they already were of the north.

A French army under the Count de Clermont was sent to relieve the city, and to cut off the supplies of the English, so as to turn the tables against them, and starve them out if possible. The Duke of Bedford, on his part, was sending supplies to the English camp, — both artillery and food. The food was principally fish, as it was now Lent, and no one dared to eat meat. Of course there were troops to protect the wagons of provisions. Clermont's army, which was coming to help Orleans, fell upon this company of English, and a fight took place, in which the French and their Scotch allies were defeated and driven off. This little fight was called the Battle of the Herrings; they say there were more herrings strewed about the field than there were dead soldiers.

Though it did not sound very serious, the defeat caused great discouragement in the city. Almost all the leaders went away in despair; the Count de Clermont and his army made no more attempts to rescue Orleans. All the great men who were in the city left it while they could still escape; the Admiral of France, the chancellor, even the archbishop and the bishop, "thinking it a pity that such eminent men should be taken by the English," says the French historian. Everything seemed to show that the city would soon fall, and with it all the hopes of France.

Discouragement of the French.

We have seen the terrible condition in which France was. Henry V. had believed that he was commissioned by God to punish its vices, and restore religion, order, and justice. But though he had won great victories, he had not made the people better or happier. Wherever one looked, there was nothing but cruelty and violence, robbery and starvation. All the princes, who ought to have protected and guided the people, led the armies, and driven away the

foreign invaders, were selfish, half-hearted, or treacherous. Some had taken the part of the English, and fought against their own king; others, when they saw danger, fled away, leaving the helpless and poor to suffer as they could. All were envious of each other; and even those who were brave would not act together, or submit to any order or authority. The only hope for them would have been that some brave, great leader, a king of men, like Henry V., whom all must have honored and obeyed, could have stood forth, won their trust, and brought order and discipline, confidence and enthusiasm, into those disheartened troops.

Their new leader.

And where was such a leader to be found? It was not the king, nor a prince, nor one of the nobles of France; but a poor girl, who could neither read nor write, who knew nothing but how to spin and sew, who had nothing but her own pure heart, — it was she who saved her country, which none else could save. There is no story in the history of the world more romantic and beautiful than the story of the Maid of Orleans.

Jeanne Darc.

She was born in a wild and woody country on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne. Her father, Jacques Darc, was a poor laborer. His little daughter Joan or Jeanne was brought up like any other French peasant's child; but before we can understand either the maiden or her story, we must try to realize, if we can, the world she lived in, and how different it was from our world. When she was taken to the little country church on Sundays and holidays, she would doubtless see on the walls the images of crowned saints and angels, of Christ and the Virgin Mary. They might be very roughly painted, but to the poor village people they would seem beautiful and glorious; nor would they be looked on as mere pictures. Jeanne and all the others in the church thought they were actually like the real saints and angels in heaven, and would kneel and pray before them without a moment's doubt that they would hear and answer. If the world seemed cold and bleak, the poor cottages rude and bare, and men were rough and miserable, they would like to think of the happy, golden world, where their friends the saints sat in glory, with a kind thought of pity for them and their troubles.

But when she walked in the great oak forests near her home she would have a visionary world about her there too. Where we should only see trees and streams, and grass and

flowers, and might half fancy from their beauty and brightness that they must be alive and happy in a way of their own, everybody then thought that there were fairies and wood-spirits. In England it was believed that the elves and fairies had been driven away by priests and friars, and that that was the reason they could no longer be seen, as they used to be, dancing in the green meadows. In the forests where Jeanne lived the priest used to drive the fairies away too; he came to say a mass every year beside their favorite fountain, and under a great tree, on which the children would hang garlands to please the "ladies," as they called them. The priests, as well as the people, believed in the fairies, but as the tales of them had come down from the old heathen times, they considered them unchristian, and that they ought to be banished.

Thus these people did really and truly seem to live in two worlds, the visible and the invisible; and though the commonplace, the busy, and the dull would half forget the invisible world, the gentle, and quiet, and thoughtful ones would live in it more than in the visible. Jeanne, besides being a good and pious girl, was full of poetry and imagination; when she was not sewing and spinning by her mother's side she loved dearly to go and pray in the quiet church where the saints were, or to wander in the woods, feeding the wild birds and listening to the church bells.*

As she was growing up, this peaceful, visionary life was disturbed by the same miseries which disturbed the rest of the country. Sometimes poor fugitives who had been driven out of their homes by the war came through the village; sometimes her own neighbors had to flee, and when they came back would find everything destroyed or burned. Thus she began to think about the war and her unhappy country, and her whole heart was filled with pity and sorrow. She did what she could to help the sufferers; when the poor refugees came by, she gave them up her own bed and went to sleep in the barn. She prayed and fasted; and as she brooded over these sad things, and longed to do more, she seemed to be lifted out of herself and the little world about her. The saints seemed to come nearer to her; she began to see bright lights and to hear

Her visions.

* It is scarcely necessary to say that this detailed description of La Pucelle's interior life, though pleasing and probable, is arrived at by conjecture with very little historical evidence. — Ed.

strange voices which no one else could see or hear. From out of the bright light a noble figure with shining wings spoke, and told her it was she who was to help the king of France, and to give him back his kingdom. The poor girl was frightened; she was now seventeen or eighteen years old; she knew nothing about riding on horseback, or leading soldiers. But as time went on she saw more and more visions, heard more and more voices, all bidding her rise and rescue her country.

No one believed her at first; her father and mother were angry, and forbade her leaving home; they even tried to marry her to an honest man of the village. But the impulse was too strong; she felt that she must go. At last she persuaded an old village wheelwright, her uncle, to take her to the nearest town, where she would find soldiers and a captain, who would send her to the Dauphin. The captain was greatly puzzled when he saw this village girl arrive, and heard her say that the Lord had sent her to the aid of the Dauphin. He was quite ready to think there was something supernatural in the matter, but he was by no means sure that it might not be a work of the devil instead of the saints; for besides believing in the agency of saints and angels, every one believed also quite as firmly in the power of evil spirits, wizards, and witches; and to the end of her life half the world believed that poor Jeanne Darc was a sorceress aided by the devil. The parish priest was sent for to sprinkle holy water, and to drive away the evil spirit if there was one.

But Jeanne was so gentle, so modest, and so firm in declaring that she was sent by God that people began to believe in her. The captain decided he would send her to the king, or the Dauphin, as she called him, for he had not yet been crowned. She was dressed in armor, and five or six armed men were appointed to attend her. She stopped to pray at every church she passed, and at last she arrived safely at the French court. When she saw the king, whom she recognized at once among the crowd of courtiers, she knelt down before him, saying, "Gentle Dauphin, I am called Jeanne the Maid. The King of Heaven sends to tell you by me that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Reims." It was in Reims Cathedral that all the kings of France were crowned, and the French people thought as much of that sacred city as the English did of Westminster Abbey.

Whether Charles believed in her Divine inspiration or not,

it seemed that there was no other way of saving Orleans, and that this last desperate chance had better be tried. But first the inquiry was made once more whether she might not be influenced by the devil, instead of by God. Four or five bishops examined her this time, but they could find nothing against her. When they desired that she would show a sign to prove that God had sent her, she said, "My sign will be to raise the siege of Orleans." Every one in the whole region declared that she was a saint; the defenders of Orleans had heard that a miraculous virgin was coming to help them, and sent earnestly entreating for her aid.

At last she was allowed to go. She rode forth fully clad in beautiful white armor, mounted on a splendid black horse, and bearing a sacred sword, called the sword of St. Katherine, which it was said she had miraculously discovered in the church. Before her was carried a white standard, on which was the picture of God holding the world in his hands, and two angels, each with a lily-flower.

It is easy to imagine what an effect this wonderful sight would produce both on friend and foe. The French people roused up suddenly to hope and confidence. Here was this beautiful saint sent expressly by God, to lead them to victory; and if God were for them who could be against them? As she marched to Orleans, followed by her troop of soldiers, she had an altar set up in the open air, and they all received the sacrament. These soldiers, who would obey no one else, would have followed the Maid to the end of the world.

The English, on the other hand, lost heart. They, too, believed Jeanne was miraculously inspired. If it were God fighting against them, what could they do? But in their hearts many of them thought she was a witch and led by the devil. This seemed more terrible still. They were ready enough to fight against Frenchmen whom they had beaten so often; but how could they resist the spells of a sorceress?

When Jeanne led the French soldiers against the besiegers, the English were terrified; they began to see visions too. Sometimes they saw white butterflies fluttering around her sacred banner; sometimes they saw the saints or Michael the Archangel among her troops.

1429. The maid saves Orleans.

The siege of Orleans had lasted seven months; in ten days all the English forts were in the hands of the French, and the city was free. It was on a Sunday morning

that the English retreated. The Maiden caused an altar to be raised in the plain, and before the enemy was well out of sight the rescued people were kneeling around it, giving God thanks.

Thus Jeanne had given the sign she had promised, and Orleans was delivered. Then she turned to the great work she had at heart — the coronation of the Dauphin. It was a long journey to Reims, and a great part of the country through which they must pass was in the hands of the English or the Burgundians. But the French knew no fears now; they crowded around the Maid; always more and more of them followed her standard as she led the king to Reims. Wherever they went they were successful. They took one town after another — even Troyes, where Henry V. had been married; they defeated the English in the battle of Patay; at last they reached Reims, and in its venerable cathedral Charles was anointed, crowned, and consecrated king of France.

Coronation of the Dauphin.

On that glorious day the Maiden felt that her work was done. She knelt, weeping, before the king, saying, "Oh, gentle king, the pleasure of the Lord is accomplished." She longed to go now to her humble cottage, to her brothers and her sister, who would be so rejoiced to see her return. But this was not to be the end.

It was quite true that her work was done. In the eyes of all the people the consecration and holy anointing made Charles king in a way he had never been before. His rival, the young son of Henry V., the poor child who was still called king of France, was shut out. He had not even been crowned, except as king of England at Westminster. When he was brought to Paris afterwards to be crowned king of France the ceremony seemed a mere empty form. The true king had already been consecrated at Reims.

Up to this time Jeanne had clearly known what she had to do, and the "voices" which she thought she heard had been clear and distinct. But now she had no such certainty, and the "voices" grew confused and contradictory. Sometimes now, instead of success, there was failure in what she attempted, and the soldiers began to lose faith in her. At last, while endeavoring to defend a city which was besieged by the Burgundian party, she was taken prisoner.

The rest of her history is a sad one, and disgraceful to all who were concerned in it, except to the Maid herself. She

was sold and bandied about from one to another, till the Duke of Burgundy gave her into the hands of the English at Rouen. Whether the Duke of Bedford and the rest thought her a sorceress or not, they at least knew that she had been their most successful enemy, and that they owed the ruin of their cause to her. She was charged with heresy and sorcery, and brought before a council of the inquisition. A French bishop was at the head of the tribunal, and other French churchmen took part in her trial and condemnation, but they were entirely under the influence of Cardinal Beaufort and the English.

The Maid taken prisoner.

The cowardly Dauphin whom she had made king never stirred a finger to help her. At last, after a long trial, in which every effort was made to induce her to confess that she had been instigated by the devil, and not by the saints, and in which she was persecuted, tormented, and terrified in every manner, she was declared guilty of heresy, handed over to the civil power, and burned alive in the market-place of Rouen. With her dying breath she spoke in defence of the honor of her king; she bore testimony once more to the "voices" that God had sent her; and calling on the name of Jesus, and pressing a rough cross to her breast, she died — noble, pure, and saintlike as she had lived.

1431. Her death.

In the play of *Henry VI.*, Part I., we find a very coarse and false description of the Maid of Orleans, or La Pucelle, as she is called, which no doubt shows the common idea which the English had of her. It is some satisfaction to know that Shakespeare did not write that play, at least the larger and more offensive portions, though it generally goes under his name.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LOSS OF FRANCE AND TROUBLES IN ENGLAND.

End of the Hundred Years' war. Margaret of Anjou. Death of Gloucester and Suffolk. Cade's revolt. The principal actors in the Wars of the Roses.

The English did not profit by the cruel sacrifice of the Maid of Orleans. After her death their affairs in France went on as badly as possible; there were no more famous battles or sieges; both countries were nearly exhausted; but the French gradually gained ground, and the English lost. The Duke of Bedford seemed almost the only man who could accomplish anything either in England or France, and in his absence from either country everything there went wrong; but at last he died, and all the prospects of the English in France died with him. The Duke of Burgundy, who was their most important and powerful ally, but who had begun to cool in his friendship of late, now at once did what was his plain duty, broke with the English and sided with his own country.

Progress of the French.

Before, however, he would make peace with Charles, who, while he was Dauphin, had murdered the duke's father on the bridge of Montereau, he forced him to humble himself in the dust for that wicked act, and make what amends he now could. He was obliged to say that at that time he was very young, and was guided by evil counsellors. He was to found a chapel and a convent, and to set up a stone cross in the middle of the bridge. The Dean of Paris, as representing the king, was obliged to kneel down before the duke, praying for his mercy for the murder. The duke was then appeased, and the peace was made.

After that union there was no more hope for the English, though they did not give in for a long time. There were two parties, — one of which wished to make peace, and to save what they still could; the head of this party was Cardinal Beaufort, the Bishop of Win-

Parties in England.

chester; the other were for fighting on, and trying to get all that they had hoped for in the victorious days of Henry V. The head of the war party was the proud, ambitious Duke of Gloucester.

The young king, meanwhile, had grown to manhood, but he was very different from his father or any of his family.

Character of the king.

He was very religious; indeed, after his death, he was looked on as almost a saint; but he was weak-minded, and at times quite imbecile (this was attributed to his descent from the mad king of France). Every writer gives just the same impression of him; perhaps the best description is this, given by Baker: "He was tall of stature, spare and slender of body, of a comely countenance, and all parts well proportioned. For endowments of mind, he had virtues enough to make him a saint, but not to make him a god, as kings are said to be gods. . . . He was not sensible of what the world calls honor, accounting the greatest honor to consist in humility. His greatest imperfection was that he had in him too much of the log and too little of the stork; for he would not move but as he was moved, and had rather be devoured than he would devour. He was not so stupid not to know prosperity from adversity, but he was so devout to think nothing adversity which was not a hindrance to devotion. He was fitter for a priest than a king; for a sacrifice than a priest. He had one immunity peculiar to himself, that no man could ever be revenged on him, seeing he never offered any man an injury. By being innocent as a dove he kept his crown upon his head so long, but if he had been wise as a serpent he might have kept it on longer."

Henry was sure to be under the sway of some one of a stronger character than his own. For a long time everything was in the hands of the Duke of Gloucester or Cardinal Beaufort. As the cardinal grew older, another man rose to power on his side, the Earl of Suffolk. He

The Earl of Suffolk.

thought that if the king of England were married to a French princess it would go a great way towards making peace; and he contrived to find a wife for him so exactly the reverse of himself in character, that in their after lives she was like the husband, and he the wife.

She was the daughter of a French prince belonging to the family of Anjou, who had many high-sounding titles, being called the king of Sicily, Naples, and Jerusalem. But these

were empty names, and he was in reality the poorest and most unlucky of princes. He was in prison when his daughter Margaret was born. She was now fifteen years old, and her father, though not in prison, was still very poor. The English had lost nearly all they had ever won in France, but part of Anjou and Maine still belonged to them. It was now settled that Henry should marry the Princess Margaret, and give over those provinces to her father in return. This marriage treaty was far from popular in England, especially with the war party. Instead of a grand alliance, and a bride who brought a dowry with her, such as the kings of England were accustomed to, here was a penniless bride, to whose father the English were to give up some of the most important parts of France which still remained to them. The Duke of Gloucester was furious, and the two parties hated each other more than ever.

1445. The king marries Margaret of Anjou.

The new queen, whose character soon began to show itself, of course took part with Suffolk, who had made the match for her, and she looked on the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester as her enemies and rivals. This duchess was not the same whose marriage had so nearly caused a broil with the Duke of Burgundy some years before. The "good Duke Humphrey" seemed to have forgotten all about her, and had afterwards married an English lady, Eleanor Cobham. Until Henry VI. should marry and have a son, the next heir to the throne was the Duke of Gloucester, and his wife was the first lady in the land. Whether she affronted the young Queen Margaret, and taunted her with her poverty (as she is made to do in the play), or not, she was certainly an ambitious and unscrupulous woman, and was not likely to look with much favor on a marriage which took away her precedence, and would most probably destroy all hope of her husband ever rising to be king of England.

The Duchess of Gloucester.

It began to be rumored that she had taken counsel with witches and magicians, and that they had made a waxen image of the king, which being set before a slow fire, and gradually wasting away, the king's life would waste away with it. Every one was quite ready to believe it. The duchess and her confederates were seized, examined, and found guilty. The sorcerer and the witch were put to death; the duchess was made to do public penance, walking barefoot through the streets of London, carrying a taper, and pursued by the shouts and mockery of the mob. After

this she was sent into perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man, which was much more remote in the days before steam.

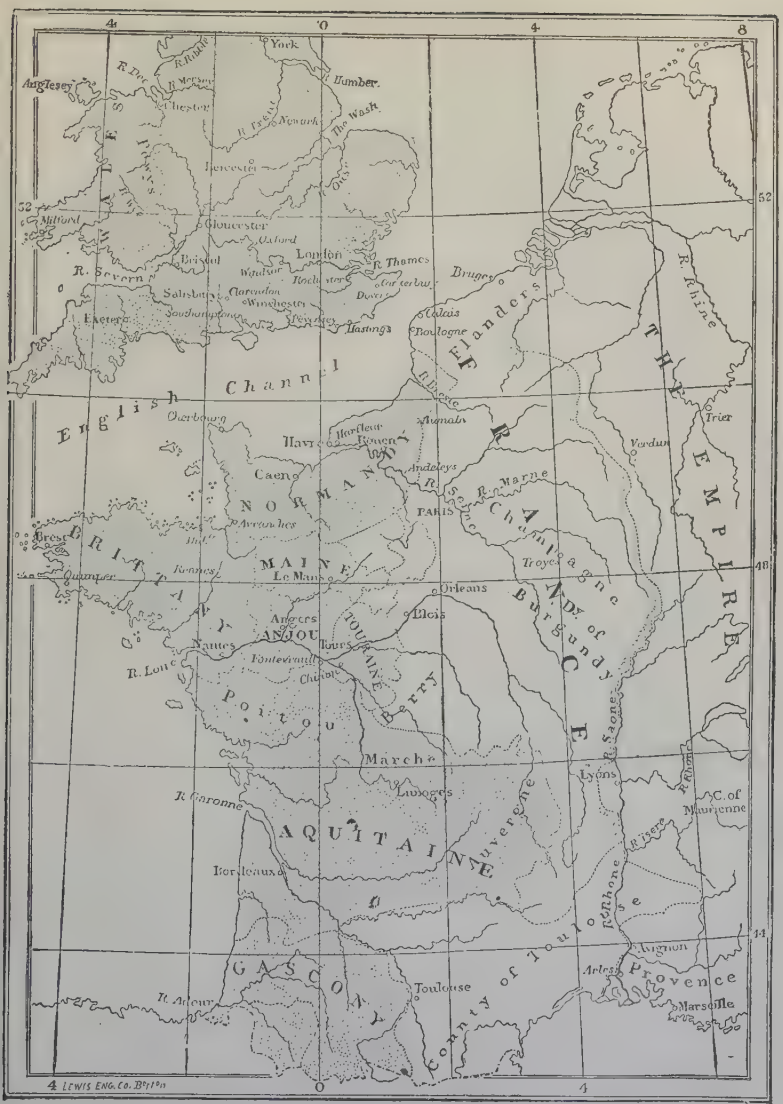
Not long afterwards the duke himself was deprived of his offices and charged with high treason. It is impossible to make out what he had really done, or if he had done anything; but he was sent to prison, and then that happened to him which generally happened in those days to eminent people whose enemies contrived to imprison them. In a short time it was made known that he was dead, just as it had been with that other Duke of Gloucester, who was put in prison at Calais in Richard II.'s time. No one had much doubt that he had been murdered, and it was believed that Cardinal Beaufort and the Duke of Suffolk, if not the queen herself, were guilty of his death. About six weeks after, the cardinal himself died. Terrible stories were told about his death-bed, and that he was haunted by the ghost of his murdered nephew, though no one thought of the poor Maiden, whom his cruelty had doomed to a fearful death at Rouen. These stories, however, though they show the popular feeling with regard to the duke and the cardinal, were not true in fact; it appears that Beaufort died in a perfectly calm and decorous manner.

1447. Deaths of Gloucester and Beaufort.

But the death of the Duke of Gloucester settled nothing; a still more dangerous person came to the front in his place — the Duke of York, the son of that conspirator Richard who had been put to death at the beginning of Henry V.'s reign; the descendant of those Mortimers who had been always standing like dark shadows behind the throne of the Lancaster princes. Probably the claims of the Mortimers would never have been heard of again if Henry VI. had been like his father and grandfather. But he being so weak and helpless, and the country so divided and discontented, there was an opening for an ambitious prince. The Duke of York, however, made no sign of aiming to become more than the head of the party which opposed the queen and the peace with France. For a long time his principal rival was the Duke of Somerset, who was a relation of Cardinal Beaufort, and, like him, descended from John of Gaunt.

The Duke of York.

English affairs in France were going from bad to worse; most of the blame was laid on the Duke of Suffolk, and his turn came to be charged with high treason. He was trying



FRANCE DURING THE FRENCH WARS.

to escape to Calais when he was captured by an English ship and murdered. The murderers were never pursued, and it seemed likely they were set on by some powerful man, who did not choose to appear — perhaps by the Duke of York. The people were still enraged at the reverses in France. The Bishop of Chichester, who had helped Suffolk in bringing in Margaret of Anjou, and in giving away the French provinces, was torn to pieces by the mob, but that did not get the provinces back.

Death of Suffolk.

At last the long war — the Hundred Years' War — seemed to wear itself out. The end of it was that, after all the fighting, all the glory, all the misery, England lost every inch she had ever possessed in France, except the town of Calais, and that she lost a hundred years later. How little did Edward III. and the Black Prince, when they fought the battle of Crecy, foresee the end of it all!

End of the Hundred Years' War.

Nor were matters any better in England; there was deep and general discontent. Soon after Suffolk's death the men of Kent rose in rebellion, somewhat like Wat Tyler's revolt, though it differed from it in some ways. The head of this revolt was an Irishman, named Jack Cade; but he called himself by the more dignified name of Mortimer, and it was believed by some people that the Duke of York secretly encouraged him. Twenty thousand Kentish men, with Jack Cade at their head, met on Blackheath, and set forth their complaints. We may compare these complaints with those of Wat Tyler seventy years before.

1450. Rising of Jack Cade and the men of Kent.

At that time the principal grievance was that all the poor people were "villeins," or serfs, and they demanded to have their freedom, and to be paid wages for their work. King Richard had at first promised this, but afterwards his promise was broken, and the rich men declared they would by no means part with their villeins. So we might have expected that, now they were rising again, we should hear the same complaints. But there is not a word about villeinage, or slavery, — that had all passed away; everybody was free. Though Wat Tyler, John Ball, and so many others had been put to death, their revolt had borne its fruits, — villeinage had been done away with forever.

The most important of the things they demanded was, that when members of Parliament were to be elected, the

people should be allowed freedom to vote according to their opinions; for at this time they were greatly hampered in exercising this right. It had been decreed that no one should be chosen as a knight of the shire, or county member, who was not a gentleman born; and the poorer voters received orders from the great men whom they were to vote for, whether they liked him or not.

No doubt Jack Cade and his men were quite right in demanding perfect liberty in this respect, but it may be supposed they could not be very badly off in worldly affairs; they must have had plenty to eat and drink and wear, if they had time to care about votes, and members of Parliament, and public matters.

However, the government sent an army against them; and after they had put forth papers, on which their complaints were written, the revolters went back from Blackheath to Seven Oaks, where they fought the king's army, defeated it, and then marched up again to London. They passed through the streets without resistance till they came to London Stone, the stone which had been set up by the Romans fourteen hundred years before, as the first milestone from which they measured their roads. Jack Cade struck the old stone with his sword, and declared he was "lord of the city."

The revolt went on much as Wat Tyler's had done; the mob behaved very well at first, and the London people made no opposition, but rather took their part. They seized on an unpopular minister, Lord Say, and after a sort of trial before the Lord Mayor they put him to death. But by and by the revolters began plundering and pillaging; the Londoners took fright, and when the insurgents retired to Southwark for the night the citizens broke down the bridge between them, and would not let them come back. Cade and his followers were deceived by a false promise of pardon, and dispersed; Cade was pursued and put to death.

Death of Cade.

But of course that did not put an end to the discontent. The Parliament hardly ever met, and money was raised without its consent, and without redressing public grievances. So that now, in this disturbed condition of affairs, the Duke of York saw his opportunity of coming forward more openly as a claimant of the crown. He began by attacking the Duke of Somerset, who was on the queen's

side, and was a relation of the Lancastrian family, being descended from John of Gaunt. It was about this time that the Red and the White Roses became emblems of the parties to the quarrel. The red roses had long been the badge of the House of Lancaster; they had been first brought into Europe by the Crusaders from Palestine, and had been introduced into England two hundred years before this time by Edmund, the second son of Henry III., who was the first Duke of Lancaster. His beautiful tomb in Westminster Abbey is ornamented with roses carved in stone.

Red and White Roses.

But there were no gentle thoughts about roses when the fierce heads of each party drew their followers together, and prepared to rush at one another. We may read in the play how the one side twitted the other. One man says that the Red Rose blushed for shame at the evil deeds of Somerset; another says the White Rose is pale for faint-heartedness and cowardliness.

After a little delay on each side, during which time the king and queen had a son born to them, the war broke out openly. The Wars of the Roses lasted thirty years, from the first battle at St. Albans to the last one on Bosworth Field, and in that time there were twelve battles fought.

1455. The war begins.

We have already seen how feeble a man King Henry VI. was, and how utterly unfit for the disastrous times he had fallen on. After the first battle of St. Albans, when the Duke of York, though victorious, went to him, "making humble petition to him for pardon of what was past," the king, "thoroughly affrighted, said, 'Let there be no more killing, then, and I will do whatever you will have me.'" By degrees it came to be observed, "as it were in the destiny of King Henry, that although he were a most pious man, yet no enterprise of war did ever prosper where he was." Shakespeare shows him to us sitting aside while a battle is raging, and wishing he had been born a poor shepherd, with simple cares and pleasures, humble fare, and peace and safety. "Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!" he says. Thus, though he was loved, he was greatly despised too.

The actors in the war. Henry.

His wife Margaret was brave and spirited; but as time went on, and misfortunes thickened about her, she grew hard, cruel, and unwomanly. After the battle

Margaret.

of Wakefield, in which the Duke of York was taken prisoner, and his young son, the "pretty Rutland," slain, it was said she mocked and jeered at him savagely, gave him a handkerchief dipped in the boy's blood to wipe away his tears, and, when he was beheaded, caused his head to be set up on the gate of York, decked with a paper crown. But no one can help admiring her courage and perseverance. She was the mainspring of her husband's party. She went everywhere where she could hope to get help for him, — to Scotland, to Burgundy, to France. Once, while she was wandering about with her son, who was but a child still, alone and on foot, in a thick and gloomy forest, they fell in with a robber. But Margaret's spirit rose higher with danger; she went boldly up to the rough outlaw, leading her boy by the hand, and saying, "This is the son of your king. I confide him to your care." The rough fellow, who had some generosity in his wild nature, was touched by her confidence, took them both under his protection, and led them in safety to their friends. A woman like this was sure to inspire her friends with enthusiastic devotion, and her enemies with deadly hatred.

The Duke of York.

The Duke of York had not been so fierce and ambitious as some of the rest of his party, and he had tried to preserve a kind of moderation. At one time, indeed, and after a battle in which his party was victorious, he had agreed to a sort of compromise, something like the Treaty of Troyes in France, by which it was proposed that Henry should be king as long as he lived, and the Duke of York would be content to be named as his heir, and reign after him. But as Queen Margaret would not quietly see her boy disinherited, the war went on again, and the Duke of York was killed.

The death of the duke, however, did not end the war, for he left three sons to carry on the struggle, all more ambitious and vigorous than himself. One of the most delightful of English writers, who, if he did not know them himself, knew those who did, Sir Thomas More, says of them, "All these three, as they were great estates by birth, so were they great and stately of stomach, greedy of promotion, and impatient partners of rule and authority." The eldest of them, Edward, who during the course of these wars became king as Edward IV., was a singular character, and, though he was very popular, we cannot

Edward of York.

see that he deserved to be so. He was handsome and agreeable, and, unlike poor Henry VI., he was clever and unscrupulous, immoral in his private character, and, though seemingly amiable and kind, in his heart he was hard, cruel, and revengeful.

The next brother, George, Duke of Clarence, though he too was "stately of stomach," was not so clever nor determined, but he was faithless and treacherous, and was used as a tool by the stronger men he had to do with, till they threw him away. Clarence.

The third, Richard, was one of the most remarkable characters in English history. The old historians almost exhaust the language in describing his wickedness, and, at the same time, seem half awed by his wonderful shrewdness. The common idea of him is learned from Shakespeare, and Shakespeare's characterizations become more real and enduring than the records of history. Richard.

"I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear,"

Shakespeare makes Richard say.

> "Then since the heavens have shaped my body so,
> Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
> I have no brother; I am like no brother;
> And this word 'Love,' which graybeards call divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me."

Not long ago, however, a French writer gave this account of Richard III.: "The truth is, Richard was one of the greatest kings who ever reigned over England. As a general, he gained the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury. As a sovereign, he was merciful, and caused the laws to be respected; he reformed abuses and diminished taxes. As a man, he was violent, but courageous and sincere. Finally, far from being a monster in person, it appears that he was admirably handsome, well-made, and elegant." If this is the truth, it is to be feared that a great part of it will never be believed.

Baker's description of him is rather a contrast, and it is painted so black that one feels inclined to soften it a little. "There never was in any man a greater uniformity of body and mind, both of them equally deformed. Of body he was but low; crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, and goggle-eyed; his face little and round, his complexion swar-

thy, his left arm from his birth dry and withered. . . . Those vices which in other men are passions in him were habits; and his cruelty was not upon occasion, but natural. . . . And, to say the truth, he was scarce of the number of men who consist of flesh and blood, being nothing but blood."

Sir Thomas More does not say quite so much about his bodily deformity, though he tells us he had what in high rank "is called a warlike visage, and among common persons a crabbed face." But, "he was close and secret," he writes, "a deep dissembler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly familiar where he inwardly hated, not letting* to kiss whom he thought to kill. . . . Friend and foe were all indifferent where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose." Thus we get the general opinion of him, which his acts, as far as we know them, bear out, — that he was so deformed as to seem to himself and to others more a monster than a man; that he felt himself a kind of outcast from all that makes life dear to most men; that he scorned himself, and scorned everybody else, both man and woman. He gave all his mind to ambition, and determined to be king. That he did become king at last, and that all who stood between him and the crown came to an untimely end, is certain; but charity, and perhaps justice, would lead us to hope there were some points in his favor.

But for a long time the most important person in these conflicts was neither king, queen, nor prince. The richest, the most powerful, and the most popular of the nobles was the Earl of Warwick, of whom Hume says he was the greatest as well as the last of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown. He was the head of one of the greatest and richest families in England, and was related to nearly all the others. Fuller says: "This was that Neville, who for extraction, estate, alliance, dependents, wisdom, valor, success, and popularity was superior to any English subject since the Conquest. People's love he chiefly purchased by his hospitality, keeping so open house that he was most welcome who brought the best stomach with him, the earl charitably believing that all who were men of teeth were men of arms. Any that looked

The Earl of Warwick.

* Hesitating.

like a man might have in his house a full half yard of roast meat, namely, so much as he could strike through and carry away on his dagger. The bear was his crest, and it may be truly said that when the bear roared, the lion of the forest trembled, the kings of England themselves being at his disposal." He had houses and castles in several parts of England, and altogether it was believed that thirty thousand persons lived at his cost, and were more devoted to him than to any king or prince. For a long time he was on the White Rose side, and it was through his help and support that Edward of York was made king. But when, afterwards, Edward gave him offence, he joined himself to Margaret of Anjou, turned Edward out, brought Henry from his prison, and set him on the throne again. For these exploits he was called the "king-maker." At last, in the great fight of Barnet, Warwick was killed, and could make no more kings, though no doubt he had still many schemes in his busy brain, for he had married his two daughters to two princes, one of the House of York, and one of the House of Lancaster; and one of those was queen of England in course of time.

Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V., had married a Welsh gentleman named Tudor. Though it was not uncommon in those days for members of the royal house to marry those who were not royal, so that half the noble families in England were related to the king, still they generally only allied themselves with the high nobility, and this marriage of Queen Katherine was considered as greatly beneath her dignity, so that she fell into disrepute, and we hear no more about her. Her sons by the Welsh marriage were, of course, half-brothers to Henry VI., and one of them was made Earl of Richmond, and married to a lady of the House of Lancaster, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. And though such a distant and left-handed sort of relation, the son of those two came forward after a time as the representative of the House of Lancaster, and became king of England in the end.

Henry of Richmond.

As for the rest of the actors in this great tragedy, we find that the Percys, perhaps remembering Henry V.'s generosity, were faithful to the House of Lancaster, but most of the nobility seem to have been guided by only selfish motives, and became as fickle and treacherous as they were cruel.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WARS OF THE ROSES.

The old nobility and their armies. End of the feudal system. Causes of the war. Condition of the people. Edward IV. His marriage. Vicissitudes.

It is hardly necessary to go over the details of these twelve battles,* and the changes and chances of the war. Sometimes one side conquered, and sometimes the other; in the end we may say *both* conquered, since a member of the House of Lancaster, marrying a member of the House of York, became undisputed king. But though we may be at first inclined to say that the wars were for nothing, and nothing came of them, they had in reality a great effect on the whole future history and state of England.

In the past history we have seen what an enormous power the nobles possessed; they could help or hinder the king and the government as they chose; they rebelled and led armies, fighting each other, or fighting the king, as it happened; or, if they had a strong king whom they respected, they followed him and fought for him. How different all that is from anything we ever see or hear of now! Imagine now if it were reported that some great duke or earl was going to lead an army against the government!

The armies.

We know that dukes and earls have no armies now. They may give their opinions, and advice, and votes, and money; they may serve in the army, as any gentlemen may, and that is all. But before the Wars of the Roses the great lords had always armies — armies of their own. They were bound, indeed, to have them; it was on that very condition they held their estates. The theory of the feudal system was, that the vassals of the king were obliged to furnish so many men to help him in his wars. But when they did not like the king, it was quite as probable that they would fit out those very men to oppose him, as we know Percy and

* A list of them will be found at the end of this chapter.

the others did in the reign of Henry IV. If there were a rival claimant to the throne, some of the nobles would take one side, and some the other, according to their interest or their sense of duty.

In such times a rich and popular nobleman, who had a large following, and perhaps could hire other soldiers besides his own under-vassals and tenants, would be even more powerful than the king himself, as was Warwick, the king-maker. There was no regular standing army, nor was there for some hundreds of years after this. At that time everybody was a soldier in an emergency, and nobody was a soldier continually. We can see how they managed in the play of *Henry VI.* In the course of this war, Henry hears that his rival, Edward, has just landed from the Continent. He has no army ready at the moment, but he says, "Let 's levy troops and beat him back again." Then he and his friends arrange how to levy these troops. Each of the noblemen is to go to the place where he has most influence, and muster his friends and their followers. The Earl of Warwick says, —

> "In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
> Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war:
> These will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
> Shalt stir in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
> The knights and gentlemen to come with thee;
> Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
> Northampton, and in Leicestershire shalt find
> Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st;
> And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
> In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends."

So when the nobles went to muster up an army, the ploughmen, the weavers, the laborers of all sorts, would leave their work and follow them to fight. They were doubtless better soldiers than such men would be at present; for they were regularly trained and practised at certain times, and every man knew, more or less, how to fight, though they were not like the disciplined troops we have now. After a battle or two, perhaps, they would go back again to their ploughs or looms. There were some soldiers, too, whose regular profession was war, "free companions," as they were called, who were trained men, but who belonged to no side, and could be hired by any party, city, or rich man who wanted them; and who, when wanted by no one, generally became brigands.

At the time of the Wars of the Roses all the principal

nobles of the kingdom took one side or the other, either that of York or Lancaster; each brought his little army behind him, and it was they who fought those twelve battles. In the end they were nearly all killed. The family feeling was very strong, and it was a point of honor for a man to avenge the deaths of his relations; then the other side would avenge themselves in return. Thus one nobleman, Lord Clifford, whose father was killed by the Yorkists, in revenge stabbed that poor boy the Duke of Rutland, the son of the Duke of York. Afterwards, in revenge for that, he was himself killed by the poor boy's brother.

The nobles.

In looking over the pedigrees of those great old families, it is startling to see how many times we read "killed at Tewkesbury," "killed at St. Albans," "beheaded after Wakefield," and the like. No less than four dukes of Somerset, one after the other, perished in these wars. The end of it was that the old nobility was almost destroyed, and the feudal system vanished forever. This period is generally looked on as the end of the middle ages, and the beginning of modern times.

We cannot suppose the great nobles would have raised armies, and hurried about fighting, killing, and being killed, for love of Henry or Edward, Lancaster or York. Had there not been some grave causes of discontent, it is pretty certain both York and Mortimer would have been forgotten, now that the Lancasters had been sitting on the throne for fifty years, whatever their exact rights might have been in the onset. But there was a great deal of discontent, and a spirit of entire disaffection spread abroad among the nation. Every one was ashamed at the disgraceful end of the French war, and the pride of the people was not much comforted by the death of the Duke of Suffolk, or the Bishop of Chichester. The state of England itself was also unsatisfactory. Jack Cade and the Kentish men, as we saw, had complained about the way Parliaments were elected. A great many people who formerly used to vote for members were no longer allowed to do so, and many of those who still had votes were obliged to give them according to orders, and not according to their own wishes. Parliament very seldom met. High and low were able to defy the law with impunity; the great families were continually carrying on little wars of their own; innumerable robbers ranged over the land, keeping the people in constant alarm

Causes of the war.

and distress, and nobody had power to punish the evil-doers or protect the helpless and innocent.

Moreover, the House of Lancaster, both Henry IV. and Henry V., had, in their zeal for religion, made common cause with the Church, and had persecuted and burnt the Lollards. But though the Lollards appeared to be quite crushed, immense numbers of people, in the bottom of their hearts, believed them to be right, and sympathized with them; so that when they had time to think, the persecution caused a vast deal of hidden discontent, and turned men's hearts away from their rulers.

Thus, with these grievances, spoken or unspoken, a great many people were ready for a change. Not that the princes of the House of York were likely to remedy these things, or ever did so, but when people are dissatisfied they are willing to hope that any change will be for the better. We have seen how cruel and hard-hearted the nobles became towards one another; what their followers were obliged to suffer we may imagine. In one beautiful passage which Shakespeare added to the old play of *Henry VI.* he paints it very vividly. In one of these battles a father has unknowingly killed his own son, and a son his own father, who were fighting in opposite ranks; and as they both lament their cruel fortune, they think of what is so often forgotten, of the poor wife and mother at home, to whom they must carry the bitter news.*

The people.

There is consolation in knowing that, on the whole, the mass of the people did not suffer so much as might have been expected. In some of the battles the leaders on both sides gave orders that the poorer people were to be spared, and that only the principal men were to be killed. For the most part the people, except those who were dependent upon the nobles, took no part at all. The merchants and shopkeepers went on with their business; the judges went on circuit and held their assizes as in time of peace. No towns, no churches were destroyed, and those who made the quarrel bore the brunt of the punishment.

There is good reason to believe, in fact, that the poor people were better off than they ever were before; for while Edward IV. was king new laws were made to prevent them from spending too much money on their clothes. There

* Third Part of *King Henry VI.*, Act II. scene v.

have been plenty of sermons and laws against finery, and very little good they seem to have done. In the very midst of the war a law was passed beginning in this way:

1463. "The commons, as well men as women, have worn, and daily do wear, excessive and inordinate array and apparel, to the great displeasure of God, and impoverishing of this realm of England." It goes on to command that common laborers, and servants, and their wives are never to wear cloth costing more than two shillings a yard; nor are they to wear girdles ornamented with silver. Another law was passed forbidding wives to get their veils and handkerchiefs too fine. Thus it is evident the people must have been receiving good wages, or they would never have wanted expensive things of this kind.

Though the emancipation of the serfs had done great good, and the laborers were in a prosperous condition, some evil had come with it too, since many people had no work and no wages at all. As we saw, after the Black Death, when there were so few men, and wages rose so high, many landlords would not or could not pay them; so they left off tilling the land, and turned it into great sheep-farms. Then only two or three men would be wanted instead of a great many; and the sheep were very profitable, both for food and for their wool. There was this to be said in favor of villeinage, that the owner of the land had at least to feed, clothe, and shelter all his villeins, or to see that they had land enough to support them. Even when they were ill or old they still had to be maintained, and we never hear that they were badly treated in this respect.

But now that they were free, and their own masters, it was nobody's duty to look after them. There began to be a great many beggars: some "sturdy beggars," who would not work; others old and feeble, who could not work; others who could find no work to do. Some gave themselves out as "poor scholars;" indeed, a certain number of students from Oxford and Cambridge were allowed by the authorities to go about begging. It was hard to know what to do with these beggars; there was always the fear that many of them might turn thieves, as, indeed, they often did. The government passed a great many laws, many of them very harsh and cruel, about vagabonds and beggars; but it was a long time before they found out anything like a reasonable way of dealing with them, not till long after the period at which we have now arrived.

The beggars.

The reign of Henry VI., if it can be called a reign, is generally reckoned to have ended after the battle of Towton, which was one of the most cruel and bloody of all the twelve, and in which the Lancastrians were utterly defeated. Henry and Margaret fled, and Edward IV. was crowned king. But the Wars of the Roses were by no means over yet, and it was not very long before he in his turn had to flee, and Henry, who had been caught and imprisoned in the Tower, came forth again as king. For though Edward was clever, handsome, and popular, he contrived to give offence to the nobles who supported him, and above all to the Earl of Warwick, the king-maker. The way in which he did this was by choosing to make a love-match instead of marrying according to prudence or policy. The marriage he made was very much beneath his position, since, though his wife was a lady by birth and breeding, she was only the widow of an obscure gentleman, and, to make it worse, her husband had been on the Lancastrian side.

1461. Battle of Towton.

Edward IV.

In these wars the victorious party took revenge on the other by depriving all the lords and gentlemen of their estates, and dividing them among themselves; so that many were reduced to literal beggary. Nobles might be seen wandering about barefoot, and begging their bread in France, while their successful enemies were eating their bread and spending their money. Amongst others there was one John Grey, of whom we read that "King Henry made him knight at the last battle of St. Alban's, but little while he enjoyed his knighthood, for in the same field he was slain." His property had been confiscated, and his children were left destitute. His widow, who was young and beautiful, appeared before Edward to implore his compassion. The king was also young, and always ready to fall in love. The lady behaved very modestly, and she quite won his heart; and, casting away all thought of prudence or worldly wisdom, Edward determined to marry her.

1464. His marriage.

The English had been very angry at Henry VI.'s marrying a princess who brought no dowry and no high alliances; but this match would seem worse still, as Margaret had at least been a princess of royal blood. Moreover, Edward had half promised to marry a French princess himself, a sister of the Queen of France; and Warwick, who, besides being king-maker, would have wished to

Warwick is offended.

be queen-maker also, was very keen in promoting that alliance. He likewise wished Edward to give his sister in marriage to a French prince, but he chose to marry her to the Duke of Burgundy instead. It was also believed that Warwick would have desired Edward, if he married an English woman at all, to have married one of his own daughters.

Thus he was quite alienated from Edward, though he did not as yet take part with Henry. He first made friends with Edward's brother George, the Duke of Clarence, and gave him the daughter Isabel, whom he had perhaps intended for the king. Through all these wars the nobles were constantly changing sides and betraying one another. Even the royal family was not faithful, and Clarence now conspired to betray his brother. Afterwards he changed again, and betrayed his father-in-law. He himself was finally betrayed and murdered.

For the present he and Warwick gave no sign of their intentions, and perhaps the king had no suspicions. It would seem as if no king of England ever read English history, for one after another did the same foolish things, which led to ruin and misery again and again. Nothing is better known than the trouble that came of making royal favorites; we remember those of Henry III., Edward II., and Richard II., and the ill fortunes that came on them all. But Edward IV. does not seem to have remembered, for he began the same unwise course.

As he had married beneath his dignity, and his wife and her relations were looked down upon by the aristocracy of the land, perhaps he thought it would set things right to make them noble now. Accordingly, honors and riches were poured out upon them. His wife's father and brothers received great titles and estates; her son was married to the heiress of the Duke of Exeter, whom Warwick wanted for his own nephew; her sisters were married to rich young men, heirs of earls and dukes, whom the lords would have liked to marry their own daughters. All this, instead of setting things right, angered the Earl of Warwick and the rest of the old nobility beyond bearing.

The queen's relations.

Except for their being "upstarts," however, there was nothing to be said against these relations of the queen. One of them, her brother, Lord Rivers, was good, accomplished, and faithful. But their glory was short-lived, and

they paid dear for it. At last there was an open rupture; and Warwick, forsaking Edward, allied himself with his most bitter enemy, Margaret of Anjou, who had never ceased stirring and striving to reinstate her husband and son. He now married his other daughter to her son Edward, so that he had two daughters who might, in the changes of that changing time, come to be queens of England. This second daughter, Anne, was indeed queen for a short time, though not by the means her father expected. 1470.

As soon as Warwick appeared in England, the people, who loved and admired him, flocked around him in crowds. Edward had to flee out of the country, and in such haste that he took nothing with him, and had no means of paying the captain of the ship which carried him across, but by giving him a cloak lined with sable. His poor wife, whom he left behind him, took refuge with her young daughters in the sanctuary at Westminster.

With all its faults, the Church was able to exercise its power for good in those troubled times. In our days, when the law is supreme and impartial, there is no need of sanctuaries for refuge. Even in those days the good they did was mixed with evil; for it appears that "a rabble of thieves, murderers, and malicious heinous traitors" were sometimes harbored there. But when the country was divided into two parties, longing to murder one another, this right of protection in a sacred place saved many innocent lives. The priests were very brave in defence of the fugitives who took refuge in the churches, for sometimes the soldiers would pursue them even there. Once King Edward himself did so with his followers; but the priest, taking the sacrament in his hands, threw himself between him and his victims, and would not move till the king promised to pardon them. Sometimes people would be tempted out with false promises of pardon; but on the whole it is believed that two thousand lives were saved in London alone by the protection of the sanctuaries. Sanctuaries.

The queen took shelter in Westminster, and there her unhappy son, Edward V., was born. Shakespeare makes her say, "Small joy have I in being England's queen." Katherine of France, who was so despised for descending to marry a private gentleman, was perhaps wiser and happier than Elizabeth Woodville, who rose from being a private lady to marry a king. However, it was not very long

before Edward returned. His brother Clarence had become treacherous again, and deserted Warwick. Two great battles were fought, in both of which Edward was victorious. The first was at Barnet, and there Warwick, the king-maker, was slain; the second was at Tewkesbury, and it utterly ruined the Lancastrian house. The young Prince Edward, son of Henry and Margaret, was brutally murdered; it is said by Edward's two brothers, Clarence and Gloucester. Margaret was made prisoner, and Henry was taken back to the Tower, where he very soon after died. The Yorkists gave out that he died of a broken heart, but everybody believed that he was murdered, and Richard, the Duke of Gloucester, had the credit of it, whether he really deserved it or not. The people soon began to look on King Henry as a saint, and said that wonderful miracles were worked at his tomb.

1471.

Death of Henry.

Margaret of Anjou, whose brave struggle had ended so tragically, and who had now nothing left to struggle for, was kept a prisoner for five years. At last the king of France paid fifty thousand crowns for her ransom, and she was allowed to go back to France, where she lived for the few remaining years of her desolate life. But though the royal family of Lancaster was thus broken up and extinguished, the end was not yet come. There still lived young Richmond, descended from John of Gaunt, who was to make himself heard in due time.

Not very long after these battles and murders, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, married Anne, that daughter of the Earl of Warwick who had been the wife of Edward Plantagenet, son of Henry. Afterward, as the wife of Richard, she became queen of England, and she, still more than Elizabeth Woodville, might say, "Small joy have I in being England's queen." As to her courting by Gloucester, it should be read in the play of *Richard III.* (Act I. scene ii.).

THE TWELVE BATTLES.

1455.	St. Alban's.	1461.	Towton.
1459.	Bloreheath.	1464.	Hexham.
1460.	Northampton.	1469.	Banbury.
1460.	Wakefield.	1471.	Barnet.
1461.	Mortimer's Cross.	1471.	Tewkesbury.
1461.	St. Alban's.	1485.	Bosworth.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE END OF THE WAR.

Caxton and the printing-press. Richard III. His victims. Murder of the young princes. Henry Tudor. Battle of Bosworth Field.

While all these events were taking place among the heads of the nation, there was going on in the precincts of Westminster Abbey a work far more important and interesting than the battles, victories, defeats, or marriages of all the kings and queens in the world. That beautiful abbey, round which so much of English history clusters, had seen many splendid sights, — gorgeous coronations, stately funerals; but the work that was going on there now was so quiet, so humble, that comparatively few people knew or cared much about it; and yet it made a greater and a happier change than almost any other work we know of; it was the first introduction into England of the art of printing.

It is difficult for us to realize how we should do without books and newspapers. It was mentioned a few pages back that coming events were casting their shadows before. The higher classes were beginning to care more and more for books, and not to leave them exclusively to priests and monks. The richer ones had collected fine libraries; and others, who were not so rich, still had some books of their own, and could read and enjoy them.

In visiting a house, not knowing much of the people who live in it, we cast a glance over the bookshelves, and, by seeing the books, we judge what sort of people they are. So, if we could know the books which our forefathers read, we should feel a little more intimate and acquainted with them. We are fortunate enough to have a catalogue of a private gentleman's library (preserved almost by chance) just before printing was invented. There were altogether about thirty books. There was no Bible among them, but there were a few books of religion

An old library.

and morality: one, a prayer-book; one, a legend, or life of a saint; and some of Cicero's writings on friendship, wisdom, and old age. One was about the blazonings, crests, and coats of arms, which gentlemen thought so much of; some were about the duties of knights and the laws of the land. Then there were some of Chaucer's poems, and several tales and romances, some of which were perhaps thought to be English history, since there was one about King Arthur, and one about Richard Cœur de Lion. It would not be disagreeable to be shut up for a season in a country house with these thirty books as companions.

We know, too, how much they cost, for there is the bill of the man who wrote them out for Sir John Paston, their owner. The copyist got twopence a leaf for prose, and a penny a leaf for poetry, and something extra for "rubrissheing," or decorating the pages with red initial letters, and so on, like the "rubric" of a prayer-book. The price of one leaf ornamented a little in this way would have been equal to about two shillings sterling, and a whole book would be therefore very costly.

It was reported that a marvellous art had been developed in Germany, by which copies were made wonderfully fast, and sold wonderfully cheap. A book costing five hundred crowns in manuscript could be produced for sixty crowns. It was not wonderful that people thought this must have something to do with the black art, and that the man who did it got the credit of being a magician.

The art of printing.

There happened to be living in Flanders at this time a very intelligent Englishman, William Caxton, who had been the apprentice of a London mercer, but had gone abroad, most likely, on some mercantile business. Flanders at that period belonged to the Duke of Burgundy; and as it was very important both to Flanders and to England that they should be good friends, on account of the trade between the two countries, Edward IV. had married one of his sisters to the Duke of Burgundy. This English duchess was very kind to our Londoner. Caxton, though he had been bred a mercer, was fond of literary work and of books; and at this time he was translating into English a French book about "The History of Troy." The duchess took great interest in it, and even helped him in some parts. And as he expected a great many people would like to read

Caxton.

it, he made up his mind that, instead of having it copied out by hand, he would try the new invention, and have it printed.

He took great pains to learn the whole art. His book was finished at Bruges, and was the first English book that was ever printed. He gave this account of it himself:

"Thus end I this book, which I have translated out of mine author as nigh as God hath given me cunning, to whom be given the laud and praising. And for as much as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, mine hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address to them as hastily as I might this said book, therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispense, to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see; and is not written with pen and ink, as other books be, to the end that every one may have them at once." Although he complains so pathetically of being old and feeble, he was really not quite sixty when he wrote this, and he went on working for about twenty years longer. 1471.

Five or six years afterwards he came to England, and settled himself in the precincts of Westminster Abbey. It is not quite clear why he chose that place for his labors. Perhaps it was because, hitherto, nearly if not quite all the writing and copying had been done in monasteries. Every monastery had a room called the "copying-room," where scribes sat writing and ornamenting the books, so it may have seemed the most natural thing for this new kind of copying to be done there too. Or, again, Caxton may have thought that it would save him from the charge of sorcery to do his work in so holy a place, under the sanction of the abbot; and the "sanctuary," too, would be a protection to him if he came into any danger.

In England he was favored by the king and the royal family, including Richard, as in Bruges he had been by the Duchess of Burgundy; and especially by the queen's brother, Lord Rivers, who, besides being a learned and accomplished gentleman, was an author himself, and had written a book called "The Dictes, and notable wyse Sayings of the Philosophers;" and that book was the first ever printed in Eng-

land. Soon after, two other books were written by him, and printed by Caxton; the last one he wrote when
1477. he was thirty-six years old, only three years before his untimely death.

Some of the other books which Caxton printed and published were a history and a geography of our own country; a book giving an account of the universe as far as it was understood at that time, showing how "the earth holdeth right in the middle of the world" (or universe, as we should say), and giving a description of the "celestial paradise." He also printed Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," some of Gower's writings, the story of "Reineke Fuchs," or "Reynard the Fox," "Æsop's Fables," and the "History of Arthur and his Knights," as it had been newly written by an Englishman; some other tales and romances, legends of saints, and several religious books. He did not print the Bible; for at this time it was forbidden by law to circulate Wycliffe's Bible, and had he printed it, he and his printing-presses doubtless would have come to a very summary end. He was a simple-hearted, religious man, and when beginning any work he would offer a short prayer that he might be able to bring it to a good end, "to the honor and glory of Almighty God."

Some of the books he printed are to be seen now in the British Museum.

As Edward IV. had conquered all his enemies at home, he began to think of going to war with France again, which the English were generally glad enough to do. Though the Parliament, in a lawful way, gave him a good large sum of money, he still thought he wanted more. With all his apparent good nature, Edward had a strong will and arbitrary character. He did not like to be dependent on Parliament, yet he did not dare, as some kings had done, to impose taxes without its consent. He bethought him of an ingenious expedient, which was to ask the rich citizens out of kindness to give him a large sum, which was called a "benevo-
Benevolences. lence," or token of good will. The citizens would much rather not have given it, but they dared not refuse; "as though," says More, "the name of *benevolence* had signified that every man should pay not what he himself of his good will list to grant, but what the king of his good will list to take." So, though bearing so pleasing a name, it was a grievous additional tax, and the ingenious idea in due

time produced its effect. Meanwhile, though he got so much money, the war came to nothing.

The new king of France, Louis XI., was shrewd and as wicked as the worst France ever had, and much more clear-headed than most of them. He did not wish to go to war with England, having his hands full of other business, so by skill and bribes he contrived to make friends with Edward and his counsellors, and send them all back to England. The two kings met on a bridge over the river Somme, not far from Amiens. The murder of the Duke of Burgundy by the Dauphin on the bridge at Montereau was not forgotten; accordingly, these two civilized and Christian kings could not approach each other without as great precautions as if each had been going to meet a wild beast. Across the middle of the bridge a strong barricade was set up, consisting of a firm grating or lattice work, such as lions' cages are made of; the space between the bars was just wide enough to admit a man's arm. The two kings bowed to each other in the most polite and respectful manner, one on each side of the barrier, and then embraced each other through the apertures of the grating. After a long and friendly conversation, in which the chronicler tells us the King of England spoke very good French, they shook hands through the grating, and parted. Soon afterwards Edward returned to England with very little glory but plenty of French money.

The King of France.

Meanwhile, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was watching his opportunity, never flinching in his determination to arrive at the throne no matter who stood in his way. The enemies of his house, Henry VI. and his son, being dead, and Henry of Richmond being banished to Brittany, there only remained his own near relations. The next one to die was his brother Clarence, who was older than he, and therefore had a better chance. Clarence had already played the traitor twice, but it does not appear that he had done any harm since. His wife was the sister of Richard's wife, and he had two young children. Edward was now induced to charge him with treason, and, stranger still, with necromancy, or magic, and to commit him to the Tower. Once in custody, we may be sure of what happened next. In ten days he was dead. The manner of his death could never be exactly known, though it was said he was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. Richard got the credit of this murder also.

1478. Death of Clarence.

Five years after that (though Shakespeare makes it happen when Edward was on his death-bed) the king died, leaving all the nobles ready to fly at each other's throats as soon as he was gone. The hatred between the older nobles and the queen's relations was as virulent as ever. Edward tried to make peace between them as he lay dying, but the hollow promises they made to please him were not likely to be kept.

1483. Death of Edward IV.

As soon as he died the struggle began. On the one side were the little boy, Edward V., who was about thirteen years old, his brother Richard, two years younger, his mother, her brother and other relations, and some few nobles who were faithful to them; on the other the cruel, remorseless Richard, with some of the most powerful of the nobles, who hated the queen's family, though they meant no ill to the young princes. The most important were the Duke of Buckingham, who was a relation to the family of Lancaster, and Lord Hastings. Of these two we hear that they did not bear "to each other so much love, as hatred both to the queen's blood." Edward V. was only king, or the shadow of a king, for three months, and was never crowned, though he is always reckoned among the kings of England.

When his father died the young prince was at Ludlow Castle, on the borders of Wales, where he was being educated by his uncle, Lord Rivers, the same who had helped Caxton, and who had collected the sayings of the philosophers. Being a gallant and accomplished man, he was a very suitable person to educate a young king, and it appears that he was bringing him up with great tenderness and wisdom, and that the prince was much attached to him. His only fault appears to have been that he was the queen's brother.

Richard's designs.

Richard determined to get his young nephews into his own power, and to separate them from their mother and her relations, who would protect them. He had no great difficulty before him so far, because of the jealousy felt by the rest of the nobility against these newly-created lords. Richard used this jealousy very skilfully for his own purposes; the Duke of Buckingham, in particular, "promised to wait upon him with a thousand good fellows, if need were."

The first thing he did was to go to meet the young king,

who was travelling up from Ludlow for his coronation, and to remove him from his uncle, his half-brother, and other friends and attendants. The poor boy "wept, and was not content, but it booted not." Lord Rivers and the others were sent off to Pomfret Castle, where they were soon after beheaded without trial.

When the queen heard that Richard had taken possession of the young king, though he still kept up all outward forms of propriety, and pretended that he did it for his greater good, her heart misgave her, and she fled once more to the sanctuary, taking the little Richard, Duke of York, with her, and there she sate "alone on the rushes, all desolate and dismayed."

She was soon over-persuaded to give the child up, the Archbishop of Canterbury being sent by the Duke of Gloucester with many fair words and arguments to prevail on her. But it was with doubt and fear that she consented. "And therewithal," writes More, "she said to the child, 'Farewell, mine own sweet son; God send you good keeping; let me once kiss you ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again;' and therewith she kissed him and blessed him, and turned her back and wept, going her way, leaving the poor innocent child weeping as fast as the mother."

The Duke of Gloucester was appointed protector of the kingdom, and the two little princes were sent to the Tower, "after which day they never came abroad." "Rough cradle for those little pretty ones," said their mother. The young princes sent to the Tower.

Now that these helpless children, his last rivals, were in his power, Richard began to aim more openly at the crown. But some who had followed him thus far now began to hang back; Lord Hastings, in particular, would not betray the sons of his late master.

In all these merciless intrigues what seems to have struck people most was Richard's consummate hypocrisy. We read that he came into the council with a smiling face, as though thinking of nothing amiss, and talking to the Bishop of Ely about the fine strawberries which grew in his garden at Holborn; and then coming in again, an hour or two after, pretending to have found out a dreadful plot in the interval, "all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, gnawing of his lips," and declaring he will not dine till he has Lord Hastings' head.

Sir Thomas More's account of this is as vivid as if he had seen it with his own eyes. He probably learned it from Morton, the Bishop of Ely, who had such fine strawberries, and who really did see and hear it all. But as this Morton was imprisoned by Richard, and was afterwards one of his most active opponents, we must conclude that he would hardly be an impartial observer, and he may perhaps have given Richard a more dreadful character than he really deserved.

Even after the execution, or rather the murder, of Hastings, the Duke of Buckingham still supported Richard, and helped him in all his devices. They tried hard to get the people of London to side with them, and to cry out for "King Richard." Richard set himself forth "as a godly prince, clean and faultless of himself, sent out of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of men's manners." They got a clergyman to preach for him, and to allege that all the royal family, his two dead brothers and his two young nephews, all excepting himself, were illegitimate, and that there was no one to compare with Richard; but the people "stood as if they had been turned to stones." Then the Duke of Buckingham himself made a speech to the citizens about the goodness of Richard, and the safety, wealth, and prosperity they would enjoy were he once king; and he spoke so eloquently "that every man much marvelled, and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told." Nevertheless, the citizens were "as still as midnight."

Richard still would not actually seize on the crown by force, for he knew that the English were a people "whom no man earthly can govern against their wills." At last the Parliament, the lords and commons, were over-persuaded to come to him and offer him the crown. He pretended to be very unwilling to accept it, and they then, headed by the Duke of Buckingham, assured him that if he refused they would choose some other king. This reluctance and persuasion had been arranged by Richard and Buckingham in secret, and when the play had gone far enough, Richard condescended to accept that which he was longing for, telling the Parliament that his title of birth was now joined to the election of the nobles and commons of the realm, "which," said he, "we, of all titles possible, take for most effectual."

Richard is made king.

He was now solemnly proclaimed, and was crowned in Westminster Abbey. He offered offerings at St. Edward's shrine, "while the monks sang Te Deum with a faint courage." His wife was crowned with him, and her train was borne by the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry, who was biding his time in Brittany. We do not know what she might be thinking as she walked behind the new queen, but we know that there was trouble in store for Richard already. The Duke of Buckingham, his fast friend and ally, had begun to turn against him in secret. He appeared at the coronation gorgeously apparelled, but he "rode with an evil will and worse heart."

Richard, however, began his reign very well. He really seemed for a time to deserve those high praises which the Frenchman gives him. After his coronation he sent the nobles who had attended it back to their own estates, giving them "strait charge and commandment to see their countries well ordered, and that no wrong nor extortion should be done to his subjects." He summoned a Parliament; he declared he would restore the old liberties of England, and abolish all oppression such as his brother had practised, especially those "benevolences," which were so heartily disliked. He protected and helped the merchants; he encouraged literature, and the printing and selling of books. He set free the few bondmen who were still living on the royal estates. He did, in short, all he could to win popularity.

He rules well.

The people could not forget his crimes. And now he added one more, — the most horrible of all, and the one which makes his name to be shuddered at to this day, — the murder of the innocent children in the Tower. Of course, like the rest of those murders, it could never be strictly proved, but every one believed that the two little princes were smothered in their bed, and the belief has strengthened with time.

Death of the princes.

No one any longer cared for his just government, or for his abolishing the benevolences. Every one loathed and abhorred him as a fiend in human shape. "When the fame of this detestable fact," says More, "was revealed and divulged through the whole realm, there fell generally such a dolor and inward sorrow into the hearts of all the people, that they in every town, street, and place openly wept and piteously sobbed." Whenever there was a great

thunderstorm, or a tempestuous wind, "they did openly cry and make vociferation that God would take vengeance, and punish the poor Englishmen for the crime and offence of their ungracious king."

Henry Tudor comes forward.

The royal houses of York and Lancaster were all but extinct; of Lancaster not one legitimate member remained; but there was still that Henry Tudor of whom mention has been made, and who had begun to be looked on as the representative of the Red Rose. Henry VI., who was now regarded as a saint, was said to have prophesied of him that he should be king, and "England's bliss," and the enemies of Richard set all their hearts and hopes upon him. To make his title better, it was proposed that he should marry the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV.; thus both the rival houses, the Red and the White Roses, would be at last united.

The Princess Elizabeth of York.

But Richard thought to be beforehand with them there. His first plan was to marry the princess to his own only son, but he died just about this time. Richard had shown before now that he would stop at nothing; and, though he had a wife already, he determined to put her out of the way, and marry his own niece, Elizabeth, sooner than let Henry Tudor win her. He expected to gain the Pope's consent to this marriage, though it was contrary to all the laws of the Church and the country. He would perhaps have succeeded in gaining the Pope's permission, since he gained what one would have thought far more difficult, the consent of the princess and her mother, Elizabeth.

But though Queen Anne died just at the convenient season, yet the whole nation was so disgusted and so averse to this unnatural marriage that it had to be given up, and in due time Henry Tudor got the princess for himself.

Meanwhile the most important people in the country were joining Henry's party; amongst them Morton, the Bishop of Ely, who had been imprisoned by Richard, but had made his escape. The Duke of Buckingham also revolted openly. He perceived that Richard was "disdained of the lords temporal, execrate and accursed of all the lords spiritual, detested of all gentlemen, and despised of all the commonalty." Well might Richard say, as Shakespeare makes him do, "There is no creature loves me."

Henry's first attempt at invasion failed, and after it the

Duke of Buckingham was captured and beheaded; but the prince soon came again, landing in Wales, where he had many friends, being partly a Welshman himself. On his march forward more and more adherents joined him. He and Richard met at Bosworth Field, near Leicester. Richard, with all his faults, was very courageous, and he fought bravely now, but all in vain. It was perhaps quite true, as Henry says in the play, —

1485. Battle of Bosworth Field.

> "Richard except, those whom we fight against
> Had rather have us win than him they follow."

This was the last battle of the Wars of the Roses, and it was quite characteristic of those wars that its fate was decided by treachery, or, if we can hardly call it treachery, by one of the principal leaders of Richard's army going over to Henry's side. This was Lord Derby or Stanley, who was stepfather to Henry; for though his mother was always called Countess of Richmond, she had, after the death of Henry's father, married the Earl of Derby. Richard was therefore very suspicious of him; so much so that he kept his son George as a hostage, and when he saw that Derby had deserted him he instantly exclaimed, "Off with George Stanley's head!" But the officers in charge, not knowing yet how the battle might turn, thought it more prudent to wait a little before obeying, and so the young man's life was saved. Richard was defeated and killed; his crown was found hanging on a hawthorn bush on the battle-field, and was placed by Lord Derby on the head of the victorious Henry.

In the stained-glass windows of Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, besides the union of the Red and White Roses, which appears over and over again, we may see also the picture of the hawthorn tree of Bosworth Field, with the golden crown above it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE RENAISSANCE.

Peace after war. Henry VII. His character. He suppresses the power of the nobles. England prospers. Discovery of America. The revival of learning.

"FROM town to town, from tower to tower,
The Red Rose is a gladsome flower.
Her thirty years of winter past,
The Red Rose is revived at last.
She lifts her head for endless spring,
For everlasting blossoming;
Both Roses flourish, Red and White,
In love and sisterly delight;
The two that were at strife are blended,
And all old troubles now are ended."

So sang, or so might sing, the minstrels after this victory which brought again peace to England. But, though the event was joyful, there is not much that is interesting to be said about Henry VII. himself. He was not like any of the kings his predecessors; not a hero like Henry V., nor a saint like Henry VI., nor a murdering fiend like Richard III. He was what we may call commonplace. "As his face was neither strange nor dark, so neither was it winning nor pleasing," says his biographer; and much the same might be said of his character.

1485. Henry VII.

He was very prudent and sensible. He married Elizabeth of York, though he does not seem to have been very fond of her. He was formally accepted as king by the Parliament, and he took care not to get embroiled with it at any future time.

All the Tudor sovereigns were noted for having what is called "a will of their own," and had a strong inclination to be despotic. Henry VII. by no means liked to be shackled and controlled by Parliament, and he very seldom allowed it to meet. This made it difficult to raise money, as by law taxes could be levied only by the lords and commons, but Henry contrived, without openly breaking the law, to get a great deal.

At one time he summoned Parliament and induced them to vote him large supplies for a war with France, after which he did not go to war at all, but kept the money. He followed Edward IV.'s example in raising "benevolences," which Richard III. had abolished; but as the rich citizens liked paying them no better than before, they soon came to be called "malevolences." His principal minister and prime counsellor for a long time was Morton, the Bishop of Ely, who grew such fine strawberries in Holborn, and who was afterwards promoted to be archbishop, cardinal, and legate. He aided his master very shrewdly in the matter of "benevolences." For if a man lived handsomely, in a fine house, with plenty of servants, the bishop would say it was evident he was a wealthy man, and had money to spend; and "there is no reason," said he, "but for your prince's service you should do so much more, and therefore you must pay." But if a man lived humbly and frugally, making no show at all, then it was evident that he must have saved up a good deal, as he spent so little; "therefore, be content, you must pay." This was called "Morton's fork," because if a man could slip off one prong he got caught on the other.

Morton's fork.

Towards the end of his reign the king got two sharp and cunning lawyers, Empson and Dudley, to help him. They raked up all the old statutes and pretexts for screwing money out of people, by fair means or unfair, and made themselves hated and dreaded by all the people in the land.

In these ways Henry contrived to get a large hoard of money, and was able to go on year after year without summoning Parliament, and to rule as he and his counsellors chose. Besides keeping the Parliament down in this way, he took great pains to lessen the power of the nobles, and enforced a very stern law against their keeping such bands of retainers and armed followers as made them formidable. Edward IV. had already tried to break down this power, and Henry did so still more; they were determined to have no more noblemen like the Earl of Warwick, who could make or unmake kings at his pleasure.

Power of the nobles diminished.

Henry once went to pay a visit to the Earl of Oxford, who had been one of the greatest supporters of the House of Lancaster (as we may read in Scott's novel, "Anne of Geierstein"). The earl received him with great honor, and two

long lines of retainers, wearing his livery, were drawn up to receive him. These retainers in their master's livery were just what Henry was determined to put down; so when he took leave of the earl, having first inquired whether all these men were his household servants, and hearing that they were not servants, but retainers, Henry said, "I thank you for your good cheer, my lord, but I may not endure to have my laws broken in my sight. My attorney must speak with you." And the earl had to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds, and was very glad to escape perhaps without paying his head too.

Though the noblemen kept up their outward state, they thus lost much of their power, and never recovered it. The Wars of the Roses had probably made them much poorer also, even those who had escaped with their lives. They seem to have lived in a very rough and rude way, and were extremely economical in some matters. One of them, the Earl of Northumberland, left a curious account-book behind him which tells us a good deal about the household of a great lord.

This earl had three country houses in Yorkshire, and he divided his time between them; but he had only furniture for one. So when he moved from one to another he had to take his beds, tables, chairs, and kitchen utensils after him in carts and wagons. The servants who took care of the pots and pans, and such like, were called the "black guard;" and, as they were the lowest of all the household, that name came by degrees to mean any kind of low, coarse, rude person. My lord and my lady had breakfast — by no means delicate — every day at seven o'clock. They had a quart of beer and a quart of wine, half a chine of boiled beef or mutton, or, on fasting days, salt fish, red herrings, or sprats. For dinner they would have sometimes chickens, geese, pork, or peacocks. A chicken cost a halfpenny; a goose, threepence or fourpence; a pheasant or a peacock, a shilling.

A nobleman's housekeeping.

They had not yet learned how to feed cattle all the year, so they had fresh beef only between midsummer and Michaelmas; the servants lived on salt meat nearly all the year round, with very few vegetables. The mass was said every morning at six o'clock, so that all the servants might be obliged to get up early. They had orders how many slices of meat were to be cut out of each joint; they

had orders even how to make their mustard, beginning in a very lordly way: "It seemeth good to us and to our Council;" they had orders how many fires were to be lighted; and very cold they must often have been, since no fires were allowed after Lady-day except for my lord, and my lady, their eldest son, and in the nursery.

The pinching economy of all, however, appears to have been in linen and washing. In the whole establishment (a hundred and sixty-six persons, and more than fifty strangers daily) there were nine table-cloths; there were no sheets at all; and the washing-bill for the whole year was forty shillings, including the linen belonging to the chapel. Comment appears to be unnecessary. No doubt the reason my lord and lady travelled from one house to another, at so much inconvenience, was the same which caused Queen Elizabeth afterwards to make many royal progresses, namely, that the house or palace after a time became so dreadfully dirty, or, as an old writer says, "with continual usage the house waxed unsavory," so that it was necessary to leave it for a time.

The more to keep down the overweening power of the nobility, Henry encouraged the middle classes, who were constantly rising into importance: not only the merchants of the towns, but also the farmers and yeomen of the country. On the whole, we may say he did the country good; after the long wars and disturbances there was peace and order, and the laws had a semblance of respect.

In his time, too, the first effectual steps were taken towards uniting the whole island of Great Britain. Many efforts had already been made to combine all the different races inhabiting it into one nation, under one head. In the old times, the greater of the English kings before the Norman Conquest had made the princes of Wales and Scotland do homage to them. Edward I. had conquered Wales; he had also striven, though in vain, to conquer Scotland. But now time was peacefully preparing what had never succeeded by war and conquest.

Progress towards unity in Great Britain.

Though Wales had been conquered by Edward I., the Welsh had never been easy under the English rule, and were always ready to rebel, as they did under Owen Glendower, in Henry IV.'s time. But now that a Welshman was king of England they became quite reconciled to their

position, no longer looking upon themselves as a conquered people, but as a part of the same nation; and from this time onward there were no more troubles in Wales.

Henry VII. also paved the way for the union of England and Scotland, which had been such dangerous and harassing neighbors to each other for centuries, by marrying his daughter Margaret to the king of Scotland. A great deal of trouble came out of that marriage for a time, but in the end the royal families of England and Scotland became one.

Though Henry was an uninteresting and unheroic character, his reign was, on the whole, of service to the country.

The Princess Katherine of Spain.

He made what seemed a very prudent match for his eldest son, Prince Arthur, by marrying him to a princess of Spain, which country was now becoming very strong and important. A few months after the marriage, however, the prince, who was but sixteen years old, died. Henry, who wished to continue the alliance with Spain, and was also very unwilling to restore the princess's dowry, then obtained the Pope's dispensation, and married her to his next son, Henry, who was only twelve years old, while the wife who was forced upon him was six years older. He seems to have objected very strongly to the marriage, as was only natural. This union led to very grave consequences, as will be seen.

Henry VII. had not much peace for some time after his succession. His own title to the crown being very far from clear, except so far as Parliament had accepted him, there arose pretenders to it, who gave him a great deal of trouble. The first of these gave himself out for the young son of the Duke of Clarence, who was called Earl of Warwick, after his grandfather, the king-maker, and who was really shut up in prison all this time for no offence whatever except his birth. This pretender was really named Lambert Simnel, and was the son of a carpenter.

Pretenders to the crown.

1487.

The second professed to be Richard, Duke of York, the poor young boy who, as there seems no reason to doubt, had been murdered in the Tower, but who was now said to have escaped. Every one now believes that this claimant was one Perkin Warbeck, born at Tournay, in Flanders. Both the adventurers, and especially the last, found powerful allies and supporters. The old friends and relations of the House of York, and the nobility whom

1496.

Henry had been humiliating, were ready enough to turn against him. Edward IV.'s sister, the Duchess of Burgundy, favored them both, acknowledged them as her nephews, and gave them money and aid to invade England. The king of Scotland favored Perkin, and married him to a relation of his own.

But in the end first one and then the other fell into Henry's power. Lambert Simnel was not of enough consequence to be allowed a state trial; he was pardoned, and, from being a prince and Earl of Warwick, the foolish fellow was glad enough to be made a scullion in the king's kitchen. But Perkin Warbeck, who was more dangerous, and had given a great deal more trouble, was imprisoned in the Tower, and a year or two after was put to death. The real Earl of Warwick, who had been drawn into joining his fellow-prisoner in an attempt to escape, was beheaded also; Henry, perhaps, was glad of an excuse to get his only real rival out of the way, for this unfortunate young prince was the sole male descendant of the Plantagenets left. This execution was the only violent or cruel act of Henry's reign.

Not only was the rule of Henry VII. quietly serviceable to the country, but the time itself was a most interesting one. The dawn of the new day, which had been gradually rising, from the days of Wyclif and Chaucer onward, had grown very bright now. The old times were passing away, and new ones were beginning. This period at the close of the Wars of the Roses, as we have remarked, was the end of the middle ages, and the death of the feudal system. The Renaissance.

But if it was the death of one order of things, it was the life and new birth of others, as is expressed by the very name which this period often bears — the Renaissance, the being born again. In regard to art and learning, men now went back to classical times, which had been long buried and nearly forgotten, and, as it were, brought them to life again. And many new and wonderful things came to life now also, so that it was a time of great spirit and stir, full of eagerness, and anticipation, and wonder.

We may almost say the world itself grew larger, as if to make room for the great hopes and designs of mankind, by the discovery of America. Hitherto only the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa had been known; but now the two great Americas were Discovery of America.

added to the map of the world. At first, of course, only small parts were touched at and discovered; but whatever was seen and approached must have struck the imagination very forcibly. In America the mountains, rivers, and lakes are on a vast scale compared with those of Europe. Then there were the vast forests, the giant trees, the climbing plants, the flowers; the strange animals, lovely humming-birds, and uncouth alligators; and, again, the curious red-hued men, some savage, some civilized after a fashion of their own, with their religion, their temples, their arts, and history, and legends. In this region, too, there were great stores of gold, which has always had a fascination for the eyes of man. All this was very exciting and animating. It was really a new world opening. Never can we know what it was to find one's self on the brink of such a wonderland as America seemed for the first hundred years after its discovery.

It would have been a matter of pride to Englishmen to have been able to say that England had the glory of discovering, or even helping to discover, this new world beyond the sea. It was almost by chance that she did not, as Christopher Columbus, having failed to get assistance in money or ships from Genoa, Portugal, and Spain, sent his brother Bartholomew to England, to see if its king would help him. Henry VII., although avaricious, was a very sagacious, sensible man, and was thought very highly of throughout Europe.

Unfortunately, the brother of Columbus, in travelling to England, fell among thieves, or pirates, who stripped him of his raiment, so that when he reached London he had not a decent coat in which to appear at court. Before doing anything else he was obliged to try and earn money; and this he did by drawing and selling maps. (This in itself shows a kind of intellectual activity among the people; had they not taken some interest in geography, they would not have wanted Bartholomew's maps.) At last he contrived to get access to the king, laid before him his brother's schemes and ideas, and met with a favorable reception. Henry was quite sensible enough to see, what so few others could, how likely Columbus was to prove right.

Columbus, it should be remembered, did not expect to discover a new world, but only to get round that way to India, and this was why the islands at which he first arrived

received the name of the "West Indies." People had long been convinced that the world was not, as the ancients had thought, flat like a plate, but was round like a globe; and even two or three hundred years before this it had been thought possible to sail round it, though no one had ever ventured to do so. Some time before this the mariner's compass had been invented, by the help of which sailors might cross the sea, instead of only keeping near the land, as the early navigators used to do.

Henry was favorably inclined to the scheme of Columbus, and, though he hesitated before making up his mind, it is quite possible that, but for Bartholomew's long delay, he would have been the one to fit out the expedition. But meanwhile Columbus himself, not hearing any news from his brother, had gained the favor of Queen Isabella of Castile, and it was she who had the honor of fitting out the discoverer of America.

A few years afterwards Henry sent out an expedition to the new continent, headed by Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian, who had settled in England. He discovered many other parts of North America, and the island of Newfoundland — the parts which are now filled with Englishmen. This we may call the first beginning of England's great colonial empire. The population was very small then compared to what it is now, and the land could maintain its people. Perhaps in all England there were about as many people as now live in London alone. Without the outlet of emigration it is hard to say what would have become of England's growing population. Now besides the vast republic of the United States, which is largely English in blood, there are purely English colonies in America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, many of them far larger than their mother; and, as was noticed before, the English language is spoken more widely and universally than any other in the world. And of all this the seeds were sown in Henry VII.'s reign. 1498.

In the middle ages it was believed that the earth was fixed in the centre of all things, and the sun, and stars, and planets revolved around it, each in its own sphere. But about this time an astronomer named Copernicus, a native of Prussia, arrived at a very different conclusion: he conceived and demonstrated the theory that the earth is not fixed and immovable, and the centre of the universe, but a Copernicus.

planet like Mars, and Venus, and the others, and that they all revolve around the sun. This was a great discovery, and was the beginning of modern astronomy.

Ages ago, and before Christ came, while the ancestors of the Germans, and French, and English were still wild savages, there had been a great and civilized nation living in Greece. The most enlightened nations admit that the Greeks were far higher in many respects than themselves. The human intellect seems never to have attained a higher development than is shown in the poems of Homer, Æschylus, and Euripides, the dialogues of Plato, the philosophy of Aristotle, the orations of Demosthenes, and the history of Thucydides.

Revival of learning.

The Greek architects left works which have been the deilght of the world for ages; and their sculptors attained to a power and grace in the representation of the human figure which the highest genius in modern times is unable even to copy.

Besides, the New Testament, as we know, was in Greek. But for many centuries nobody had been able to read all those wonderful books — the poetry, the history, or the philosophy. The Greek language was unknown; only learned men knew Latin; and the Latin as it was used had become very bad and absurd. Mediæval Latin is most unlike the Latin of Livy and Tacitus. The clergy looked on Greek as a wicked and heathenish language; all they knew of the Bible was from an imperfect translation into Latin called the Vulgate; all they knew of the philosophers, of Plato and Aristotle, was from translations made into Arabic, and then translated again into Latin, with notes added which often quite altered the sense.

A great disaster befell Europe, which was the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. For in spite of the Crusades which had been fought to drive the Mahometans out of Palestine, they had come steadily onward from Asia into Europe, taken possession of Turkey and Hungary, and established their capital at Constantinople, the city of Constantine, the first Christian emperor. Numbers of learned Greeks, being driven from their homes, came into Italy, and especially to Florence, where the people were already very fond of literature and art, and taught them Greek.

1453.

The Italians began to read those wonderful books which

had been hidden so long, and to take intense pleasure and delight in them. They began, too, to drop the mediæval Latin of the monks, and to read the best books which the Romans had written in the time of Augustus. And we may imagine how busy the new printing-presses were, which seemed to have been invented at the right moment to help the busy scholars. The great Latin poet Virgil was printed in 1470, and the Greek Homer in 1488.

This was called the Renaissance, or New Birth of learning. Some of the wisest and best of the scholars of England, hearing of its fame, travelled to Italy to learn Latin and Greek. The Renaissance of Art was nearly contemporaneous.

CHAPTER XL.

THE STATE OF RELIGION.

Worldliness of the Church. The monasteries. The Oxford Reformers. The New Testament. Henry VIII. and Dean Colet.

AMONG all the changes of this period, the most important for England was that which took place in religion. There were still some Lollards, who had some tenets like those of the Protestants, and every now and then some were cruelly put to death, and some were persuaded to deny their faith and recant; but they were quite obscure, and not much noticed except to be put down. The Church, meanwhile, in England and elsewhere, had been going on from bad to worse.

State of religion.

All observing and sensible men knew that the clergy, instead of being more honest and honorable than the best of the laity, were much less so. A very excellent clergyman, Colet, dean of St. Paul's, gave a large sum of money to found a school, and, of course, wanted what we now call "trustees" to take care of it. But he would not appoint any clergyman, bishop, dean, or canon to this office; nor would he appoint any nobleman, but selected some married citizens of honest report. When he was asked his reason for this, he said that he found "less corruption in these men." This leads us to believe that the middle class of traders and citizens, which was so increasing in wealth and importance, was an upright and conscientious class.

The clergy.

The Pope at this time was Alexander VI., whose family name was Borgia; he was the most wicked Pope that ever existed. The Italians and the world at large were horrified at his crimes. An Italian historian, writing of him after his death (which happened by poison which he had intended for some one else), calls him "the extinct serpent, who by his immoderate ambition, pestiferous perfidy, monstrous lust, and every sort of horrible cruelty

1492.

and unexampled avarice, had compassed the destruction of so many persons." The next Pope, Julius II., was a great fighter, more like a soldier than a priest. 1503.

The higher clergy, the cardinals, bishops, and abbots, were for the most part occupied in worldly affairs, in trying to gain the favor of the king, or in increasing their own splendor and luxury. We shall see an example of this sort of churchman in Cardinal Wolsey, who was one of the most eminent persons in the next reign.

The lower clergy naturally followed the example of their superiors in a smaller way, and the power and influence they had over the laity they used greatly as a means to get money out of them. It is almost incredible how many and how shameless were their ways of doing this, by working at once on the religious fears and the sinful dispositions of their flocks. What most men cared for was to escape punishment in a future life, and yet not have to be inconveniently pious or self-denying in this world. When a man had done anything wrong and confessed it, he would be ordered to do penance before he could be absolved; but if he did not like the penance, he might pay money instead, and would be absolved just the same. This was very convenient to a rich man, who escaped punishment, and very pleasant to the priest, who received the money. Confession and penance.

The Church forbade eating meat on fast days, but rich people who did not like fish might get dispensations from fasting by paying for them. The Church forbade relations, even rather distant cousins, to intermarry, but if they were rich they could easily get permission to marry, as Richard III. expected to be allowed to marry his own niece. Dispensations.

The bishops' courts had been founded for the improvement of morality, and in them the Church could take notice of offences which were not punished by the law of the land. In old times these courts had done good; for instance, they often punished a man for cruelty to his slaves; but now they too had become a ready means for getting money. If a man in a moment of passion spoke a disrespectful word about his priest, he might be called before the court and fined; if he would not pay the fine, he might be excommunicated. When a man was excommunicated, no friend might show him kindness, or even speak to him; no tradesman might sell him food or clothes; The bishops' courts.

and if he died he was refused the last sacraments, and the burial of a Christian. People were very slow to offend the clergy, and would pay almost anything to keep on good terms with them.

Pilgrimages.

Another way of raising money was to send people on pilgrimages, as, for example, to Becket's shrine, or to a holy well or some miraculous image, to get forgiveness for their sins. But every one knew that it was of no use to go empty-handed. "The rule of the Church," says Froude, "was, Nothing for nothing."

"There was a great rood or crucifix (including an image of Christ) at Boxley, in Kent, where the pilgrims went in thousands. This figure used to bow, too, when it was pleased, and a good sum of money was sure to secure its good will. When the Reformation came, and the police looked into the matter, the images were found to be worked with wires and pulleys." The crucifix from Boxley was brought up to London, and exhibited in Cheapside, where it was torn to pieces by the people.

Purgatory.

Purgatory, as is well known, is held to be an intermediate place between heaven and hell, where men are purged and purified by terrible punishments. The mediæval writers gave most horrifying descriptions of purgatory. Dante, the great Italian poet, indeed drew a wide distinction between it and hell, though even he said the souls there were chastised with blindness, fire, and smoke.

There was a very famous cave in Ireland called St. Patrick's Hole, in which it was said that a view of purgatory might be obtained. Froissart fell in with a knight who, with a friend of his, had entered this cave. "I asked him," he writes, "if there were any foundation in truth for what was said of St. Patrick's Hole. He replied that there was, and that he and another knight had been there. They entered it at sunset, remained there the whole night, and came out at sunrise the next morning." But when Froissart requested further to be told whether he saw all the marvellous things which were to be seen there, he heard that the two knights were fast asleep the whole night. But as they looked upon this as a supernatural sleep, and "imagined that they saw more in their dreams than they would have done if they had been in their beds," their faith was not at all shaken.

It was supposed that no one but a great saint went at

once to heaven after death; but no baptized person, unless excommunicated, perished for ever; so that almost every one went to purgatory; and a priest could release him by saying a certain number of masses, which were to be paid for.

Who could refuse money to release his dearest friend or relation from years of misery?

The monasteries had been founded as homes of special holiness and purity, but they too had many of them changed sorely for the worse. So bad, indeed, had some become, that even the Pope and the archbishop every now and then felt obliged to take some notice. For example: there was a famous abbey at St. Alban's, now the seat of a bishop, but which, in the days of Henry VII., was a rich monastery. Monasteries.

The abbot and the monks were so scandalously wicked that even the Pope heard of it. This was Pope Innocent VIII. He heard that they had neglected all the good old customs — religious meditation, almsgiving, and hospitality; they had wasted the revenues and destroyed the property, and had stolen the sacred vessels, the chalices and jewels, from the church, and even the precious stones from the shrine of the martyr Alban. They lived most shameful and wicked lives; and, if any of the brethren tried to be religious and just, those the abbot hated and kept down.

The Pope commissioned Cardinal Morton to make inquiries about these charges, and to correct and reform as might seem good to him. On inquiry Morton found all the charges to be true; there seems to have been hardly any attempt at denying them. It might have been expected, therefore, that this shameless abbot would be deposed, and the monks severely punished. But though Morton did certainly write a strong letter of reproof, still he took no other measures whatever, only inviting the abbot to consider his ways, and amend them if possible. 1489.

This, it is to be feared, is only a sample of what many of the monasteries were, and especially the smaller ones; and we can judge that if things were come to such a condition, and this was all the Pope or the archbishop could or would do in the way of reform, somebody else would be likely to take up the matter before long. When things in this world become intolerably bad, there is always the consolation of knowing that their end must be near.

In this time of the Renaissance, what with the invention of printing, the spread of books and of reading, the study of the old Latin and Greek philosophers, the age of ignorance was passing away. In Italy, where the Renaissance first began, where people were quick and gay, and where they also knew the wickedness of the Roman court, some of the new scholars, in casting away the corruptions of Christianity, cast away Christianity itself. They were so delighted with the writings of the poets and sages of heathen times that they turned half heathens themselves. The painters, who had almost always painted scenes from the Bible, or the lives of saints, or Madonnas and apostles, began to paint pictures of Bacchus, and Venus, and Cupid. They seem to have wavered between Christianity and paganism, or not to have believed really in either, but only amused themselves with both. And in this way the Renaissance, being separated from religion, wrought a sad change.

Religion and the new learning.

In Italy.

In England the scholars who took up with the new learning were religious and holy men. They saw clearly how corrupt Christianity had become, but they were too wise not to see how noble and divine a thing true Christianity is. They endeavored to cast off the extraneous additions, and to find out what Christianity was in the mind of Christ and the apostles.

In England.

The principal of these early reformers were three men, two of whom, Colet and More, were Englishmen, while the third, Erasmus, was a Dutchman; and as, for a time, they all worked together at Oxford, they are often called the Oxford Reformers. They had full opportunity to see the evil condition of religion. They knew how covetous the clergy were, and how bad the monasteries were. Erasmus, indeed, had been a monk himself for a time. Colet and Erasmus went together on a pilgrimage to Canterbury.

Colet and Erasmus.

Erasmus, who was a brilliant man, wrote the account of their visit to the splendid shrine of Becket, with its rich gildings and jewels, where, as it was believed, so many miracles had been worked, and which had been regarded with so much veneration by all people.

Erasmus was amused; Colet was indignant. When they beheld the magnificent treasures which the verger showed them with much pride, and "before which Crœsus himself

might have seemed a beggar," Erasmus says he could not help feeling "sacrilegious regret, for which he begged pardon of the saint before he left the church, that none of those gifts adorned his own homely mansion." Colet remarked that he would have supposed St. Thomas would far rather have seen some of these vast treasures given to the poor. The verger began to grow angry, and had half a mind to turn them out of the church. When they were shown the bones, and skulls, and dirty rags which were guarded and revered, Colet would not kiss any of them, and indeed showed so much contempt and impatience that Erasmus felt quite ashamed of his friend's bad manners. But when an old man brought them with great ceremony the upper leather of a shoe to kiss, saying it was St. Thomas's shoe, Colet's anger broke all bounds. "What!" he said, "do these asses expect us to kiss the old shoes of all good men who have ever lived?" and rode away in much disgust.

Colet and Erasmus hoped for a quiet reformation, and not a great revolution such as really took place. They longed for every one to read and understand the Bible, which had been so long forbidden, and took all possible pains to spread it. Hitherto not only were the laity debarred from reading the Bible, but the clergy had not tried to expound its real meaning, according to the natural sense of the words, but had put into it curious and fanciful meanings of their own. But now Colet, reading it first in its own original Greek, instead of in the Latin translation, taught and explained it simply and naturally in lectures and in sermons, especially the Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul.

The Bible.

Erasmus published a new and corrected edition of the New Testament, which was printed in thousands and spread all over Europe. He said he should wish every one, "even the weakest woman, to read the Gospels. I wish they should be translated into all languages, so that they might be read and understood not only by Scots and Irishmen, but even by Turks and Saracens." At that time the Scotch and Irish were far behind the English in learning and civilization, and we know what was thought of Turks and Saracens. "I long," he goes on, "that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey."

Colet, who after living a long time at Oxford was made

dean of St. Paul's, and who was a rich man, spent nearly all his fortune in founding a school in which boys should be taught Latin and Greek, and, above all, true religion and the love of Christ. It was he who chose his trustees among "the married citizens of good report;" and St. Paul's School, which he founded, is still one of the most famous public schools. Other good and rich men followed his example, and founded grammar schools in various parts of England, many of which are still doing their good work.

These men did not wish for a separation from the "church universal;" they rather hoped that the whole Christian Church might remain united by a thorough and peaceful reform in all its ranks. Their hope was not realized, beautiful as it was. The Popes and the high authorities would not reform; no gentle means would avail. A great deal of roughness and violence, a great many meaner and more worldly motives, had to come in and take part. And, after all, the Christian world was torn asunder, and only a portion of it accepted the Reformation. Still there was a change even in the countries which continued attached to the Papal Church, and the religion of educated Catholics now is very different from the superstition and credulity of the middle ages. Nor are the clergy of that church any longer worldly and avaricious, as in former times.

England was one of the countries which heartily embraced the Protestant Reformation, but this was hardly begun as yet. In the midst of the work of the Oxford Re-

1509. Henry VIII. formers, Henry VII. died, and was succeeded by his son, Henry VIII., who was about eighteen years old. In his reign the work of the Reformation went on at a quicker pace, though not in such a lofty and disinterested spirit.

The new Henry was a great contrast to his father, who had grown tyrannical, and still more miserly than of old. He was gay, handsome, and clever, and at once became very popular. He was well educated, fond of books and of brilliant men, fond of splendor and magnificence, fond of fame and glory, and fondest of all, like his father and all his family, of his own will. At first that did not seem to matter much, and a little wilfulness is easily forgiven to a young prince. One of the first things he did was to punish with death his father's instruments of tyranny, Empson and Dudley, which gave great satisfaction to the people. He soon

wished to distinguish himself in war, and mingled in foreign affairs for no particular reason apparently, except in hopes of winning fame. He went to France and took a few towns, and won a battle in which the French ran away so fast that it got the name of the "Battle of the Spurs." 1513.

The Oxford Reformers were clearly convinced of the wickedness of going to war except on the strongest grounds. They knew what misery it caused the people, and they held that no king had a right to seek glory at such a cost. Just before Henry was going to start upon the French expedition, on a Good Friday, Dean Colet had to preach a sermon before him and the courtiers. Whilst the king and his followers were full of their ambitious hopes of glory, Colet took the opportunity of preaching a bold and outspoken sermon against war, exhorting them to fight under the banner of Christ, their heavenly King, and saying that "they who either through hatred, ambition, or covetousness, do fight with evil men, and so kill one another, fight not under the banner of Christ, but the devil." It is Erasmus himself, Colet's friend, who tells the story. "And," he goes on, "he had so many other smart passages to this purpose, that his Majesty was somewhat afraid lest this sermon would dishearten his soldiers. Hereupon all the birds of prey flocked about Colet like an owl, hoping the king would be incensed upon him." For, like all reformers, Colet had plenty of enemies. But we shall see that at this time, at least, Henry was generous and candid, and knew a good man when he saw him. "His Majesty commands Colet to come before him at Greenwich. He goes into the garden of the monastery of the Franciscans, which was near, and presently dismisseth his attendants. When they two were alone, the king bid Colet cover his head and speak his mind freely; and then his Highness began thus: 'Dean, be not surprised with needless fear; I did not send for you hither to disturb your most holy labors (which I resolve to cherish as much as I can), but to unload my conscience of some scruples, and to desire your advice concerning my duty.' The conference lasted almost an hour and a half. In the mean while Bricot (the Franciscan bishop) was in the court stark wild, hoping that Colet had been in great danger, whereas the king and he agreed in every particular very well. . . . When they returned from the garden to the court, the king, being about to dismiss Colet, called for a

Colet's sermon on war.

cup, and drank to him, embracing him most kindly, and, promising him all the favors that could be expected from a most loving prince, dismissed him. And now the courtiers standing round the king expected to hear the issue of this long conference; and the king, in the hearing of them all, said, 'Well, let other men choose what doctors they please, and make much of them; this man shall be my doctor.' Whereupon Bricot, with the rest of the gaping wolves, departed, and from that day forward never dared trouble Colet any more."

Still it is to be feared that the effect of the sermon was rather like that of St. Anthony to the fishes.* Much the same, too, may be said of the wise words of Sir Thomas More, the youngest of the Oxford Reformers, and perhaps the best beloved. It was he who wrote the lives of Edward V. and Richard III., from which we have already quoted. He afterwards put his thoughts about government, and education, and social life into a most charming little book. His ideas on those topics were so different from the facts he saw about him that he was obliged to invent a country where they could be realized. In that country war was detested; pomp and luxury were despised; gold and silver were used to make chains and fetters for criminals; pearls and diamonds were the toys and ornaments of children. But the things which really make life happy were shared in abundance by all. Every one had a pleasant house and a beautiful garden; every one knew how to read and write, and had leisure to do so. No one was allowed to work too hard; no one was allowed to be idle; no one quarrelled about his religion, nor was any one punished on account of it. The rulers ruled for the sake of the people, to make them wise, safe, and happy, and not for any pride or profit of their own.

Sir Thomas More.

This land was a distant island far away in the southern seas. It was called Utopia, or "the Land of Nowhere." It has furnished the language with an expressive adjective which conservatives are fond of employing.

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* "The sermon now ended,
To his business each wended;
The pikes to their thieving,
The eels to good living;
Much delighted were they,
But went on the old way."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

Cardinal Wolsey. His rise and greatness. Henry and Katherine. Fall of Wolsey. The Pope's supremacy renounced. The king declared head of the Church. Deaths of More and Fisher.

While Henry was in France, winning a few easy victories which did no good whatever to the country, the Scotch, as usual, took the opportunity of quarrelling with England, and the great battle of Flodden Field was fought, in which the English wiped away the disgrace of Bannockburn by entirely defeating the Scotch, and of which we can read an animated account in "Marmion." In this battle the Scotch king and many of the highest nobles of the land were killed. 1513. Battle of Flodden Field.

Some time after this, England and France made peace, and the two kings met. There was a young king of France as well as of England, and their interview was of a very different kind from that of Edward IV. and the French king through the gratings on the bridge. This royal meeting was so splendid that it was called the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." There were tournaments and shows, plenty of compliments and embraces, and the two young kings called each other brothers. But no great good came of it at all, for in another year or two the two sworn brothers went to war again. 1519.

The man who guided and advised King Henry in all matters, great and small, was the clever, proud, and worldly churchman, Cardinal Wolsey. A man even of the lowest class, if he had talents and capabilities, might rise to the highest rank in the Church, so as to be equal and even superior to monarchs. Wolsey was one who rose thus. His life was written by a gentleman in his service; for in those days great lords and bishops had many gentlemen in their households who were proud to be called their servants. Cavendish tells us that his master was "an Wolsey.

honest poor man's sonne of Ipswich;" he is apparently too delicate to say that, in fact, he was the son of a butcher.

The child appearing to have a fine mind, he received an excellent education, and went very young to Oxford, where he did so well that he took his degree at fifteen years of age, and was known at the university as the Boy Bachelor. By his talents and industry he got on in the world, and by and by came to be chaplain to Henry VII., and was much noticed. Henry wished to send a message to the Emperor Maximilian, who was at that time in Flanders; and his counsellors recommended as messenger this chaplain Wolsey, whom it does not seem the king had ever noticed before. The king conversed with him, "perceived his wit to be very fine," and gave him his instructions. From London to Brussels in those days was a long and difficult journey. Most of it had to be done on horseback, with relays of post-horses; and there was generally a good deal of waiting. But Wolsey made such excellent arrangements that he waited nowhere. He travelled night and day, caught the Calais boat at the right moment, saw the emperor, arranged the business, and came back again. All this he did so quickly that, supposing he left the king at Richmond on Monday at twelve o'clock, he returned Thursday night, and saw the king on Friday morning as he came out of his bed-room.

His rise.

The king rebuked him "for that he was not on his journey;" and when he found that he had already been and come back again, "he rejoiced inwardly not a little, and gave him princely thanks." This was the beginning of Wolsey's high favor. He had shown such zeal and industry, "such excellent wit," and had managed the whole affair so well, that he was made dean of Lincoln, and from that time continually rose higher and higher. When Henry VIII. became king, he at once made Wolsey one of his chief counsellors. Henry loved his own will, but at the same time, being still young, he loved pleasure better than business. Wolsey soon perceived that the only way he could hope to rise as he intended would be by helping the king to indulge those tastes. All he aimed at was "to advance the king's only will and pleasure, having no respect unto the cause."

Wolsey was quite willing to work; no trouble was too great for him; he did all the king wanted, took all the labor on himself, and so let the king have leisure to amuse him-

self, and yet get everything done as he wished. Thus Wolsey got enormous power into his own hands; he was at the head of all the affairs of the country; he had charge of the royal treasury, and, being lord chancellor, he was the highest judge in the kingdom. He was also supreme in the Church, and had all the bishops, abbots, and clergy under his control. With all this he still only worked as the king's servant, and to carry out his will. He received in return enormous rewards, pensions, bishoprics, and all sorts of wealth. He was lord chancellor, archbishop of York, and a cardinal. He hoped to be Pope in due time; nothing seemed too great for him to aim at.

He becomes chancellor, arch-bishop, and cardinal.

He now lived in wonderful style. In his household, attending on him, and holding various offices, were a good number of lords and gentleman, and under them innumerable servants of all degrees, clerks of the kitchen, yeomen of the scullery, yeomen of his chariot and his stirrup, cup-bearers, carvers, and grooms. His head cook "went daily in velvet or in satin, with a chain of gold." He had doctors, and chaplains, and choristers innumerable, filling two or three large pages of Cavendish's book. When he went out in the morning his cardinal's hat was borne before him "by a lord or some gentleman of worship right solemnly;" also two great crosses. "Then cried the gentlemen ushers, going before him bareheaded, and said, 'On before, my lords and masters, on before, and make way for my lord cardinal.' Thus went he down through the hall, with a sergeant-of-arms before him bearing a great mace of silver, and two gentlemen carrying two great pillars of silver; and when he came to the hall door, then his mule stood caparisoned in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups. There were attending upon him when he was mounted his two cross-bearers, and his pillar-bearers, in like case, upon great horses decked in fine scarlet. Then marched he forward with a train of noblemen and gentlemen, having his footmen, four in number, about him, bearing each of them a gilt pole-axe in their hands, and thus passed he forth until he came to Westminster Hall door." With all this display, it is satisfactory to know that "there he spared neither high nor low, but judged every estate according to his merits and deserts." Nor did he forget his old home, nor his old university, nor the good

His lordliness.

education which had helped him to rise. With a true generosity, he wished to give other men the same opportunities, and he founded a good school at Ipswich, and a college at Oxford, which was at first called Cardinal College; but the name was afterwards changed to Christ Church, and that grand building, with its magnificent staircase, is a fitting memorial of the lordly Wolsey.

His houses were palaces fit for a king. One of them was Hampton Court, the other was Whitehall. They were filled with magnificent furniture, costly hangings, beds of silk (Cavendish says there were two hundred and eighty beds at Hampton Court), rich arras and tapestry work, gold and silver plate in profusion. We cannot help wondering whether, now that people had begun to read the New Testament, they ever contrasted all this state with the humble lodging and living of Peter the fisherman, or Paul the tent-maker, or the Master of them all.

In the midst of the splendid ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, sometimes on special occasions, a very significant custom is observed; it is as if a thought of mortality, a cold wind of warning, blows through the soul. At the coronation of a pope, for instance, when golden lamps are glittering everywhere, the air filled with music and incense, the bishops and archbishops in sumptuous apparel, may be seen hanging in the midst of the church an iron cresset with a quantity of flax twisted round it. At one point in the service this is set on fire, while the choristers sing, "Sic transit gloria mundi."* It blazes up brightly for a moment, and then it is gone. Had Wolsey ever seen this ceremony? The time was drawing near when his glory would pass away.

Henry VIII. and the Reformation.

It was during Henry VIII.'s reign that the Reformation in Germany began under Martin Luther, and we must suppose that Luther's writings, his bold words and deeds, had a great effect on men's minds in England. The king took much interest in these matters, and, though he liked Colet, he was still decidedly in favor of the Pope, and against Luther. He wrote a book on the subject, which pleased the Pope so much that he gave him the title of *Defensor Fidei*, Defender of the Faith; which our kings and queens have borne ever since, though,

* So passes away the glory of the world.

as most of them have been Protestants, it has had no especial significance.

But after a time Henry began to alter his views about the Pope, and it was then that meaner and lower motives came into play, and helped to bring the Reformation into England. Henry had been married, as a matter of public policy, while still a boy, to Katherine of Aragon, the young widow of his brother Arthur. It is not likely that he ever loved her much, she being forced upon him in his childhood, and being some years older than himself. But she was a good woman; gentle, patient, and queenly; no one could ever breathe a word against her. Henry and she had many children, but only one, a daughter, lived; the others died at birth. Henry, who very much wished for a son, began to think, or said he thought, that his losing his children was a mark of God's anger against the marriage, — she being his brother's widow.

Queen Katherine.

Wolsey at first favored this idea. He wished the king to be at peace with France instead of with Spain, and he thought if Henry were separated from his Spanish wife he might marry a French one, which would help his own projects.

It was no very easy thing to get rid of Queen Katherine. Henry had been king more than twenty years, and she had been his acknowledged and blameless wife all that time. The former Pope had given a dispensation to permit the marriage. Henry could not be divorced unless the present Pope allowed it. The Pope did not want to offend Henry, who had written a book in his favor, and was so great a king. But neither did he want to offend Katherine's relations, especially her nephew, Charles V., who, besides being king of Spain, was emperor of Germany, and the most powerful sovereign in the world, and who had also taken his part against Luther.

The Pope's dilemma.

He would say nothing definite, and Henry grew impatient. For besides his religious and conscientious scruples, such as they were, he had fallen in love with another lady, whom he was determined to marry, and this made him more than ever bent on being freed from Katherine. But when Wolsey found that instead of marrying the French princess, the king intended to marry Anne Boleyn, who, it appears, was a charming and attractive girl, though not a very good or high-minded one, he changed his mind,

Anne Boleyn.

and ceased to wish for the divorce which he had advocated before, and Anne Boleyn thereupon became his mortal enemy. He had hoped in the onset to please his own king and the king of France; but, as Fuller says, "instead of gaining the love of two kings, he got the implacable anger of two queens."

Wolsey accordingly fell into disgrace, and was stripped of all his pomp and power. The pretext for doing this was a very mean one, namely, that he had acted as the Pope's legate without the special permission of the king. This, it is quite true, was an offence against the law of the land; for one of the ways in which the kings of England had tried to maintain their own power, and keep down that of the Pope, had been by the law passed in the days of Richard II., called the Statute of Præmunire, which forbade any one to introduce bulls or to exercise authority for the Pope.

1529. Wolsey's disgrace.

But as Wolsey had all along been acting in concert with the king, and nothing had ever been said about this statute, it was very unworthy in Henry to turn round and use it against him now that he was out of favor. Wolsey submitted without any resistance. All his riches, the gold and silver plate, all the cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, tufted taffeta, which delighted the soul of his servant Cavendish, were given up to the king. So were his palaces at Whitehall and at Hampton Court. Then he had to break up his great household, and a sad parting took place between him and his servants. He had always been a kind and generous master; and when he had to say farewell, Cavendish tells us that, "beholding this goodly number of his servants, he could not speak unto them, until the tears ran down his cheeks, which few tears, perceived by his servants, caused the fountains of water to gush out of their faithful eyes in such sort as it would cause a cruel heart to lament."

Soon after this he was sent into what he doubtless looked upon as banishment, namely, to his archbishopric of York. "His enemies," says Fuller, "got the king to command him away to York, sending him thither whither his conscience long since should have sent him, namely, to visit his diocese, so large in extent, and reside therein." Sir Thomas More was made lord chancellor in his stead.

While in this retirement in the north, Wolsey seems to

nave acted worthily, and really to have given his attention to the affairs of his diocese. He was not left there long, however; he was charged with high treason, and summoned to London. His proud heart was broken. When he got as far as Leicester Abbey he was so ill that he could hardly sit upon his mule. The abbot and all the brethren received him with great reverence, but he said, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you." His death. And as he lay dying, and perhaps looked back over his strange life, beginning at the time when he was a poor man's son, through all his ambition and his industry, and power and splendor, he said, "If I had served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

Meanwhile the affair of the king's divorce from Queen Katherine was dragging wearily on. She behaved with a queenly and a womanly spirit; nothing would induce her to own herself anything but Henry's lawful wife. The Pope delayed, and played fast and loose, as before. He wished somebody would decide the matter without referring it to him at all. He declared that he was not learned in the law, and said, in a kind of humorous despair, that though there was a saying that the Pope has all laws locked within his own breast, yet, for his part, God had never given him the key to open that lock.

At last, after delaying and doubting for seven years, Henry cut the knot. He privately married Anne Boleyn, having induced the Archbishop of Canterbury and some other English bishops to declare the former marriage void, without waiting any longer for the Pope's decision. 1533. The king marries Anne Boleyn.

But a much more important step was taken, for now the king and his Parliament, lords, bishops, and commons, declared that the Pope should have no more authority in England, and that the king of England was supreme head both of Church and State. Thus the long quarrel, which had been going on at intervals since the days of William the Conqueror, was settled at last, and England and her king were free from the rule of the foreigner. He is declared head of the Church.

This was at first only a *political* Reformation; it was only a question of power and authority, not of religion or faith. Henry still meant to be "Defender of the Faith,"

and to maintain all the doctrines of the Church, of which he would be a sort of island Pope. And as by this time a great many people held other doctrines, such as Colet and Erasmus had taught, and such as Luther was teaching, he and his Parliament were very severe in punishing heretics. Wolsey, in his day of power, had been averse to cruelty, and liked better to frighten the heretics, by making them carry fagots, which were burnt, than to burn the men themselves. But after his disgrace several famous men were put to death; and it is very sad to have to own that one of the persecutors was Sir Thomas More, who had begun by being almost a Protestant himself, and who had been so liberal and gentle in former days. But he had been shocked by Luther's boldness and defiant spirit, and so, indeed, had Erasmus also. They had both wished for a gradual reform; and Sir Thomas More now turned against those whom one would have thought he would have sympathized with and protected, and, like Saul, he consented unto their death. But when his own turn came, he too was ready to give up his life for the sake of his conscience.

Persecution.

At this period a large portion of English history is occupied with an account of the deaths of those who suffered for their faith. In those days men cared very much for their faith. They knew exactly what they believed, they were sure it was true, and they loved it passionately; and they knew also what they disbelieved, they were sure it was a lie, and they hated it as passionately. They were ready to lay down their lives sooner than their faith. It is perhaps needless to add that this sharp boundary of dogma is not only unknown to-day, but inconceivable.

After the invention of printing and the translation of the Bible, everybody began to study theology. Hitherto people were obliged to be content with hearing what the priests chose to tell them, and the Church had set itself against laymen reading the Scriptures for themselves. But when the Bible was spread abroad, and everyone had it in his own hands, he could not but begin to think for himself, and to compare what he read with what he heard. In other words, he could not help exercising "private judgment." And many men, having once made up their minds, were ready and willing to give their bodies to be burned.

Protestants are justly proud of Protestant martyrs, and of their noble lives and deaths; but it must not be forgot-

ten that there were good and true men on the other side too, who honestly thought they were right, and who also died nobly. One such was Sir Thomas More; another was Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. They still held that the Pope was the head of the Church, and both were beheaded for denying the king's supremacy. Fisher, who was the old friend of Erasmus and More, was a great contrast to those splendid and pompous prelates, who had wandered so far from primitive Christianity. He was good, grave, and unworldly, "honored for his learning, and admired for his holy conversation." While he was still in the king's favor, it had been proposed to promote him from his bishopric of Rochester to a much richer one, either Ely or Lincoln, but he refused the offer, saying, according to Fuller, "he would not change his little old wife to whom he had been so long wedded for a wealthier." It was said that when he fell into disgrace some soldiers, "coming to seize on his supposed wealth, found nothing at all belonging to him save a great barred chest. These, from the facing of iron, concluded the lining thereof silver at least; and having broken it open, found therein nothing but sackcloth and a whip, which put them all to penance, and soundly lashed their covetous expectation."

1535. Deaths of More and Fisher.

Being charged with high treason for denying the king's supremacy, the aged bishop was committed to the Tower, and after a time beheaded. The story of his death is very beautifully told by Fuller, who was a hearty, even a vehement Protestant, but yet could see what was good in those from whom he differed. When the lieutenant of the Tower came to awaken his prisoner, and to announce to him that he was to suffer death that morning, he received the news very quietly, and begged he might still have an hour or two's rest, as he had slept but ill that night. "Not," he said, "for any fear of death, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness." Then, "falling again to rest, he slept soundly two hours and more, and after he was awaked called to his man to help him up; but first commanded him to take away his shirt of hair, which customably he wore, and to convey it privily out of the house, and instead thereof to lay him a clean white shirt, and all the best apparel he had, as cleanly brushed as might be. And as he was arraying himself, his man, seeing in him more curiosity and care for the fine and cleanly wearing of his apparel that day

than was wont, demanded of him what this sudden change meant, saying that his lordship knew well enough that he must put off all again within two hours, and lose it. 'What of that?' said he. 'Dost not thou mark that this is our marriage day, and that it behoveth us therefore to use more cleanliness for solemnity thereof?' . . . And with that, taking a little book in his hand, which was a New Testament, lying by him, he made a cross on his forehead, and went out of his prison door with the lieutenant, being so weak as that he was scant able to go down the stairs; wherefore, at the stairs' foot he was taken up in a chair between two of the lieutenant's men, and carried to the Tower gate. . . . And as they were coming to the uttermost precincts of the liberties of the Tower, they rested there with him a space, till such time as one was sent before to know in what readiness the sheriffs were to receive him; during which space he rose out of his chair, and standing on his feet, leaned his shoulder to the wall, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, he opened the little book in his hand and said, 'O Lord, this is the last time that ever I shall open this book; let some comfortable place now chance unto me, whereby I, Thy poor servant, may glorify Thee in this my last hour.' And with that, looking into the book, the first thing that came to his sight were these words (in Latin), 'This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.' And with that he shut the book together, and said, 'Here is even learning enough for me to my life's end.' . . . When he was come to the foot of the scaffold, they that carried him offered to help him up the stairs, but said he, 'Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone, and ye shall see me shift for myself well enough;' and he went up the stairs, without any help, so lively that it was a marvel to them that before knew his debility and weakness. But as he was mounting the stairs the south-east sun shined very bright in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands, 'Ye shall look unto Him and be lightened, and your faces shall not be ashamed.'"

After saying to the assembled people that he was come to die for the faith of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, and praying for his king and his country, "he kneeled down and said certain prayers. . . . Then came the executioner, and bound

a handkerchief about his eyes; and so the bishop, lifting his hands and heart to heaven, said a few prayers, which were not long, but fervent and devout; which being ended, he laid his head down over the midst of a little block, where the executioner, being ready with a sharp and heavy axe, cut asunder his slender neck at one blow."

Thus there was no longer any hope of a peaceful Reformation. Many another sainted head would fall, on either side, before Christians could learn how in this imperfect world they might dwell together in unity, each holding his own faith, and yet each loving his brother who held another.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REFORMERS.

Cranmer and Cromwell. The English Bible. Tyndale. The New Testament burnt at St. Paul's. The Bible published by authority. Dissolution of the monasteries. Death of Henry VIII.

After the fall of Wolsey, the chief advisers and supporters of the king were two very remarkable men. One of these was Cranmer, who had been made Archbishop of Canterbury on account of the help he had given and was ready to give to the king about his divorce. Long afterwards he was burned to death for his adherence to the Protestant religion; but at this time, though he upheld the king's supremacy, he believed the Roman Catholic doctrines, and consented to the burning of heretics. It is not to be supposed that people became Protestants at once; it was only by degrees they learned to see that among the things they had been brought up to believe "some were untrue, some uncertain, some vain and superstitious." Cranmer was not a perfect man, by any means; he was more worldly and less brave than most of the reformers; but he did lasting good to the Church and nation; it was he who sent forth through the land the English Bible and the English Prayer-book.

Cranmer.

The other counsellor of the king was Thomas Cromwell, a man who had been in Wolsey's employ, and who came into favor as the great cardinal declined. He was faithful to his master in his fall, and did all he could to shield him from disgrace and injury, so that everyone respected and admired his honesty and fidelity. But he was a very bad adviser for the king. Wolsey had said of Henry, "He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart, and rather than he will want or miss any part of his will or pleasure he will endanger the loss of the one half of his realm." "I assure you," Wolsey went on, "I have often kneeled before him for the space sometimes of three hours,

Cromwell.

to persuade him from his will and appetite, but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Mr. Kingstone, I warn you, if it chance you hereafter to be of his privy council . . . be well assured and advised what ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again."

Cromwell was exactly the minister to please a king like this, for all his aim and object was to make the king and the king's will supreme in everything. He wanted the country to be governed, not, as of old, by a constitutional king, who had to consult his Parliament, and conform himself to the laws of the land, but by an absolute king, who should be above and before all, even above the law. This was all the more dangerous since Henry had become the head of the Church as well as of the State, and therefore had twice as much authority as any of his predecessors, and it would no longer be in the power of the archbishops and bishops to oppose his will. Cromwell introduced a law which one wonders could ever have been adopted, — that persons accused of high treason should not be allowed to be heard in their own defence. It was a remarkable retribution that when after a time Cromwell's will clashed with the king's, and he fell into disfavor, he was the first to suffer under that law.

These plans and views of Cromwell suited Henry and his successors very well; but they did not please the English nation, and when the time came, a hundred years later, that the king's will and the nation's will came into collision, there was a great crash, and freedom was restored. But the gradual change which had begun under Edward IV. still went on, and the country became more and more dependent on the personal will of the king. The Tudors, with one exception, besides being obstinate, were wise; they could see what the nation would put up with, and what it would not, and they avoided a conflict with their people, because they had so true a perception of what their will really was.

In regard to the Church, though there were many who differed from the Protestant reformers, it seems that the main body of the people generally sided with them, and were glad to throw off the tyranny of Rome. When Henry and Cranmer began, as they soon did, to cast away the Romish doctrines also, and to encourage the reading of the Bible, the more intelligent classes still approved. Above all, the learned and serious-minded young men at the universities, who had read the Greek Testament of Erasmus, and his other writ-

ings, were much influenced by them. Some of these came to be very famous afterwards, and left a glorious name behind them, as the fathers of the English Church.

Tyndale. One of the most notable was Tyndale, who, having read and heartily sympathized with what Erasmus wished about the Bible, determined to do his share towards bringing it to pass, by once more translating the Bible into English. The old translations, even Wyclif's, had now become old-fashioned; for, though but a hundred and fifty years had passed, the language had altered so much that probably it could not be easily understood. But language was less permanent then than now, because the printing of books fixes the meaning of words and their spelling to a great extent; so that though the Bible in what is called King James's translation, which is more than three hundred years old, is somewhat antique, all can understand it, and delight in its beauty and majesty. A great part of the Bible is in the very English of Tyndale, and of his friend Miles Coverdale, who helped him.

The biography of Tyndale, as well as that of many others of the reformers, may be read in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," which has always been a very popular book, and is indeed most interesting, quaint, and vivid, though not impartial enough to be thoroughly relied on. Tyndale was well educated, having studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, when he became tutor in a gentleman's family in Gloucestershire. This gentleman, Sir John Welch, being a rich and hospitable man, was in the habit of entertaining at dinner the dignified clergy, the abbots, deans, and archdeacons of the neighborhood, and the young tutor would sit at table among them. People were already thinking a great deal about the new doctrines, and the talk was often about Erasmus and Luther, and their works. Tyndale would join in the conversation, and sometimes put all the dignitaries to silence by his arguments and knowledge of the Scriptures. He happened once to be in company of a divine, "recounted," says Foxe, "for a learned man, and in communing and disputing with him he drave him to that issue that the said great doctor burst out into these blasphemous words, 'We were better to be without God's laws than the Pope.' Master Tyndale, hearing this, full of godly zeal, and not bearing that blasphemous saying, replied again, and said, 'I defy the Pope and all his laws;' and farther added that if God spared him life, ere many years he would cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scripture than he did."

Naturally he soon grew into disfavor with the clergy, who wished things to remain as they were; and not only with these higher ones, but also with the lower and more ignorant, who were perhaps jealous of his learning. These latter seem to have been in almost as bad a condition as they were in the days of King Alfred. Prayers, in public worship were still said in Latin, and of course the congregations could not understand them, but it seems the priests themselves were not much better. Tyndale said he was sure there were twenty thousand priests and curates in England who could not give the right English of the Lord's Prayer (the Paternoster).

The clergy, high and low, soon made the place too hot for him, and he went to London, full of zeal to keep that promise about the Scriptures. He found very little encouragement there; he remained almost a year, "beholding the pomp of the prelates" (this was just in the height of Wolsey's glory), "with other things more which greatly misliked him." He received no protection or assistance, and finally decided that London was no place for him or his work. Accordingly he went abroad and settled in Antwerp, where he was encouraged by some English merchants, and where he, helped by friends who were like-minded with himself, finished his translation. It was immediately printed; and the question arose how to get the copies circulated in England. This was some time before Henry had broken with the Pope, and it was still against the law for laymen to read the Bible. One of the clergy, who was afterwards Archbishop of York, tells this in plain words. He had found out about Tyndale and the New Testament, and he writes to the king to warn him. "An Englishman, . . . your subject, . . . hath translated the New Testament into English, and within few days intendeth to return with the same imprinted to England. I need not advertise your Grace what infection and danger may ensue hereby if it be not withstanded. . . . All our fathers and governors of the Church of England hath with all diligence forbid and eschewed publication of English Bibles." He exhorts the king to set forth the standard against these Philistines, and to undertread them that they shall not lift up their heads; "knowing what harm such books (Bibles) hath done in your realm in times past."

He translates the Bible.

The Protestants in England, some of them young students of Oxford and Cambridge, some of them poor workmen in London, formed themselves into a society to receive and spread abroad these precious forbidden books. The police contrived to lay hands on a great many of the Testaments after they were brought to England; the bishops too, who were set upon destroying them, bought up all they could get. And one Sunday morning a fine sight was to be seen in St. Paul's Cathedral. A platform was erected in the centre of the nave, on which, in purple and gold, sate the great cardinal; around him were bishops, abbots, and doctors, splendid in gowns of damask and satin. In front of all this grandeur, within a railing, a fire was burning, with the sinful books, both tracts and Testaments, ranged round it in baskets, waiting for the execution of the sentence. Presently six prisoners in penitential dresses, carrying fagots, were brought in. These poor men were Protestants who had been captured and persuaded to recant (not all men are heroes). They were made to kneel down with their fagots on their shoulders, and beg pardon of God and Holy Church for their offences. Then they were taken within the rail, and led three times round the fire, casting in their fagots as they passed. Lastly the books, the Gospels of Jesus, were thrown on the flames also, and the cardinal, the bishops, and the abbots had their triumph.

1527. The New Testament burnt in St. Paul's.

The condemned books had been bought through a certain merchant named Packington, who was a secret friend of Tyndale's. The story is told by Foxe. Packington said to the bishop, "'If it be your lordship's pleasure, I must disburse money to pay for them, or else I cannot have them, and so I will assure you to have every book of them that is printed and unsold.' The bishop, thinking he had the matter secured, said, 'Do your diligence, gentle Master Packington; get them for me, and I will pay whatsoever they cost, for I intend to burn and destroy them all at Paul's Cross'. This Augustine Packington went unto Tyndale, and declared the whole matter; and so, upon compact made between them, the Bishop of London had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money. After this Tyndale corrected the same New Testament again, and caused them to be newly imprinted, so that they came thick and threefold over into England."

Latimer was one of the greatest of the English reformers, a man of great influence; hearty and earnest, bold, witty, and original; his sermons, many of which are still preserved, are very plain-spoken and pithy, and must have produced a great effect. Henry VIII., who, with all his arbitrariness, "loved a man" when he saw him, liked Latimer, often had him to preach before him, and presently made him Bishop of Worcester.

As for Tyndale, he was watched and persecuted for his noble work, imprisoned, and at last put to death in Antwerp as a heretic upon the request of King Henry and with the approval of Sir Thomas More. The 1535. only letter of his that has been preserved is one that was written while he was in prison in the castle of Vilvorde in Flanders, and addressed to the governor. In it he pleads for a few comforts, a warmer cap, and a warmer coat; "for that which I have is very thin; also a piece of cloth to patch my leggings; my overcoat is worn out; my shirts are also worn out. . . . I wish also permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study. And in return may you obtain your dearest wish, provided always it be consistent with the salvation of your soul. But if any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God, to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose spirit I pray may ever direct your heart."

Four years after that pathetic letter was written, and when Tyndale had been put to death, the English Bible was published by authority of the king. While Cromwell was minister the Protestants were much favored, and he and Cranmer worked together to help their cause, and especially to encourage instead of forbid the reading of the Bible. One of the new English Bibles was placed in every parish church in England. The title-page was ornamented with a picture. At the top sits King Henry on his throne, supreme head both of Church and State, holding in his hand the "Verbum Dei," which he distributes to the bishops and high officials; down at the bottom of the page are the people in general,

1539. The English Bible published by authority.

both priests and laymen, holding out their hands eagerly for the books which the bishops distribute among them, and crying Vivat Rex, and God save the king. A copy of the second edition of this Bible, with the same title-page, is to be seen in the British Museum.

Another of Cromwell's works was the dissolution of the monasteries. First the smaller ones were broken up. Wolsey had indeed already set the example in doing this, for the smaller ones were in a far worse and more disorderly condition than the larger; but before long Cromwell proceeded to suppress the large and wealthy ones, some of which were still decorous and religious, and in which the monks and priors were really good and pious men. This measure gave great offence to many of the people; the monasteries had been in some ways a help and refuge to the poor, since they were almost always liberal and charitable, and ready to give food and lodging to those who needed it. As they did not, however, examine very carefully whether the applicants really did need their charity, they encouraged a great many in idleness and dependence who ought to have been at work, and thus a great many more were now added to the "sturdy beggars" whom the government did not know what to do with.

1536-9. Dissolution of the monasteries.

Here and there some revolts took place, but the government was too strong to be resisted. When the abbeys and priories were broken up, the monks and nuns received small pensions for the rest of their lives, varying according to their rank in the monastery; the nuns got about £4 a year, which in those days would go as far as forty would do now. It appears that a great many of the younger, both monks and nuns, were overjoyed at receiving their liberty.

Immense wealth came into the treasury of the king. Some of it, but not much, was used for religious purposes, for founding new bishoprics, colleges, and schools; the greater part the king used in rewarding his friends and courtiers. Many laymen, nobles, and others live in what are still called abbeys and priories. Though there is little doubt that it was for the lasting good of the country that all this took place, it sullied the Reformation in people's minds, and gave Henry the name of a robber and spoiler that he kept so much of this great wealth for his own purposes.

There came an end of Becket's shrine and the Canterbury pilgrimages. The king made proclamation, saying that he

and his council, having looked into the matter, found that Thomas à Becket, far from being a saint, was a rebel and a traitor. Henceforth no more honor was to be paid to him; no more pilgrims were to kneel at his tomb. 1538. The beautiful and costly shrine was broken up. That precious and miraculous jewel which the king of France had bestowed was set in a ring which Henry wore upon his thumb, and was afterwards placed in a necklace by his daughter Mary.

All these great changes produced lasting effects on the thoughts, characters, and lives of Englishmen. The other events of the reign must be passed over hastily. The king's domestic life. It is well known that Henry VIII. had six wives, and there is not space to give their painful history in full. Two of the six wives were divorced; it was in making the match for one of these, Anne of Cleves, that Cromwell fell into disgrace and lost his head. Two were beheaded: one of whom was Anne Boleyn, for whose sake poor Queen Katherine had been set aside, and who was the mother of Queen Elizabeth. One died a natural death while the king was still alive; and the last, after being in some danger now and then, survived him. Yet he had but three children. Of those three not one left a child, and only one was considered by everybody to be legitimate.*

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* In his treatment of his wives, whether they were innocent or guilty, Henry was a monster of cruelty, capable of acts which none but a savage or a fiend could conceive or carry out. Henry's marriages, divorces, and crimes are dismissed with too much haste. The transactions concerned the whole country, and drew attention from all Christendom; and it is not enough to waive them away as scandal and gossip. The bulk of the history of Henry's reign is intwined with the affairs of his wives.

Queen Katherine, as stated, was the widow of Henry's elder brother, married to Henry while he was a mere boy, greatly against his will. Though a dispensation for the marriage had been obtained from the Pope, it was forbidden by canonical law; and as it had proved childless, when an heir to the throne was so greatly desired, we cannot wonder that Henry should have taken advantage of a technicality to free himself. It was certainly less reprehensible than many of his acts.

That his passion for Anne Boleyn was the moving cause in urging him on to the divorce, none will deny. He might protest about his religious scruples, but Gray expressed the general thought in a couplet of exquisite wit: —

> "When love could teach a monarch to be wise,
> And Gospel-light first dawned from Bullen's eyes."

Anne Boleyn was found guilty of treason in being unfaithful to her husband, and suffered death. She was convicted by the unani-

Henry's latter days were not glorious. He had some unimportant wars, both in France and Scotland, which brought neither profit nor renown. After the fall of Cromwell, who was a stanch Protestant, he fell once more under the influence of the Romanist party. He published six articles (1539), containing many of the principal Roman Catholic doctrines, to which everyone was bound to conform. But as it was not so easy for thinking men to alter their opinions merely because the king had altered his, more Protestants were burned as heretics. Henry died, old before his time, in 1547.

1547. His death.

With all his faults and inconsistencies, it ought to be remembered that he guided England through a most dangerous and exciting crisis with energy and success. In Germany the Reformation was the cause of a most long and terrible war before it could be established in the countries which desired it. The same was the case in Holland. In France and Spain the kings crushed it altogether. In England, as we have seen, it was established, with fire and blood of martyrs, but without civil war, and soon, though not all at once, took firm root in the hearts of the people.

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mous judgment of twenty-seven peers, besides grand jurors, judges, and others. As the proceedings were secret, we do not know the evidence, but there seems to be little reasonable doubt of her guilt.—FROUDE'S *History of England*, vol. ii. ch. xi.

Henry's third marriage, which took place at once after the execution of Anne, was with Lady Jane Seymour. This lady died at Hampton Court Palace shortly after the birth of her son, afterward Edward VI.

The fourth marriage was with Anne of Cleves, an amiable German princess of moderate intelligence, and possessing no attractions whatever. Henry did not see his affianced bride until after the negotiations had been concluded, and the lady had come with an escort to England. He had depended upon the representations of his minister Cromwell; and his disappointment, which was intense, was the first occasion of Cromwell's loss of favor, of station and life. Henry was divorced by a judgment of the prelates and clergy of the English Church. The decision was not so clearly a divorce as a declaration of nullity.

Three years after the death of Lady Jane Seymour, Henry married Katherine, daughter of Lord Edmund Howard. This fifth marriage was the most unfortunate of all. In a little more than a year the queen was found guilty of treason — as in the case of Anne Boleyn — beyond all doubt, and, having confessed her crime, was executed.

The sixth and last wife was Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. This estimable lady survived King Henry.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE CHURCHES.

Edward VI. Protector Somerset. The Reformation urged forward. Revolt in the west. Revolt in the east. Death of Somerset. Death of Edward. Lady Jane Grey. Mary and Philip. Romanism restored. The Protestant martyrs.

At the end of the Wars of the Roses, which had been caused by rival families fighting for the throne, it was hoped that through the marriage of Henry of Lancaster with Elizabeth of York all such difficulties were ended for ever. But all these hopes proved vain; and though there were no more civil wars on these grounds, yet there were great disquiets and disputes, and many terrible deaths of innocent people, caused by the confusion of rival claimants.

Henry VIII., who was so anxious to have lawful heirs, and had put that forth, indeed, as the excuse for his matrimonial adventures, had really made the confusion greater. The House of Parliament, to avoid difficulty, had recognized the claims of all his three children, though there were doubts about the legitimacy of two of them, the princesses Mary and Elizabeth. Those who believed that Katherine of Aragon had been Henry's lawful wife, and that the divorce made without the Pope's consent was illegal, looked on Anne Boleyn's daughter Elizabeth as illegitimate; those who considered the marriage between Henry and his brother's widow no marriage, and thought the divorce a real one, looked on Katherine's daughter Mary as illegitimate. But Parliament had decided that both should be considered as lawful heirs to the crown in due order after their brother Edward, son of Lady Jane Seymour.

The children of Henry VIII.

It did not seem very likely that all these three would die childless (though it fell out so in fact), but if they did, the crown was then to go to the descendants of Henry's younger sister. The elder one, who had married the king of Scotland, was set aside; but it was her grandson who came to

the throne at last. The eldest of Henry's three children was the Princess Mary, daughter of Katherine of Aragon. One cannot help feeling great pity for her; her young days were made very bitter by the undeserved disgrace of her mother. After being looked on as princess royal, and heir to the crown, she had to endure the mortification of being treated as illegitimate, and seeing her mother divorced and sent away from the court, whilst a gay young rival was set up in her place. Moreover, both she and her Spanish mother were devoted to the old religion. And as the fall of Katherine and of the Pope's supremacy in England went hand in hand, so the personal and religious feeling went hand in hand in Mary's mind, and she grew up with an intolerable sense of wrong on both grounds. She does not seem to have been either beautiful or clever, and she was self-willed, like all the Tudors; but she was sincere and honest, and at this time more to be pitied than blamed.

Mary.

The next daughter, Elizabeth, who at the death of her father was about fourteen, was the child of Anne Boleyn. She had her strong will too, but then she was a woman of mind, hearty, and (reasonably) good-looking. She was gay and vain, like her mother, and, moreover, parsimonious, untruthful, and artful; but she had many fine and strong points of character, and when her turn came to reign she was as much loved as her unfortunate sister was hated. She was brought up a Protestant, and Cranmer was her god-father, but she does not seem to have cared for religion half as much as for politics. Like her father, she could be cruel as death.

Elizabeth.

Edward was now about nine years old, and, his mother having lived an irreproachble life, and died a natural death, as Henry's wife, he was the undisputed heir to the throne. It is difficult to find out the truth about the character of those who lived at this period. If they were Protestants, the Protestant writers make them out to be as perfect as saints, while the Roman Catholic writers can hardly find words bad enough for them; and just the contrary if they were on the other side. It is perhaps difficult for English people to be dispassionate in regard to matters of religion even to-day. The Red or the White Rose, York or Lancaster are of no consequence; but the majority still care much for the Protestant religion, and would be quite ready to rebel at the thought of the Pope

1547. Edward.

using any authority over the country. This gives the period of the Reformation a living interest.

But making all allowances for the partiality of Protestant writers, it is impossible not to see that Edward VI. was a most remarkable boy, with wonderful intelligence, and a sweet and noble nature. He was described by one of his tutors as "the beautifullest creature that liveth under the sun, the liveliest, the most amiable, and the gentlest thing of all the world; such a spirit of capacity in learning the things taught him by his schoolmasters, that it is a wonder to hear say; and, finally, he hath such a grace of port and gesture in gravity when he cometh into any presence, that it should seem he were already a father, and yet passeth he not the age of ten years." When he was about thirteen years old, it is said that he had studied seven languages, and was thoroughly acquainted with his own, as well as with French and Latin. "Nor was he ignorant of logic, of the principles of natural philosophy, or of music." He also took great interest in affairs of state. One can hardly wonder that a boy who had received such an education, and had such a precocious mind, never lived to grow up. "That child was so educated, possessed such abilities, and caused such expectations, that he appeared a miracle." He was also a very religious child, and we are particularly told with what wonderful pleasure he listened to the long sermons which it was the custom of the reforming bishops to preach before him.

The king being so young, the government was placed in the hands of a council, at the head of which was Edward's uncle, the Duke of Somerset, brother to his mother. This duke was a decided Protestant, far more decided than Henry VIII. had been, and he and Archbishop Cranmer pushed on the Reformation most vigorously. The greatest changes they made were these, which had been partly attempted before, but had not been definitely settled: —

Protector Somerset and Protestantism.

(1) The Church service was to be in English instead of in Latin.

(2) Images, crosses, pictures, and the like were no longer to be treated with excessive veneration, and in most cases were destroyed.

(3) Worship of the Virgin and the saints was to be given up.

(4) Confession to a priest was not to be compulsory.

(5) The doctrine of transubstantiation was declared untrue.

(6) The clergy were to be permitted to marry.

These were serious changes to force upon people all at once. It is difficult to give up what we have believed from our childhood, even when it is quite clear to our understanding that the belief was unfounded. And, as to some of these points, numbers of ignorant people could never have them made quite clear, whilst others clung with affectionate tenderness to the faith of their fathers. The churches in England up to this time had looked much as they now look in France and Italy; they had sacred pictures in them, images which were thought very holy, and before which poor people would go and pray. The Protestants, regarding this as idolatry, began to pull down the images and to break the stained glass windows and the carved stone crosses. This must have hurt the feelings of the old worshippers very sorely. But the powers in authority pushed on harshly, and persecuted those who would not conform. They burned a poor woman for holding some wrong opinions about Christ's incarnation. They put two of the Roman Catholic bishops, Gardiner and Bonner, in prison, after vainly trying to make them preach sermons before the king and the court in favor of the reformed religion and against their consciences; till Gardiner very naturally said he wished the Protector Somerset "would leave religion to the clergy, and cease to meddle with it." He also declared he would speak what he thought, if he were to be hanged for it when he left the pulpit.

The Reformation, however, was heartily welcomed, and made much progress in London and in other towns, especially the seaports, where the people were more intelligent, better educated, and could read their new Bibles. In the more remote parts of the country it made but little way, and the people were greatly angered at the changes which were introduced. Before long those in the west country, in Cornwall and Devonshire, began to rebel.

The prayer-book was ordered to be first read in English on a Whitsunday. This prayer-book, which was principally arranged by Cranmer, contained scarcely anything new; nearly all the prayers were translated from the old Latin ones, which had been used by Christians for centuries, leaving out the parts which were contrary to the reformed doctrines. But as they were

1549. Rising in the western counties.

now in English instead of in Latin, they were new in the ears of the unlearned, and there was great indignation on that Whitsunday. In particular there was one village on Dartmoor where the congregation was much offended. The next morning, when the clergyman was going into church to say the prayers for Whitmonday, the parishioners came about him, declaring they would have none of the new fashions, they would have the old religion of their fathers. The priest was most likely very glad in his heart to be compelled to go back to the old way. He put on his vestments, and said mass in Latin, "the common people in all the country round clapping their hands for joy."

The example was followed in other places; and when it was heard of in London, the council sent orders to have the resistance put down promptly and sternly. It was not at all easy to put down. Thousands of men rose in rebellion; there were some hard battles, and the city of Exeter was besieged; but in the end the government conquered; the rebels were defeated, and their leaders put to death; one priest was hanged on his own church tower.

While this was going on in the west, another rebellion broke out in the east; not on religious grounds, for the eastern counties were more inclined to Protestantism, but in resistance to the great land-owners, who were enclosing common lands, and also turning a great deal of ploughed land into sheep-farms. This practice had been a serious grievance to the poor for a long time, since the depopulation caused by the Black Death. Sir Thomas More, who was an observer of the condition of the poor, had written about it, saying that the sheep, "which are naturally mild and easily kept in order, may be said now to devour men, and unpeople not only villages, but towns." The enclosing of the common lands was probably worse, because it deprived the poor of what had always been their right, the feeding of their pigs and other animals. Protector Somerset and Bishop Latimer thought these poor men had some right on their side. Latimer, indeed, in his plain-spoken way, preached a sermon on the subject, in which, though he said both parties were covetous, yet he very clearly defined what the laborers had a right to demand.

Rising in the eastern counties.

"The poorest ploughman is, in Christ," said he, "equal with the greatest prince that is. Let them, therefore, have sufficient to maintain them, and to find them their necessa-

ries." They must have some sheep to "help to fatten the ground;" they must have swine for their food; "their bacon is their venison (for they shall now have *hangum tuum* if they get any other venison)"—it was felony to steal deer; "they must have horses to draw their plough, and for carriage of things to the markets, and kine for their milk and cheese. . . . These cattle must have pasture, which pasture if they lack, the rest must needs fail them. And pasture they cannot have if the land is taken in and enclosed from them."

Commissioners were sent down into the disturbed country to inquire into the complaints of the people, but they did little good. "I remember mine own self," says Latimer, "a certain giant, a great man who sate in commission about such matters, and when the townsmen should bring in (or report) what had been enclosed, he frowned and chafed, and so looked and threatened the poor men that they durst not ask for their right."

These men also rose in rebellion, took possession of the city of Norwich, and became so formidable that the government put them down with the strong hand, and their principal leaders were executed. What made the matter worse, was that the government hired German troops to fight and subdue the English. It seems that no less than ten thousand men were killed in these outbreaks.

These disasters brought the Duke of Somerset into great discredit. He managed foreign affairs as badly, and the nation lost confidence in him. He had also amassed a large fortune for himself out of the Church lands, and was unwisely ostentatious. He was fond of state and splendor, and built himself a palace in the Strand (where Somerset House now stands). To make room for it he pulled down a parish church, and to provide materials he blew up with gunpowder a beautiful Roman Catholic chapel lately built, and part of the cloisters of St. Paul's. All this gave great offence; and in the end the duke was deposed, and, like so many eminent men in those days, ended his life on the scaffold.

1552. Death of Somerset.

But though an imprudent, impetuous man, he was well-meaning and generous, and at his death much sorrow and pity were felt for him. The king being still very young, another man now came into power, the Duke of Northumberland. He professed to be a zealous Protestant too, but his

real care was not so much for religion as for his own family interest. And now began fresh troubles about the succession to the throne. Edward was already in delicate health; it was feared that he would not live long, and there was a terrible prospect before the Protestants if he died. The next person to reign would be the Princess Mary, a narrow-minded, bitter, and bigoted woman.

Northumberland worked upon the mind of the young king, who was a most ardent Protestant, and persuaded him to make a will, altering the succession, which he had no right to do without the consent of Parliament. Moreover, he induced him to pass over not only his sister Mary, but also Elizabeth, and to go to the family who came next after them, the children of Henry VII.'s younger daughter. One of the granddaughters of this princess was Lady Jane Grey, who had been lately married to the Duke of Northumberland's son, and it was she whom the duke fixed on as heiress of the crown. But if the crown went to that family at all, it should have gone to the mother, who was still alive, before the daughter.

The Duke of Northumberland.

Cranmer, to do him justice, was very unwilling to consent, for though he knew what Mary was, and that she had a special grudge against himself for the part he had taken in her mother's divorce, still he was convinced that she had a right to the crown unless Parliament declared the contrary. However, he was brought to consent at last, and very soon after the young king died. One of his last acts, after hearing a sermon by Bishop Ridley on the duty of charity, was to found the Blue-Coat School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital, both of which are still in useful existence. Almost his last words were, "O Lord God, save Thy chosen people of England . . . defend this realm from papistry, and maintain the true religion, that I and my people may praise Thy holy name; for Thy Son Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

1553. Death of Edward VI.

As soon as he was dead the troubles began. There were two queens, or would-be queens, each with a party. Lady Jane Grey was about sixteen years old, and as good and wise as her cousin Edward had been. It was customary at that time for young ladies of high rank to receive as good an education as their brothers did and this young girl was said to have learned, besides her own, seven other languages. She was a good Greek scholar, and

Lady Jane Grey.

could enjoy reading Plato in the original when about fourteen years old. A very eminent scholar of that day, Roger Ascham, gives an account of a visit he paid her, and his surprise at finding her with her Greek books instead of amusing herself with the rest of the family, who were hunting in the park. He could not forbear expressing his astonishment, and inquiring how she found so much pleasure in philosophy. "I will tell you," she said, "a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits which ever God gave me is, that He sent me such sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go; eat, drink, be merry, or sad; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened; yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Master Aylmer, who teaches me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing when I am with him; and when I am called from him I fall to weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, and fear, and wholly misliking unto me. And thus my book has been so much my pleasure, and brings daily to me more and more pleasure."

She was brought up as a Protestant, and seems to have reflected on the subjects of dispute, and to have been sincerely religious. When she was sixteen she was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, but she had no idea of the ambitious schemes and plots of her father-in-law, and when he, with four other noblemen, came to tell her that King Edward was dead, and that she was to be queen of England, she was greatly shocked and frightened. She says herself, in a long letter written by her afterwards to Queen Mary, that, "overcome by sudden and unlooked-for sorrow, she fell to the ground weeping bitterly, and that she heard these things with a troubled mind, and with much grief and displeasure of heart." She complains that she was deceived by the duke and the council, and ill treated by her husband and his mother. Thus this sweet and innocent girl was led to her ruin. She was proclaimed queen, and for one short fortnight acted as such; but the whole nation well knew

that she had no right to that title, and when Mary was proclaimed by her supporters she was universally accepted. The Duke of Northumberland was tried and beheaded, and Lady Jane Grey and her young husband were imprisoned in the Tower.

Mary at once let her religious opinions be known. On the day of her coronation she refused to sit in St. Edward's chair, the chair with the sacred stone, fearing it had been polluted by having been the seat of her Protestant brother Edward, and she was crowned sitting in another chair sent over by the Pope. The two Roman Catholic bishops, Bonner and Gardiner, were brought out of prison and promoted to great authority, while Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, and other Protestants were kept in confinement. The English prayer-book was set aside, and the Latin mass restored.

Queen Mary.

It was considered very important that the queen should marry, and the whole country wished her to marry some Englishman; but Mary had set her heart upon marrying her cousin Philip, who was heir to the crown of Spain, and very soon became king. She had never seen more of him than a portrait, but it appears she fell deeply in love with that. The English people hated and detested the thought of this match. Spain had lately risen to be one of the most powerful, rich, and important countries of Europe. Philip's grandfather having married the heiress of the Duke of Burgundy, he was not only king of Spain, but also of the rich provinces of Flanders, and many other territories. Moreover, the Spaniards had taken possession of a great part of the New World they had helped to discover, especially Mexico and Peru, where they found mines of gold, which produced enormous wealth.

Philip of Spain.

The English felt persuaded that if their queen married the king of Spain, and if he should come to be king of England too, as his wife would wish, his vast power and wealth would overpower England, which would sink into being a mere dependency of Spain. There was another great objection, which was the question of religion.

The Spaniards were the most bigoted of all Catholics; and this Philip was perhaps the most cold-blooded and hard-hearted persecutor whom the world has ever seen, except his general and deputy, the Duke of Alva. That man's portrait was painted by Rubens, and is now in England;

a lateral ancestor of Grahame Ridley

his pale face looking as though cast in iron; his tall, splendid horse seeming to trample the world under its hoofs, and the red sky behind. It was in Spain that the terrible Inquisition flourished, the grand work of the "Domini Canes." The inquisitors worked in the dark; anyone suspected of heresy might be seized, dragged before a mysterious tribunal without knowing what charge would be brought against him, nor who brought it, questioned, tortured, and burned.

The inquisition.

During the three centuries that the Inquisition existed in Spain, it is believed that thirty-two thousand persons were burned by it, and hundreds of thousands suffered other severe punishments. The last of its victims was a woman, who was burned less than a hundred years ago. At the period of Mary's accession the Inquisition was in full vigor, doing its best to put down the Reformation. In Spain it was successful; the Protestants were utterly crushed; and Philip wished to do just the same in his other dominion of Flanders, where there were a great many Protestants. It was at Antwerp, as we saw, that Tyndale and his friends worked so long.

A series of edicts had been published to recall the Protestants or heretics to the faith of the Church. Part of one of them ran thus: "Women who have fallen into heresy shall be buried alive. Men, *if they recant*, shall lose their heads; if they continue obstinate they shall be burned at the stake. If man or woman be *suspected* of heresy, no one shall shelter or protect him or her. . . . The Inquisition shall inquire into the *private opinions* of every person of whatever degree. . . . Those who know where heretics are hiding shall denounce them, or they shall suffer as heretics themselves."

1520-50.

It is not wonderful that the English were resolved to have as little as possible to do with Spain and with King Philip. At the prospect of Mary's marriage the Kentish men rose once more in rebellion. This time they were not led by men like Wat Tyler or Jack Cade, but were headed by a Kentish gentleman, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was a scholar and a poet, and was worthy of a better end. His father had been a poet too, and Tennyson shows him to us in his old castle in Kent, stringing his father's sonnets,

1554. Rising of the men of Kent.

> "Left about
> Like loosely scatter'd jewels,"

just as he is called away to head the rebels.

> "Ah, gray old castle of Arlington, green field
> Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance
> That I shall never look upon you more,"

he says, as he turns away, never, indeed, to look upon them more. Once again the rebels marched to London, and once again they were defeated. Mary behaved like a queen; she showed so brave and gallant a spirit that for once she kindled some enthusiasm; the Londoners took her part, the rebellion was crushed, and Wyatt and the other principal leaders put to death. After this the young prisoners in the Tower, Lady Jane Grey and her husband, though perfectly innocent of having taken any share in the revolt, were put to death to prevent any farther danger from them. It was even proposed, in order to establish Mary securely on her throne, to put her sister Elizabeth to death; but this was rather too bold a measure to venture upon, for Elizabeth was already a favorite with the people.

Queen Mary, who was as pertinacious and self-willed as were all the Tudors, though far more stupid than most of them, took her own way, and married the king of Spain. It was a very unhappy marriage. England hated Philip, and Philip hated England. He had no love for his wife, who was older than himself, and not attractive, though she really loved him, strange as it appeared to everyone who knew them. She longed earnestly for a child, but she never had one.

The queen's marriage.

Another thing on which she had set her heart was to bring back England to the Church, and to be reconciled to the Pope; and she succeeded in that for a time. Her cousin, Cardinal Pole, went to England as the Pope's legate, carrying pardon and absolution. The Houses of Parliament, both Lords and Commons, bent their pride down to the point of falling on their knees before him to be absolved and reconciled. But though they consented to humble themselves so far, they would not consent, as the queen desired, to give up their Church lands again, their abbeys and priories, and the Pope was compelled to yield that point.

England brought back to the Pope.

The statutes against heretics were revived, and the work of the queen which left the deepest impression on the hearts of Englishmen was the persecution to which she lent her-

self, and which earned for her the fitting name of "Bloody Mary." Her principal supporters and coadjutors in cruelty were Gardiner and Bonner. Bonner was the bishop of London, and on the occasion of his death his friends were compelled to bury him privately at dead of night, lest "the people of the city (to whom Bonner in his life was most odious) . . . might have been moved with indignation, and so some quarrelling and tumult might have ensued thereupon." Those who still loved their Bibles, and there were many of them, even among the humbler classes, had to hide them away. "When my great-grandfather wished to read to his family," wrote the descendant of a Protestant blacksmith, "one of the children was stationed at the door to give notice if he saw the proctor (an officer of the spiritual court) make his appearance," in which case the Bible was hastily hidden away. Two hundred persons or more were publicly burned during Mary's reign of five years.

1555. Persecution of the Protestants.

The bishops Latimer and Ridley, who had been in prison for two years, were condemned to be burned at Oxford. Latimer's preaching and his speaking had had a wonderful effect on men's minds; but his last words were his most famous. There is hardly a child in England who has not heard how he turned to his fellow-martyr when the fire was kindled, saying, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out."

Latimer and Ridley.

The success of the reformed religion, and the deep root it has struck in English hearts, were due in great measure to Queen Mary and her persecutions. When the people saw the martyrs, their courage, and faith, and constancy in the midst of cruel pain; when they heard their noble words, — it had more effect than whole libraries of arguments. All the sympathy, admiration, and reverence the people had they poured at the feet of the martyrs; all their hatred they turned on the queen and her advisers.

Archbishop Cranmer was not made of such heroic stuff as Latimer and Ridley, and at first, to save his life, he was induced to sign a recantation, declaring that he renounced, abhorred, and detested all the heresies and errors of Luther; that he acknowledged the Bishop of Rome to be the supreme head of the Church and

1556. Cranmer.

Christ's vicar on earth; and that he believed in transubstantiation, purgatory, and all doctrines which the Church of Rome held and taught.

"The queen," says Foxe, "having now gotten a time to revenge her old greefe, received his recantation very gladly; but of her purpose to put him to death she would nothing relent. Now was Cranmer's cause in a miserable taking, who neither inwardly had any quiet in his own conscience, nor yet outwardly any help in his adversaries." His recantation availed nothing, and he was led forth to die. Then his spirit rose, and he found courage to do what was perhaps harder than death itself, — to own, in the hearing of all the people, that fear and faint-heartedness had made him false; that the writing which he had signed was contrary to the truth, and contrary to his heart; "and forasmuch," said he, "as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall first be punished therefor, for when I come to the fire it shall first be burned."

His enemies, on hearing this, "began to rage, fret, and fume, and to tax him with falsehood and dissimulation. 'Ah, my masters,' quoth he, 'do not you take it so. Always since I lived hitherto, I have been a hater of falsehood, and a lover of simplicity, and never before this time have I dissembled;' and in saying this all the tears that remained in his body appeared in his eyes. . . . It is marvellous what commiseration and pity moved all men's hearts that beheld so heavy a countenance, and such abundance of tears in an old man of so reverend dignity. . . . And when the wood was kindled, and the fire began to burn near him, stretching out his arm, he put his right hand into the flame, which he held so steadfast and immovable . . . that all men might see his hand burned before his body was touched. His eyes were lifted up unto heaven, and oftentimes he repeated his '*unworthy* right hand' so long as his voice would suffer him; and using of the words of Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' in the greatness of the flame, he gave up the ghost."

Happily for England, Mary's reign was short. Her latter years were very miserable. Her husband left her and returned to his own dominions; for the English would never consent as she wished, that he should be king after her death; but he drew her and England into a war with France, which had a disastrous end. The city of Calais was

the one spot of French ground which, after all the centuries of fighting, had remained to the English, and in this war the French regained possession of it. England no longer had a foothold in France; and this loss, terrible as it was felt to be by all the country, seemed to be almost the queen's death-blow. "When I die," she said, "Calais will be found written in my heart."

1558. Loss of Calais.

1558. Death of Mary.

The proud, forsaken woman, loved by no one, hardly pitied as she deserved, died before that year was out. Cardinal Pole died at the same time, and the Pope lost all power in England forever.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE TWO QUEENS.

Elizabeth. Her character. Her ministers. The Church and the Puritans. Mary, Queen of Scots. Babington's conspiracy. Trial and execution of Mary.

When Mary died it seemed as if a black cloud was rolled away from the sky, and Elizabeth shone out like a "bright occidental star." The contrast between her and her sister seemed greater than ever. Elizabeth was the people's hope and pride. Mary had been afraid of her, and persecuted her, which made them love her all the more. There was much that was attractive about Elizabeth; she was as well educated as her brother and Lady Jane Grey; she knew Latin and Greek, French and Italian; she liked poetry, music, and dancing. She had indeed a great many faults, but in spite of them all she was the glory of the English nation throughout her long reign. 1558. Elizabeth.

She often appeared vain, changeable, fickle, deceitful; but in her heart's core she loved England, and she sincerely sought its peace, its glory, and its happiness. In the first speech made in her name to Parliament she said that "nothing, no worldly thing under the sun, was so dear to her as the love and goodwill of her subjects."

She was self-willed and arbitrary, like all her race; she domineered over bishops and nobles. "I will have here but one mistress, and no master," she said. But while her will was always for the good of the nation, the nation's will went with hers. If ever a time came that they clashed, which on certain points they sometimes did, then Elizabeth knew how to give way. And she would give way so frankly, so generously, so heartily, that she gained greater love than before.

The country was in a distracted state when she came to the throne. It was thus described in an address to the council: "The queen poor; the realm exhausted; the nobility poor and decayed; good captains and soldiers wanting; the

people out of order; justice not executed; all things dear; . . . division among ourselves; war with France; the French king bestriding the realm, one foot in Calais, and the other in Scotland; steadfast enemies, but no steadfast friends."

Her ministers.

Elizabeth's wisdom in her choice of counsellors and ministers was marvellous. Perhaps no sovereign was ever surrounded by such a body of statesmen as she gathered around her; and though she was perverse and capricious beyond endurance in her treatment of them, they were nobly faithful to her and to the nation. These men were not from the high aristocracy. Whether it was that she wished to carry on the policy of her grandfather, Henry VII., in humbling the nobles and bringing forward the middle classes, or whether she really found more talent and genius for public affairs in that station, true it is that most of her ministers, Cecil, Bacon, Walsingham, and others, were said to be "all sprung from the earth." This was rather an exaggerated statement, however, since they were all gentlemen by birth.

Elizabeth and Philip.

Queen Mary's husband, Philip of Spain, had been much disappointed that the English people would not make him king of England, as successor to his wife; but he was determined not to lose his hold on the country altogether; his earnest wish still was to keep it faithful to the Roman Church, as Mary had (outwardly) left it. He took care to be on good terms with Elizabeth, and tried to make her subservient. He thought this would be quite easy, as she was young and inexperienced, and her country poor, weak, and friendless. He, on the other hand, was the richest and most powerful king in Christendom.

But he did not know with whom he had to deal. The contest went on for many years, and its end was glorious to England. At first it was carried on very cautiously on both sides. Elizabeth was prudent; she did not openly quarrel with her brother-in-law, but she took her own way. The Spanish ambassadors, who knew how weak she was, and how strong their master was, were astonished to see how little she cared for his opinion and advice. Sometimes they thought she was a mere blind, reckless fool; at other times they thought she was possessed by devils.

Philip, at one time, thought of marrying her; not out of love, but for the sake of getting a firmer hold on her and

the country, and, as he said, "maintaining that realm in the religion which by God's help has been restored in it;" but she would not consent, though for the present she wished to keep on fair terms with him.

Elizabeth was the last of her family, and it was a grave question who was to come after her if she died leaving no child. All the country shuddered at the thought of a disputed succession. It would be worse than in the old days of the Wars of the Roses, because there were two great religious parties which had bitter reasons to hate each other. The true heir after Elizabeth, according to the laws of inheritance, was the young queen of Scotland, who was descended from Henry VII.'s eldest daughter. But there were strong objections to her as possible queen of England. She was married to the Dauphin of France, and in all likelihood would be queen of France in due course; then England might become a mere province of France. Moreover, both France and Scotland were, as usual, quarrelling with England, and there was an old and deep antipathy between them both and this country.

The question of Elizabeth's marriage.

She was also a decided Roman Catholic. Judging by her actions, she was not in the least religious at heart, but that was the religion she professed and would favor and protect. This was enough to set all the Protestants against her. Elizabeth was implored to marry somebody, and the entreaty was continued for years. She never would say no, and she never would say yes. This was her usual way in all matters, public and private; she seemed to enjoy playing with everybody; keeping them in suspense, wondering, hoping, fearing; whilst all the time she matured her plans in secret. She had many suitors — kings, dukes, archdukes; sometimes she appeared to favor one, and sometimes another, but in the end she would have none of them.

It is difficult to say why she would not marry. The only man she seems to have really loved was Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, a handsome, flattering courtier; him she favored, and evidently liked so much that it was universally believed and feared that she meant to marry him. But his character was bad, and he had a wife already, who died in a very mysterious way; and though it could never be proved that he had her murdered to make room for the queen, there was ground for the suspicion. The story is told in Scott's novel of "Kenilworth;" but though that tale gives a very

vivid picture of Elizabeth and Leicester, and of the people and manners of the time, and in that sense is perhaps poetically true, it is not historically true, and the real facts about Amy Robsart were quite different.

One reason for Elizabeth's refusing to marry may have been that there were those two strong religious parties in the kingdom, and she could not marry to please both. She contrived in a most wonderful way all through her long reign to keep both parties more or less loyal to her, and would have succeeded still more fully had it not been for her dangerous rival, Mary, Queen of Scots.

Elizabeth was a Protestant, though not at first very decided, except on the point of the supremacy of the crown, and its absolute independence of the Pope. She was as determined as ever her father had been to be head of the Church. But she inclined to several things in the Roman Catholic Church to which the Protestants objected. She liked the celibacy of the clergy; she liked crucifixes, lighted candles, vestments, and an ornate service. Many of the extreme Protestants bitterly objected to all these, and because they said they wished for a purer service, they received the nickname of Puritans.

The Puritans.

Cranmer and Ridley had tried to adopt a middle course, which might please all, or not greatly displease many. It did not seem to be understood that differences of opinion on such points were natural and quite harmless. It was thought essential that all the people of the land must have the same religion; must go to the same churches, say the same prayers, and believe the same doctrines.

It was too soon for the simple and sublime idea of toleration of all honest opinions. Elizabeth and her counsellors were determined all the people in the country should go to church and use the Prayer-book; they made that as easy as they could for them; but those who would not conform, whether Catholics or Puritans, were persecuted with great impartiality. Though this was tyrannical, still they did not persecute as Mary and Bonner had done, for Elizabeth was not as cruel as her sister, and her prime minister, Burleigh (or Cecil), was always in favor of moderation. But the Protestant bishops and archbishops, Parker, Whitgift, and others, were as arbitrary and inquisitorial as any Pope or Dominican could be. The Puritan clergy were deprived of their livings, sent to prison for holding private religious

meetings, and oppressed in a great many ways, but they were not burned to death.

The Catholics, however, were looked on as far more dangerous than the Puritans; and the excited feeling between the two religious parties was kept at fever heat by the events which occurred abroad. In France the Catholic party, headed by the infamous Catherine de Medicis, the king's mother, had fallen upon the unsuspecting Protestants, and murdered them by tens of thousands. The "Massacre of St. Bartholomew," as it is called, because it was begun on the morning of 1572. that saint's day, spread from Paris to many other towns, and went on for several days. The Catholics exulted in this treachery. Philip of Spain laughed aloud for joy. The Pope ordered a solemn Te Deum to be sung, and went in state to thank God. But in England the news was received with horror, and when the French ambassador presented himself in a propitiatory manner before the queen, he found her and the whole court dressed in deep mourning, and was received with sorrowful and indignant silence.

The Catholics.

A great many people who suffered death in this reign, suffered for their religion. Elizabeth and her government averred it was not for religion, but for treason. Religion and politics were so interwoven that it was not easy to distinguish them, and there is no doubt that many Catholics thought it a pious work to conspire against the Protestant queen. The most notable of these was Mary, Queen of Scots, whose execution is generally looked on as the darkest blot in Elizabeth's reign.

Mary was the next heir to the crown if Elizabeth left no child. But as she was a rigorous Catholic, in tenets at least, she would have been very distasteful to the Protestants in England. But there was a great deal more against her. She had been many years in France, and when the Dauphin her husband died she returned to Scotland with her character already formed. Scotland had taken up the Reformation still more vigorously than England had done, and the Scotch reformers, with Knox at their head, were vehement and severe Puritans, very strict and stern. Mary was nineteen; pleasure-loving, beautiful, and attractive; so attractive that hardly any man could come near her through her whole life (except the stern John Knox) without being more or less captivated

Mary of Scotland.

by her. But her character was self-indulgent and unprincipled. She conducted herself so disgracefully in Scotland, being charged at last with the murder of her second husband, Darnley, and other horrible crimes, that, beautiful and fascinating as she was, the Scotch nation rose in rage and horror, and would not have her for their queen any longer.

1567.

She fled to England, expecting that Elizabeth would take her part; but the English government made her prisoner, and she was kept in England for nineteen years, being considered too dangerous to be at liberty. But she was more dangerous as a prisoner than she could have been if set free. The Roman Catholics of England seem to have forgotten or disbelieved the crimes laid to her charge, and to have regarded her as a beautiful, persecuted saint. She had friends abroad too, in France and in Spain. They all spent their lives in weaving plots for rescuing her, dethroning Elizabeth, and making her queen of England. The Pope himself, Gregory XIII., gave his sanction to the murder of Elizabeth.

1568.

The Romish plots.

Priests and Jesuits travelled through the country in disguise, to stir up the Roman Catholic gentry and others against the queen. One of them, Ballard, went about dressed as an officer, in a blue velvet jerkin, and a cap and feathers. The Queen of Scots and her attendants were very artful. They knew that any letters they sent openly would be intercepted and read by the government, but they found means to send out and to receive plenty of dangerous letters secretly. If a box of clothes or of books was sent to them from London or Paris, there would come letters enclosed in the frames of the boxes or hidden under the lining. Sometimes a small roll of paper would be sewn into the hollowed heel of a new boot or shoe. Sometimes a set of white handkerchiefs would be written all over with invisible ink.

More than one rebellion broke out and was put down. Elizabeth's life was felt to be in such danger that a voluntary association of loyal men was formed to protect her, vowing that they would have the life of anyone who should attempt the death of their queen. At last one more plot was made for assassinating Elizabeth and rescuing Mary. Elizabeth had been very confiding to the Catholic gentry, hoping to win their fidelity and

Babington's conspiracy.

affection, and she had many young Catholic gentlemen in her service and at court. Six of these, headed by one Babington, pledged themselves to murder their mistress. The letters to and from Mary, who was imprisoned in Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, were carried in barrels of beer with false bottoms. Elizabeth and her secretary, Walsingham, knew of it, for the brewer was a double traitor, and showed all the letters before delivering them.

Elizabeth was courageous, and gave no sign till the right moment came. When sufficient evidence had been collected the conspirators were seized and tried. They confessed all. Mary declared to the last that she knew nothing about it; and it is true that the letters were not in her own handwriting; but if ever anything was clearly proved in this world, it was proved almost beyond a doubt that she did know and approve of all.

The Protestant part of the country had long demanded her death, knowing that there would be no safety as long as she lived. Elizabeth had never yet brought herself to consent; she wished to spare Mary's life; but now, at last, it was too late. Babington's conspiracy, so deep-laid and so basely treacherous, could not be passed over. Mary was tried, found guilty, and condemned; she maintained to the last that she was innocent, in the face of all the evidence, and that she was a martyr to her religion. She died very bravely and majestically, though there can hardly be a doubt that she died with a lie in her right hand.

1587. Execution of Mary.

Elizabeth had been almost driven into signing her death warrant; still she had done so. Now that all was over, she turned in a very paltry and unjust way upon her ministers, and laid it upon them, professing to be very indignant at what they had done. Her secretary, Davison, she punished very severely, and never took into favor again. In so inconsistent a way were the elements of grandeur and meanness mingled in her character.

After the death of Mary, the next heir to the throne was her son James, the king of Scotland; but as he, unlike his mother, was a Protestant, the Catholics both in England and abroad had no wish to see him king. Philip of Spain now once more saw an opportunity of reviving his old claims to be king of England himself.

He was engaged in a war with his Protestant subjects in

the Low Countries, to whom he and the Duke of Alva, and the Inquisition, had been so intolerably cruel that they had risen in revolt. They looked to the English Protestants for help. Elizabeth did help them a little, but in such a half-hearted, insincere, vacillating and niggardly way that she drove them and her own ministers to despair. Her treatment of these brave people is a far darker blot on her name than the execution of Mary Stuart. Nevertheless, as she did to a certain extent support them, Philip determined to invade England. The long rivalry between him and Elizabeth came to a crisis; and in the struggle the whole world saw at last what Englishmen were made of; for it was in truth "not by might, not by power," but by their gallant spirit aided by favoring elements, that the proud foe was beaten off.

Philip of Spain prepares to invade England.

Philip had a fine army, headed by a splendid general, the Prince of Parma, already assembled in the Low Countries. This army was to invade England and conquer the country; but as they had only flat-bottomed boats and barges to transport them, it was necessary that a fleet of men-of-war should come and protect them against the English sailors. Philip began to prepare his fleet, which was the largest and finest the world had ever seen.

CHAPTER XLV.

GLORIANA.

The Spanish Armada. The English fleet. The English sailors. The conflict. England's triumph. Literature. Shakespeare and the theatre. Death of Elizabeth.

The Invincible Armada, as Philip's fleet was proudly named, consisted of a hundred and thirty ships, sixty-five of which were called galleons, and looked like floating castles, they were so tall and strong; four of them, more gigantic still, were called "galliasses." They were provided with twenty-five hundred cannon, and vast stores of provisions; they were commanded by the best naval officers of Spain, and contained also great numbers of the young nobility, who looked on the invasion of heretic England as a holy war. But below the decks were more than two thousand miserable slaves, chained to their oars, working with no heart, no courage, under the eye of ruthless masters armed with whips of bull's hide. The Spanish fleet.

When the English knew that the king of Spain was preparing to invade their country, their hearts rose as the heart of one man. The government appealed first to the Lord Mayor of London, asking what force the city would furnish in defence of the kingdom. The mayor and common council, in return, desired to know what force the queen's Highness wished them to furnish. The answer was, fifteen ships and five thousand men. Two days after, the Londoners "humbly entreated the council, in sign of their perfect love and loyalty to prince and country, to accept ten thousand men and thirty ships amply furnished." The Catholics were as loyal as the Protestants; they forgot their divisions, and only remembered they were Englishmen. 1588.

Still the English fleet was but a small one; the queen's navy consisted of only thirty ships; about fifty others, many of them belonging to private individuals, joined the admiral, Lord Howard, of Effing- The English fleet.

ham, at Plymouth Harbor. These ships were very different from the stately Spanish vessels; far the greater number of them were about the size of yachts. There were only four large ships, and those were hardly as large as the smallest of the galleons.

The English sailors at this time were the wonder of the world for their bravery and enterprise. They had been in the frozen ocean of the north, trying to find a way to India in that direction; in the dangerous straits by Terra del Fuego; on the great Pacific Ocean, bringing home wonderful stories of their adventures with strange new plants and birds, great stores of gold which they took from the Spanish ships, above all a spirit of daring which would shrink from no danger. The most famous of them was Sir Francis Drake, who had really done what Columbus hoped to do — sailed all round the world. The Spaniards knew his name well. He had already done things which would have seemed mad if they had not succeeded. He joined the English fleet with a few ships which were all devoted to him.

The English army was set in readiness also, to dispute every inch of ground, in case the invaders should succeed in landing. A camp was formed at Tilbury to protect the capital, and thither went Elizabeth to encourage and cheer her soldiers. All that was noble and queenly in her rose to this emergency. She was warned by some of her counsellors to beware of treachery. But "No," said the queen, "I do not desire to live to mistrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects. I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realms."

The queen and the army.

The soldiers would have shed their blood for such a queen; but they were not called to fight. Not one Spaniard set foot on English ground but as a prisoner. The Spanish ships sailed up the Channel till they came to Dunkirk, where Parma's army was waiting for them. The English fleet, which was lying in the harbor of Plymouth, let them pass, and then came out after them. The Spanish admiral wanted to close upon the English, to bring them to a definite engagement and crush them. But the

The conflict.

Englishmen managed shrewdly. The great ships moved slowly and clumsily; they could get no pilots in England, of course, and the Dutch pilots, who were well acquainted with the Channel, were Protestants, and would not come. The English ships moved so lightly and were so cleverly handled that they seemed alive. A Spaniard said that "the swiftest ships in the Armada seemed to be at anchor" in comparison with the dashing English vessels. It was the same with the cannon. The English fired four shots to the Spaniards' one; and their shots were well aimed and took effect, while the Spanish shots often flew wildly up in the air, or down in the sea, doing no harm.

The Spaniards had never seen anything like it. They tried hard to close and grapple, but they never could catch the English. So they went up the Channel towards Dover, the English behind harassing and tormenting them. As they went on, the young English lords and gentlemen, Catholics as well as Protestants, came out from every port, in any boat they could get hold of, to join the English fleet. From Lyme and Weymouth, from Poole and the Isle of Wight, they came, ever more and more. The Spanish admiral one evening could count a hundred sail behind him, and thought the number was still increasing.

At last the Spaniards reached Calais; by this time there were a hundred and forty English vessels. At night Howard sent six fire-ships among them, which terrified and confounded them still more. They tried to move on, and the English pursued them. The next day, from eight in the morning until sunset, the English poured their shot upon the Spanish vessels like rain.

In this terrible week three great galleons had been sunk, and three more disabled; four thousand men had been killed; the rest were disheartened. The Spaniards soon gave up all thought of invading England, of joining Parma's army; they were thinking only how to get back to Spain.

There was no going back; the English fleet was still behind them, following them like a shadow. All they could do was to go on, sail round the Orkneys and west of Ireland, and reach Spain in that way. But very few of them ever got back to Spain. If the queen of England had not been incredibly mean and niggardly, Howard and Drake would have followed them till they were all destroyed or captured; but Elizabeth kept them so short of powder and

shot, and so short of food, that when they had pursued them as far as the Forth they had to turn back and leave them.

But they had a worse enemy than even the English to confront. When they arrived in those northern latitudes, terrible storms overtook them. The great ships made their way with difficulty; they were separated from one another by fogs; they hardly knew where they were. The sailors fell sick and died by hundreds from cold and misery. When they came on the coast of Ireland, which is dangerous and rocky, it was still worse. Their supply of water was nearly gone. If they attempted to land, even to get fresh water, the Irish set on them and butchered them without mercy. At last a few wretched shattered ships began to appear on the coast of Spain. Day after day they came dropping in, laden with sick and dying men. Fifty-four in all came home; and so ended the great Spanish Armada, and the long rivalry between Philip and Elizabeth.

The end.

The joy and thankfulness of the English nation knew no bounds. The queen went in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for the great deliverance, with the flags of the conquered enemy borne in triumph before her. The Protestants abroad shared in the joy of England. The dreadful power of Philip and Spain, which had so long threatened the Protestant world, was gone forever. The brave little provinces of the Netherlands, which had held out so long, but which it seems must have been overmatched and crushed at last, were free; for England, the mainstay of their cause, was free. Well might Spenser say that

England's joy.

"Albion the sonne of Neptune was."

She could carry her commerce and plant her colonies wherever she pleased, in the Old World or the New.

Never was Lady so praised, so honored, so worshipped as Elizabeth.

"All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.

. . . . . .

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing

> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors:
> God shall be truly known, and those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."

So wrote Shakespeare; and Spenser —

> "Fairer and nobler liveth none this hour,
> Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
> Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flower;
> Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great power!"

If we must call this flattery, surely it was flattery that any queen, any woman, might be proud of.

At this time of patriotism and of triumph, England's most glorious literature came into life. In the "golden days of good Queen Bess" there were chroniclers, and travellers, and divines of unquestioned genius; above all, there were poets who, by the glow of their own hearts, felt a life and soul in history, a tender and awful beauty in nature, a vastness and mystery in the heart and fate of man, and in his relations to his Maker, which enlarged the spiritual world in which we dwell more than ever Columbus had enlarged the natural one. Literature.

To know what the poets of Elizabeth's age did for England and for the world, we must read the books they wrote. Everyone knows the names of Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Sidney; there are others too whose names are not so famous, but who partook of the intellectual power of the age, — Jonson, Chapman, Green, Marlowe, Drayton, and many others; for this wonderful literary activity went on through Elizabeth's reign. It was while she was queen that the first public theatre was opened. Little by little the old religious plays, the Mysteries and Miracles, which had been so popular in the middle ages, gave way to the tragedies and comedies of real life, and most people would now be shocked and pained to see sacred subjects brought upon the stage. There is still a lingering remnant of the old religious drama in what is now almost the least serious of all our exhibitions, the Christmas Pantomime. The ridiculous Pantaloon and Harlequin which delight the children's eyes are descended from the Devil and the Vice, who took parts, and generally grotesque or comic parts, in the old mysteries. 1576. The theatre.

The early theatres were very different from ours; there was no gaslight, no shifting scenery, no pictured back-

grounds. The curtain was a blanket stretched across the front. When the scene changed, a board was hung out with a notice, This is London, or This is Rome, or Bohemia, or France. A great deal was left to the imagination of the spectators, and the good acting of the performers. Shakespeare himself, it is said, was not a great actor; his best part was the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

The queen was fond of theatrical representations. Whenever she went to visit a nobleman, or a city, or a university, there would be a play or a pageant to welcome her. Sometimes it would be what is called a masque, in which beautiful music, and singing, and dancing were added to the acting.

Shakespeare. But the glory and crown of all were the plays of Shakespeare, and in them both Elizabeth and her people delighted. Everyone could find in them something which would suit the nature of his mind, and raise it to its highest strain. There was a great deal about the history and glory of England. There were lovely ladies and gallant heroes, philosophers and deep thinkers, priests and hermits, rogues and clowns, fairies and ghosts; there were fun and wit, joy and love, sorrow, pity, and despair. It was a new world, of which he held the golden key.

With all this activity of the intellect and imagination, practical work was not forgotten. In the latter part of Elizabeth's reign a serious attempt was made to

The poor law. improve the condition of the poor. It has been already observed that the breaking up of the monasteries had deprived the poor of much of the charity and assistance on which they had been used to depend. Many idle people were driven to beg or steal, and many poor, and sick, and aged, to whom the monks and nuns had been kind, were left comfortless. Elizabeth's ministers, whilst they were very severe upon vagabonds, even putting them to death in great numbers, did their best to help and protect the unfortunate. They first introduced a "poor rate," something like the one now established.

The defeat of the Armada was the highest point of Elizabeth's glory. Her later years were saddened and lonely. Her favorite, the Earl of Leicester, the only man whom perhaps she really loved, died in the midst of the re-

The Earl of Essex. joicings. Though she was now growing old, she soon after made another favorite of the young Earl of Essex. He was accomplished, high-spirited, and warm-

hearted; he had a rare gift of winning love and admiration. Spenser, to whom he was a generous friend, calls him the "faire branch of Honour, Flower of Chivalrie." Elizabeth loved what was gracious, gay, and gallant; but her partiality for the chivalrous young earl did him harm rather than good. He was placed in positions which required qualities he did not possess — caution, patience, and resolution. He was sent as lord lieutenant to Ireland, where the people were again rebelling, and where a wise and firm ruler was much needed. Essex, 1599.

> "Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,"

was neither wise nor firm; he did not know what to do, and having made an inglorious and useless peace, he returned home. There he behaved so foolishly and imprudently that he was charged with high treason, found guilty, and beheaded. Elizabeth never could rally from this shock. She was almost seventy years old; she had no near relations; her old counsellors and ministers were all dead. She grew moody and suspicious, and her heart, she said, "was sad and heavy." 1601.

When she was dying they tried to induce her to say who should succeed her. She made some indistinct sign, which they thought meant James of Scotland. The Archbishop of Canterbury, kneeling by her side, said some prayers which seemed to bring her comfort, and so died the last of the Tudors. 1603. Death of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER XLVI.

JAMES OF SCOTLAND.

The Stuarts. The divine right of kings. James and the Church of England. The Puritans and the Catholics. The Pilgrim Fathers. Gunpowder Treason.

At last the ancient prophecy seemed to be fulfilled; a Scotch king was seated on the sacred stone at Westminster and crowned king of England. After the fighting and discord of so many hundred years, we may say that Edward I.'s will was accomplished, and one man was king over the whole island; and yet, too, Bruce's will was satisfied, for Scotland was free, and indeed gave the king to all. But the new monarch was no very kingly man, and the House of Stuart was the most unfortunate and the most unbearable of all the royal lines which England ever had. There is indeed a sort of romance about some of them, which makes their history fascinating; but there was nothing romantic about James I.

1603. James I.

The descriptions one reads of him are uniformly ridiculous. "Nature and education," writes Macaulay, "had done their best to produce a finished specimen of all that a king ought not to be." Then he tells of "his awkward figure, his rolling eye, his rickety walk, his nervous tremblings. . . . The most ridiculous weaknesses seemed to meet in this wretched Solomon of Whitehall; pedantry, buffoonery, garrulity, low curiosity, the most contemptible personal cowardice." One can hardly believe this was the son of the beautiful and enchanting Mary.

James had a respectable amount of talent and intelligence, but he had no dignity, no majesty either of character or presence. Though he was fond of theological studies, and even wrote some books on those subjects; though he had a new edition, and in part a new translation, of the English Bible published, and is complimented in the preface as being "a most tender and loving nursing father to the Church,"

yet his private life was immoral, and his court was utterly disgraceful. Some of the best poets and dramatists of his time, when they imitated the manners and talk of James's courtiers, produced plays which are so shameless and coarse that it would be a disgrace to look at them.

He and all the Stuarts had as much love of arbitrary government as the Tudors, but they had not what the Tudors had, the gift of seeing and understanding when they might have their own way and when they must yield. When the masterful Elizabeth saw that her will clashed with the will of the nation, she could be wise and give in; but the Stuarts never did nor could see that. It was in their time that the great struggle came, and it was shown to all kings and to all people that England was a free country, whose kings must rule according to the laws and the will of the people, or they should not rule at all. It was a hard struggle, and cost one of the Stuarts his life and another his throne; but it was fought to the end, and will never have to be fought again.

James I., though he was tolerated, and died peaceably, king both of England and Scotland, began the contest, little imagining what he was doing. He was a strict Protestant, for, having been separated from his mother all his life, he had been brought up by the Scotch Reformers. The Scotch had gone much farther in their reformation than the English had done. They did not permit many things which the Church of England approved, such as for the clergymen to wear a white surplice, or to make the sign of the cross in baptism; they disliked, indeed, the whole English Liturgy. But most of all they objected to bishops and archbishops; they believed that the Church ought only to be governed by presbyters, or priests, and that all bishops were unscriptural. The greater part of the Scotch people hold the same opinion now, and the Established Church of Scotland is called Presbyterian because they have no bishops, but only presbyters. The word "presbyter" is taken from a Greek word meaning "elder," and the word "priest" is only the same shortened down.

When James, however, went to England, he at once attached himself to the Episcopalian Church, and the bishops attached themselves to him. The Church of England had changed in some respects since the time of Cranmer and Ridley; and though they had not drawn nearer to Rome, for they were still as strong against

James and the Church of England.

the Pope as ever, they had to a certain extent inclined towards some of the Catholic doctrines.

They considered that no church could be a church without bishops; for they believed that supernatural powers had descended to them from the apostles, and that no clergyman was properly a clergyman who had not been ordained by the laying on of their hands. They inclined to favor the celibacy of the clergy; they did all they could to make the Church service more ornamental, by handsome vestments, painted windows, and other decorations. Thus they and the Puritans drew farther and farther apart. The same parties still continue to exist in England. There is the High Church, or Ritualistic party; there is the Low Church party, who resemble the old Puritans somewhat; and there are various bodies of Dissenters or Nonconformists, who are also like the Puritans in some ways. But now they live side by side very peaceably.

The king and the Church were very closely bound together. The Church began to hold and teach the doctrine of the divine right of kings, which it is said James I. invented. It was claimed that whatever sort of man a king might be, however he governed or misgoverned, if he were the heir by right of birth, being the eldest son, or descended from the eldest son, of the last king, he was appointed by God king of the land, and no Christian might oppose him. This doctrine is evidently quite contrary to the whole history of England, in the course of which no king was crowned till he had sworn to obey the laws, to govern justly, and protect the rights and liberty of his subjects. If he broke his vow he was either brought to reason, and compelled to amend, or he was got rid of in one way or another. Nor is this doctrine to be found in the Bible. As Macaulay points out, we should perhaps judge from that that *younger* sons, not *elder* ones, were the favorites of Heaven. Jacob was not the eldest son of Isaac, nor Judah of Jacob, nor David of Jesse, nor Solomon of David.

The divine right of kings.

This doctrine, however, became the favorite doctrine of the High Church party, and the kings, on their part, favored and protected the Church and the bishops with all their power. And between them they dealt with the Puritans in a high-handed way. We have a specimen in the answer James gave to some remonstrance about the use of the surplice, and the signing of the cross in

Treatment of the Puritans.

baptism: "If, after the gospel's preaching forty-five years among you, there be any yet unsatisfied, I doubt it proceeds rather out of stubbornness of opinion than out of tenderness of conscience, and therefore let them conform themselves, or else they shall hear farther of it." Hearing farther of it generally meant fines and imprisonment.

The Puritans, being oppressed, and not even allowed to meet quietly for prayer and preaching in private houses, began to think of leaving the country altogether. A great many Englishmen had been to America, and had perceived how excellent a land it would be for English colonists. The English sailors were always bringing home wonderful stories of the Indies, as they were still called. The Puritans resolved to seek liberty there; and though the government strove to prevent their leaving the country, some of the most resolute among them sailed away over the Atlantic in a little vessel called the Mayflower. They gave up the native land which they dearly loved, their homes, their friends, all that they had, and they landed on a wild, rough, desolate coast of North America, seeking "freedom to worship God." They named their adopted country "New England," with a loving thought of the old England they had left behind. These brave men, the "Pilgrim Fathers," as we call them, were among the founders of the great American nation. More and more followed them, as they could, looking on America as a sort of promised land. The government, which would give them no peace while they stayed in England, always opposed their going away. In the next reign, when a party of Puritans were making ready to follow their brethren, the government interfered, and entirely prevented their departure. Among this party were Pym, Hampden, and Oliver Cromwell, and, as Hume dryly remarks, "the king had full leisure afterwards to repent this exercise of his authority."

1620. The Pilgrim Fathers.

One of the most enterprising of the travellers who brought back tales from America was Sir Walter Raleigh, a gallant and chivalrous man, who had been a great favorite with Queen Elizabeth, and had named one of the new-found States "Virginia," in her honor. Besides his stories of adventure, he brought to England, what has proved far more valuable than all the gold of Mexico, the potato, which is so largely used now on the tables of rich and poor. He also introduced a more questionable novelty

Sir Walter Raleigh.

—tobacco ("divine tobacco," his friend Spenser calls it); and the story is well known that his servant, for the first time seeing his master smoking, threw a bucket of water over him, supposing him to be on fire. James I. thought the smoking of tobacco a detestable custom, and wrote a book against it, but he could not prevent the new luxury from becoming very popular. James was very cruel and unjust to Sir Walter Raleigh; he imprisoned him on a charge of treason and kept him for many years in the Tower, where Raleigh beguiled his time in writing, or beginning to write, "The History of the World." Prince Henry, James's eldest son, who had more sympathy and a gentler mind than his father, felt great shame at Raleigh's treatment, and wondered how his father "could keep such a bird in such a cage." Raleigh at last ended his life on the scaffold, grieved and lamented over by everyone.

1617.

James, having become what may be called a High Churchman, was not content with persecuting the Puritans; he was equally rigorous with the Roman Catholics. They perhaps hoped that, as they had always sided with his mother Mary, he would be more indulgent to them than Elizabeth had been, but they found themselves mistaken. And it must have made an impression on the minds of the people of England to observe the contrast between them and the Puritans in their way of meeting the hard treatment of the government. The Puritans endeavored quietly to leave the country; the Catholics made plots and conspiracies. They had already been quite accustomed to this mode of action during the days of Elizabeth, and now they began again. It was early in the reign of James I. that the most famous of all their plots, the "Gunpowder Treason," was devised.

The Catholics.

It was a deep-laid plot, and was darkly brooded over for many months before it was discovered. The object was, as the conspirators hoped, to get rid of all their enemies at one stroke, by blowing up the House of Parliament on the day of its assembling. The king would be there in state to open the session; with him would be his eldest son, Prince Henry. They and all the lords, the bishops, and the commons, would be destroyed at once; one of the younger princes should then be proclaimed king, and educated as a Roman Catholic. The plot was very nearly brought to perfection. The barrels of gunpowder were laid

1604. Gunpowder plot.

in readiness under the Parliament House, hidden under piles of fagots. A fearless and fanatical man stood ready to light the fatal train.

One of the traitors, a Northamptonshire gentleman named Tresham, had felt some relentings towards his brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, who would be sure to be in his place in the House of Lords, and would perish with the rest. He wrote him an anonymous letter, in a feigned hand, hinting at some terrible blow which the Parliament would receive, and warning him, as he valued his life, to keep away. This letter, being shown to the king and his ministers, led to the discovery of the plot before it was too late. Guy Fawkes was seized in the cellar; the rest of the conspirators were pursued, and either died in defending themselves, or were taken, tried, and executed.

This Gunpowder Treason had something demoniacal about it. The darkness and mystery, the terribleness of a sudden explosion which would give no warning, the awful cruelty of involving innocent people in the punishment which was supposed to be due to the guilty, and its having so very nearly succeeded, struck the whole nation with horror, and remains still one of the most vivid memories in the imagination of the people. Still it is only just to remark that only eighty men, at most, knew of its existence, and it would be entirely wrong to lay it on the Roman Catholics in general, most of whom probably thought it quite as wicked as the Protestants did.

The conspirators, however, believed themselves to be engaged in a noble and sacred work. One of them, a gentleman of high character and unblemished reputation, Sir Everard Digby, wrote to his wife after his condemnation: "Now for my intention; let me tell you that if I had thought there had been the least sin in the plot, I would not have been in it for all the world; and no other cause drew me to hazard my fortune and my life but zeal to God's religion."

It is said that Digby and some of the others, notably Guy Fawkes, died very penitently and devoutly.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE KING AND THE PARLIAMENT.

The royal prerogative. The Parliament. Charles I. The Cavaliers and the Roundheads. Strafford and Laud. Ship-money. Hampden. The Prayer-book in Scotland.

The royal prerogative.

It was not only in religious matters that James showed his arbitrary spirit, and alienated many of his people. He wished to be supreme in all points, and to have the authority of Henry VIII. without possessing the intellect or character of that able prince. The exact power which lawfully belonged to the king was not at that time very clearly defined, nor can it be said to be so now. The royal prerogative is a shadowy thing, which seems in theory to be very great, but which may shrink to almost nothing unless the sovereign and the nation are of one mind. The Tudors had felt this by instinct, if they did not know it; but the Stuarts neither felt it nor knew it.

At this period, in other countries as well as in England, the monarchs became more despotic than they had ever been yet; in some of them the last traces of liberty disappeared. The kings of Spain became utter tyrants. In France, too, the national assemblies of the people ceased, and the king and nobles did as they pleased, without any check upon them. But in England the people were better off, because Parliament never came to an end.

The Parliament.

During the reigns of the Tudors, it is true, the Parliaments had been very meek and submissive, and had almost always done what the king or queen desired; but outwardly they had all their old powers and rights, and neither king nor queen ever professed to act without their consent. Under the Stuarts the Parliaments were no longer meek and submissive; they remembered their duties and their privileges, and stood up like men to defend them. They fell back on the right which their predecessors had exercised so manfully in days of old, and would

give the king no money until he had redressed their grievances. Then the king in his turn fell back on the old plan of Edward IV., and tried to levy "benevolences." He could not have done much by force, even if he had desired it, because he had no army. Elizabeth's whole standing army is said to have consisted of a hundred beef-eaters,* and James had no hope of getting more.

James, like many other kings, made favorites, and such as the nation could not respect. The principal one was George Villiers, who was afterwards made Duke of Buckingham, but whom the king always called Steenie, because he thought him like a picture he had seen of the martyr Stephen. "Steenie" does not seem to have had anything else saint-like about him, and his principal recommendations were that he danced and dressed beautifully. He treated the king with the greatest familiarity and insolence, which seemed to please James, but disgusted the nation.

The Duke of Buckingham.

But a far more sad and shameful thing than the follies of a worthless courtier occurred during this reign — the disgrace of the most eminent man in the whole kingdom; one of the greatest men, indeed, whom England has ever produced. This was the famous Lord Bacon, who was lord chancellor of England, but whose great fame rests upon his writings and his studies more than on his high position. He has been long looked on as the father of modern science, though it is now supposed by some competent authorities that his work has been somewhat overrated. He carried on the ideas of his great old namesake, Roger Bacon, by teaching men to observe Nature, and to learn from her instead of busying themselves with words and phrases of their own manufacture.

Lord Bacon.

He had grand thoughts and clothed them in noble words, but it is unfortunately true that neither thoughts nor words could help him to live a noble life. Most of his books were written in Latin, but one was in English, a little book of essays, which are full of wise thoughts, very forcibly expressed, about matters of constant and practical interest. They are about envy, truth, death, parents and children, marriage and single life. One is about "judicature." It shows that he had reflected gravely on the responsibilities

* Beef-eaters, corrupted from buffetiers, personal attendants.

of a judge's office. "The place of justice," he wrote, "is an hallowed place; and therefore not only the bench, but the foot pace and precincts thereof ought to be preserved without scandal and corruption." "Judges should imitate God, in whose place they sit." Yet the man who wrote this, the highest judge in the land, was charged with taking bribes, a hundred pounds from one; three or four hundred
1620. pounds from another. He was found guilty, admitted the justice of the charge with shame and penitence, and was degraded from his high office by the king and Parliament.

In his case the world seems to have quite reversed Shakespeare's aphorism, —

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interrèd with their bones."

For the sake of his great works as a philosopher and a writer, his name is held in honor, and his faults and infirmities pardoned.

James continued to go contrary to the wishes of his people in most matters to the end of his reign. They earnestly desired him to help the cause of the Protestants abroad. His own daughter, Elizabeth, who was so gracious and beautiful that she was called the Queen of Hearts, had married a Protestant German prince, the Elector Palatine Frederic, who was afterwards elected king of Bohemia. He
1620. was in great need of help and support; but though the country implored James to take his part, he would not do so.

It was still more offensive to the English that he actually wished to make friends with Spain. He seemed to forget the past, — the cruelty of Philip, the dread of the Armada, and the triumph and deliverance of England, — and wished to marry his son to a Spanish princess. His eldest son, Henry, having died very young, the second, Charles, became heir to the throne, and it was proposed that he should take a Spanish wife. Charles and the favorite Buck-
1623. ingham went off in disguise to Spain, but on their way thither, passing through Paris, Charles saw a French princess who attracted him. Nevertheless he went on and saw the Spanish princess also; he dallied and played with the Spaniards, making them believe that he fully intended to marry her; but as soon as he returned to England he broke off the match.

This insincerity and deceit did not promise very well for the honor of the future king of England, but the people were so delighted to be freed from the fear of a Spanish alliance that they were inclined to overlook all that was bad in their prince's conduct, and were willing for him to marry the French princess, Henrietta Maria. But before the marriage had taken place James I. died, and he became king as Charles I.

The new king was a great contrast to his father. James was insignificant and contemptible in his looks and manners; Charles was royal, dignified, and handsome. In manners he was every inch a gentleman; he was also a scholar and (in his own way) a Christian. His private character, too, was unlike James's; he was pure in life, a faithful husband, and a loving father. We seem to know his beautiful and melancholy face very well from the portraits which he left behind him. Had he been vulgar, undignified, and clownish, there would not have been such discordant opinions about him and his character. His greatest fault was that he never could be trusted to keep his promises; he was fond of bidding Parliament rely on his "royal word," but he was not at all particular as to observing it. 1625. Charles I.

He had already in his love-making shown a specimen of this fatal defect in his character. The new French queen, and still more her attendants, soon became very distasteful to the nation, chiefly on account of their religion. It was believed that some of the Catholic priests who had followed the queen from France "had not only practised with the Pope on the one side, and the English Papists on the other, but had had intelligence also with the Spaniard." There is a very amusing contemporary letter about these attendants of the queen. The priests who attended on her, says the writer, "were the most superstitious, turbulent, and Jesuited priests that could be found in all France, very fit to make firebrands of sedition in a foreign state." The king found it necessary to order all these "hypocritical dogs," besides numbers of ladies and servants, to quit the country. When it was made known that they were to go away, "the women howled and lamented as if they were going to execution," and the queen, it was said, "grew very impatient, and brake the glass windows with her fist;" but Charles held to his purpose; and The queen.

though he rewarded them handsomely, they had to go. He knew very well how to be peremptory, and could use language, at this period at least, not quite befitting a "royal saint." Witness this letter of his, entirely in his own hand, to the Duke of Buckingham, "for the final driving away of the Monsieurs."

1626.

"STEENIE, — I have received your letter by Dic Græme; this is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the town. If you can, by fair means (but stick not long in disputing); otherwise force them away, driving them away like so many wild beasts, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil go with them. Let me hear no answer but of the performance of my command."

Charles's reign was almost entirely taken up with strife between himself and his friends on one side, and the Parliament and their supporters on the other. The two great parties into which they gradually formed themselves came to be called the Cavaliers and the Roundheads; afterwards they received the names of Whigs and Tories, and they were, we may say, the fathers of the present Conservatives, and the Radicals or Liberals; only the two parties now are far nearer together than they were then, and instead of war to the knife, they oppose one another in a lawful and constitutional manner, by electing members of Parliament, whose votes decide the policy of the nation.

Beginnings of strife.

Charles's party appear the most attractive in tales, and look the best in portraits. He had on his side nearly all the nobility, and most of the country gentlemen, men of birth and good breeding, faithful, loyal, devoted, and honorable. He had also the bishops and clergy, and the universities, nearly all of what are called the higher classes, and who were greatly afraid of lawlessness and the violence of the mob. The Cavaliers had a stately air, wore long hair, fine lace collars and ruffles, and looked aristocratic. There were, however, besides these, many gay young fellows of lower birth, who joined the king's party because they hated the strictness of the Puritans.

The Cavaliers.

The other side comprised but few of the nobility and higher gentry; but nearly all the middle ranks, the merchants, the shopkeepers, and the country farmers or yeomen.

The true hearts, the religion, and love of liberty of these men were glorious, and for the lasting good of England, but they were not so romantic or imposing as the Cavaliers. Indeed, in some ways they had already begun to make themselves ridiculous. They had not the good taste to avoid absurdity and exaggeration, nor the sense to see what points were of real consequence and what were not. They also began to read the Old Testament more than the New, and to think that all things which the Jews had done of old were still the right things for Christians to do; thus they became fierce and vindictive. They called Sunday the sabbath, and wished to have it observed as strictly as the Jews observed the seventh day. The most harmless amusements they considered sinful. "It was a sin," says Macaulay, "to hang garlands on a May-pole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear love-locks (as the long curls of the Cavaliers were called), to put starch into a ruff, to read the 'Fairy Queen.'" "To know whether a man was really godly was impossible. But it was easy to know whether he had a plain dress, lank hair, no starch in his linen, no gay furniture in his house, whether he talked through his nose and showed the whites of his eyes, whether he named his children Assurance, Tribulation, and Maher-shalal-hashbaz."

The Roundheads.

This picture is not exaggerated. They often changed their own names from Henry or Edward to such as they thought had a more pious sound, and would either choose a name out of the Old Testament, like Hezekiah or Habakkuk, or some religious word or phrase which was not even a name at all. There was one rather famous Puritan, soon after this time, named Praise-God Barebone; and a list is given by Hume of the names of twelve men who were said to have served on one jury, among which were Accepted, Redeemed, Kill-sin, and Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith.

All this was very absurd and irritating, and their gloominess and severity were very unlike Christ's religion. But the true Puritans were great and grand men, nevertheless. In the beginning they were less austere and more liberal. The great poet Milton was one; but he loved music, poetry, and art; there was nothing narrow or sour about him; and his face was as beautiful, as noble, as refined, as Charles's own. The early leaders of the Puritan party, the party of freedom in the coming struggle,

The Puritan leaders.

had none of that littleness or bitterness in their spirit; they were country gentlemen, well educated and well born, who were representing their counties as members of Parliament. The names of the most eminent were Eliot, Pym, and Hampden; the two latter were among those whom Charles prevented from emigrating to America. Hampden was perhaps the noblest and most perfect of the Puritan gentlemen.

The king's ministers.

Of the king's ministers, the most celebrated were a layman, Strafford, and an archbishop, Laud. Strafford, or Wentworth, as he was at first called, was a strong, resolute man, who began by being on the side of the people, and opposing the tyranny of the king, but afterwards changed entirely, and was more arbitrary and despotic than ever Charles himself would have been.

Laud was the head of the High Church party. He considered himself a strict Protestant, but other people thought that his great love of ceremonies would lead him to Rome by and by. Fuller tells us of a lady (still living when he wrote his history) "who, turning Papist, and being demanded of the archbishop the cause of her changing her religion, tartly returned, 'My lord, it was because I ever hated a crowd.' And being desired to explain her meaning herein, 'I perceived,' said she, 'that your lordship and many others are making for Rome as fast as ye can and, therefore, to prevent a press, I went before you.'"

Of these chiefs of the rival parties, Eliot died in prison, Hampden was killed in battle, Strafford and Laud were beheaded. Very few of the eminent men of those days came to a peaceful end.

The contest began at once, in the first Parliament in Charles's reign. The king wished for money; the commons wished the redress of grievances. They especially demanded the dismissal of the Duke of Buckingham, who was as great a favorite with Charles as he had been with his father. The king would not redress the grievances, nor would he give up Buckingham; the commons therefore refused to grant the money. Charles then dissolved the Parliament, and tried to get money without their consent. He laid on taxes called tonnage and poundage (duties paid upon every tun of wine or pound of merchandise brought into the country from abroad) by his own authority, and he tried to force rich men to lend money. Many rich people, Hampden among them, refused to lend, and were put in prison. The

poorer people who were inclined to resist were pressed into the fleet, or compelled to enter the army.

Still the king could not get nearly as much money as he wanted, especially as there was again a wretched little war with France going on; he was obliged to summon Parliament once more, and to set the gentlemen whom he had imprisoned at liberty.

The Parliament was again quite ready to give him money if he would redress their grievances, but not without. He delayed and hung back as long as he could; the Parliament at last laid before him what is called the "Petition of Right," which was almost as important and as precious as Magna Charta itself. The principal things on which it insisted were, that the king should raise no taxes without the consent of the Parliament, and that no man should be imprisoned except in a lawful way. Charles was as sorry to sign this as John had been to sign Magna Charta, but he was obliged to do it; and the Parliament then granted him a large sum of money.

1628. The Petition of Right.

Everything, however, went wrong; the war was unsuccessful and inglorious; and the Duke of Buckingham, who was at the head of it, was murdered in the streets of Portsmouth. The king broke all his promises, and went on raising money by the taxes of tonnage and poundage, without the consent of Parliament, and in defiance of the "Petition of Right" which he had signed. Parliament then declared that whoever paid those taxes was an enemy to the liberties of England. The king forbade the members to discuss the matter at all; and when they refused to obey him, he dissolved the House, and put some of the members in prison. One of these was Sir John Eliot, who never lived to come out again.

1629.

The king now determined to go on without Parliament at all, and it was eleven years before it met again. Those were eleven terrible years of despotism and cruelty. There were two councils or courts which, though they had existed before, had not as yet done much mischief, but which now became the main instruments of tyranny, called the High Commission Court and the Star Chamber. They had the power of punishing anyone for what they called contempt of the king's authority, without any legal trial or means of defending himself. Strafford and Laud had all their own way. Laud looked after the

The High Commission Court and the Star Chamber.

religious affairs, and the Puritans were treated with pitiless cruelty. They were imprisoned, whipped, and branded with red-hot irons; their ears were cut off. They fled from the country when they could, though they were not even allowed to do that in peace.

Strafford, on his part, gave his mind to the other department. He formed a great scheme, which he called by the expressive name of "Thorough." This scheme was to make the king absolute; to put all the people, their liberty and their property, entirely in his power, so that he might imprison or tax them as he pleased; to put his will above the laws, and above the judges and the rights of the people. Being a wonderfully strong-minded man, Strafford did much towards establishing his scheme.

The scheme "Thorough."

1631. He was for some time governor in the north of England, and he and his council at York defied the law and set up the royal power to such a point that it was as if Magna Charta had never existed. He went afterwards to Ireland, and did the same there.

But though he had appeared to succeed so far, he felt that there was one weak point; the oppression might be so intolerable that the people would rise and rebel. This had often happened already in England. The king had no army; the hundred beef eaters or a few household guards would not avail much against a nation in arms. In France, where the king was now quite despotic, he had a standing army at his back. Strafford saw that to make his scheme "Thorough" work, the king must have an army too. But here was a great difficulty; for a standing army is expensive, and the king could get no money.

The Crown lawyers and Strafford between them thought of what seemed a very crafty expedient. They dared not make any new taxes, so they fell back upon a very old one; so old, however, and so altered by them, that it almost seemed new.

In former times, when there was danger of invasion, and before the nation had a regular fleet, the government had been used to call on the counties and large towns on the sea-coast to provide ships to defend the country. Sometimes, if these towns had no ships ready or to spare, the king would take money from them instead, and fit out ships himself. Strafford and his associates determined to try this old plan again. But ships or

Ship-money.

1637.

ship-money had never been asked for except in times of war, and now it was a time of peace. Nor had it ever been asked for except from places on the coast; now it was demanded from all the inland counties too. Moreover, ship-money had never been wanted except for fitting out ships; now the king was to do what he pleased with it; and the thing which he would please to do would, no doubt, be to raise an army.

This was a very terrible state of things; the whole country was alarmed and indignant. Some brave men, and notably Hampden, who lived in Buckinghamshire, a long way from the sea, had the courage to refuse to pay. It was a very small sum which was demanded of him, not more than a few shillings; but he saw that the matter at stake was nothing less than the liberty of England. His cause was tried before twelve judges; but judges at this time were almost tools of the king, who could set them up and put them down at his pleasure; and the majority gave judgment against Hampden. Even of those twelve, however, five were opposed to the king, and only seven were on his side, so that the decision was looked on almost as a victory to Hampden. He was honored and admired more than ever by the people, and more and more indignation was felt against the king and Strafford.

Hampden.

As if the king had not yet done mischief enough by alienating the people of England, he turned and exasperated Scotland. It was not by unjust taxes, but by an aggression which they resented still more deeply, — an attack on their religion. We saw how far the Scotch Protestants had carried the Reformation; they detested the Church of England and its bishops nearly as bitterly as the Church of Rome and its Pope. They put Popery and Prelacy together, and they hated the English Prayer-book, the communion-service, the surplice, and the ceremonies vehemently. Just at this moment Charles and Archbishop Laud determined to compel the Scotch to use the liturgy of the English Church in all their churches.

Charles and the Scotch.

The Scotch, who had always been a turbulent and ungovernable people, and who saw with great jealousy their Scotch kings turning into Englishmen, and Scotland sinking as they had feared into an appanage of England, resented this last insult and aggression more than all. They broke out into insurrection, as the Devonshire Cath-

1638.

olics had done, on the same provocation. The rising began on a Sunday — the first Sunday when the Prayer-book was to be read in the church. "No sooner was the book opened by the Dean of Edinburgh," — it is Phillips, Milton's nephew, who tells the story, — "but a number of the meaner sort, with clapping of their hands, and outcries, made a great uproar; and one of them, called Jane or Janot Gaddis (yet living at the writing of this relation), flung a little folding-stool whereon she sat at the dean's head, saying, 'Out, thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug (ear)?' Which was followed with so great a noise" that the service could not go on at all. "All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland," says Carlyle, "rose into unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny's."

The king tried to put down the rebellion, but he had not soldiers enough, nor money enough. He and Strafford could see no alternative before them, after the eleven years they had had their own way, but to call a Parliament again; they dared not make any more attempts to raise taxes illegally, lest England should flame up as Scotland had done.

But when Parliament met, and showed ever so mildly a desire to have the bitter grievances of those eleven years looked into, the king, who could never learn wisdom, nor see that he was walking over a mine of gunpowder, sent them about their business. He tried once more to govern at his pleasure, and even more tyrannically still. Ship-money was levied with increased rigor; soldiers were enlisted by force.

1640. But these soldiers did him no good; they were more inclined to side with the nation, and did not wish to fight the Scotch. Everything went so ill that he was obliged to summon another Parliament.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The Long Parliament. The five members The war begins. Oliver Cromwell. His army. Trial and execution of the king. The military despotism. Battle of Worcester.

When the Parliament first met, all the members seem to have been of one mind. The government had been so flagrantly oppressive and tyrannical that no one attempted to defend it. They all set vigorously to work to restore freedom. The king could make no head against them. Those odious courts, the High Commission, the Star Chamber, and the Council of York, were abolished at once; ship-money was declared illegal, and it was decreed that no interval of more than three years should ever elapse between Parliament and Parliament. Next they resolved to punish the tyrants. No one dreamed yet of punishing the king; but they were determined to be rid of those who had helped and advised him, especially of Strafford and Laud.

1640. Meeting of the Long Parliament.

Both these were imprisoned, and both — Strafford very soon, Laud after a few years — were beheaded. The men on each side of this great conflict doubtless persuaded themselves that they were right; that they were fighting for God, religion, and honor; this is shown by the noble way in which they would go to death. Strafford and Laud died, the one like a hero, the other like a saint; speaking with their latest breath of their devotion to their religion, loyalty to their king, and affection to the peace and welfare of the kingdom.

The end of Strafford and Laud.

Things had, however, come to so bad a pass now, that it was not the death of those two men which could set them right. A rebellion broke out in Ireland. Strafford had ruled the people with a rod of iron, but he had only kept them under for the time, and when he was gone their smothered rage broke out. The Irish indeed

1641. Rebellion in Ireland.

had been oppressed by the English for centuries. They had hardly been looked on as fellow creatures, still less as fellow Christians. In earlier times it had even been said that it was no more sin to kill an Irishman than to kill a dog. No wonder they hated their oppressors. In punishment for some rebellion, a great number of English and Scotch Protestants had been settled in Ulster, turning out the old possessors of the land and their chiefs. The natives, who were devoted Catholics, now rose upon these foreign intruders, and a terrible massacre took place.

It was agreed on all hands that the Irish revolt must be put down, but great differences of opinion arose in the Parliament as to how much power ought to be confided to the king for the purpose. His whole previous career had given rise to the gravest distrust. He had shown himself arbitrary and faithless; he was also believed to be inclined to favor the Roman Catholic religion, under the influence of his wife, who was still more unpopular than he was. It was even rumored, though without the slightest foundation, that he had stirred up the Irish Catholics to murder the Protestants.

After the death of Strafford, Charles had made advances towards conciliation, by taking as his chief ministers some of the more moderate of the members of Parliament, Falkland, Hyde, and Colepepper; men who were loyal and conservative, but who still loved liberty and justice. The king promised he would do nothing without their advice, and would tell them all he thought of doing. Could he but have kept his word! but that was the one thing he never could do.

The new ministers.

That Charles was a good man, in a sense, no one will deny, but he had no principle of truth or honor in him in his dealings with his subjects. He had probably been bred up in the notion, so common among royal personages of that period, that it was no sin to deceive the people under him. The Archbishop of York had told him, in so many words, that there was a private conscience and a public conscience, and that his public conscience as a king might not only dispense with, but oblige him to do, that which was against his private conscience as a man.

The king's conscience.

This doctrine, outrageous and immoral as it sounds, had, nevertheless, a certain truth in it. A constitutional sovereign, one who has to govern according to the sense of Parliament and the nation, can not and must not act always

according to his own judgment. For he sometimes may think that to be right which the Parliament and the majority of the nation think wrong. Kings and queens may often have to consent to things which perhaps their private minds do not approve, but this does no violence to their conscience, because such affairs are settled by the ministers, or, as we call them, the Cabinet, and the Cabinet is always appointed in agreement with the majority of the House of Commons. It was the great misfortune of the Stuarts that no such plan had been thought of in their days, and as they were too blind, or too careless, or too obstinate to see and conform to the will of the nation, they could not escape the disasters which ruined them at last.

In an evil hour one of Charles's consciences caused him to break the promise he had made to his ministers, and without their knowledge or consent he took a step which was, perhaps, the most important and the most fatal in his whole life. He determined to charge five of the principal members of the House of Commons — Hampden, Pym, and three others — with high treason, and to arrest them within the walls of the Parliament. These five were the leaders of the popular party, and it was true that they opposed the tyranny of the king. But whatever they did, they did by fair and legal means, and it is evident that if the members might not say openly what they thought in Parliament, the House of Commons would be of no use, either as advising and checking the king, or as representing the thoughts and the will of the nation.

1642. The five members.

Charles went to the House himself, attended by armed soldiers, to seize on the five members by force. But the five members, who had had a hint of what was coming, were not there. They had taken refuge in the city of London, the Londoners being all in favor of liberty, and resolved to defend it; even "the rude people flocked together, crying out, 'Privilege of Parliament! privilege of Parliament!'" The citizens protected the five members, and appointed a guard to watch over them. Everybody was filled with indignation at this flagrant act of tyranny; even the king's friends, and especially those three ministers, were, as Hyde (afterwards known as Lord Clarendon) tells us, "so much displeased and dejected, that they were inclined never more to take upon them the care of anything to be transacted in that House, for fear of being looked on as the authors of those counsels which they perfectly detested."

In a few days the five members were taken back in triumph. "The Thames was covered with boats, and its shores with the gazing multitude. Armed vessels, decorated with streamers, were ranged in two lines from London Bridge to Westminster Hall. The members returned upon the river in a ship manned by sailors who had volunteered their services. The train-bands of the city, under the command of the sheriffs, marched along the Strand, attended by a vast crowd of spectators," clamoring for the privilege of Parliament. So the five members took their places again, the House of Commons having declared that anyone who attempted to arrest them was a public enemy to the Commonwealth.

The king leaves London.

The king, who was bitterly mortified and ashamed, and who was perpetually hooted and shouted at by the rabble, could not bear to stay and see the triumph of the Parliament, which was his own defeat. He left Whitehall and London, and, as will be seen, he never came back till he came to die.

1642. Commencement of the civil war.

This violence of the king we may look on as the beginning of the great civil war. He and the Parliament had negotiations for some few months longer, but they could never be friends again. Both parties began to muster their supporters and to raise armies. In August, King Charles set up his standard at Nottingham, and the war was begun. The Parliament chose the Earl of Essex as their general, and the first battle was fought in October, at Edgehill. It was a sort of drawn battle, in which neither side conquered; but for some time afterwards things went best with the Royalist party.

The two armies were very unlike, and the king's was by far the best, though he had no great general to command it. One of his principal officers was his nephew, Prince Rupert, who was bold and dashing as a soldier, though he had not the qualities of a commander. The greater part of the nobility and gentry were on the side of the king, and hastened to rally around him in his need. Though they were not trained soldiers, they were high-spirited and brave, accustomed to riding, shooting, and fencing; whilst the Parliament had only been able to enlist the lower sort of hirelings, many of whom were "a mere rabble of tapsters and serving-men out of place." Nor did the Earl of Essex prove himself an able commander. Very early in the war,

Hampden, who would probably have been as good a general as he was a statesman, was killed in a skirmish with Prince Rupert.

But now began to come into note the man who before long rose to be the head of affairs, and whose name is the most famous in this period, — Oliver Cromwell. Those who think Charles I. a saint naturally think Cromwell a wicked murderer, and his memory is still hated and reviled by some. But nobody can deny that he was an extraordinary man, — a strong man with an iron will, a genius for command, and a sincere feeling of religion. It would be vain to attempt to justify all his acts, but that he saved England at this time from slavery and ruin can hardly be questioned.

Oliver Cromwell.

He was a member of the Long Parliament, and was made an officer in its army, though he had not been trained to war. When he compared the two armies, he soon saw what must be done, and set himself to do it. He would not be content with a hired rabble such as the Parliament had begun with; he determined to new model first his own regiment, and then the whole army. His regiment soon became famous under the name of "Cromwell's Ironsides," and the army, when he had organized it, was, perhaps, the most wonderful army the world ever saw. The soldiers had high pay; they were no longer the lowest of the people, but men of decent station, grave character, and some education. They gloried in saying they had not been forced into the service, nor had enlisted for the sake of lucre, but were freeborn Englishmen, who willingly put their lives in jeopardy for the liberties and religion of England.

His army.

Religion, indeed, was the mainspring of all their lives and actions. But it was a strange religion, with as much hatred in it as love. They were irreproachable in their moral conduct; there was no swearing nor drinking, nor other excess among them; but they were most bitter and severe towards any who thought differently from themselves on the doctrines of religion. These soldiers and Cromwell also held different views from the Presbyterians, who were beginning to spread very much in England as well as in Scotland, and who had a strict church discipline of their own. They called themselves Independents, and thought that every Christian congregation had a right to govern itself; so, in

addition to Popery and Prelacy, they hated Presbyterianism as well.

The indignation and contempt they felt against the Church of England led them to do many things which seem most irreverent and revolting, such as stabling their horses in St. Paul's and other cathedrals, and breaking down the carved work and beautiful ornaments. A few years after the wars were over, an English gentleman gave this account of their doings in Lincoln Cathedral: "The soldiers had lately knocked off most of the brasses from the gravestones, so as few inscriptions were left; they told us that these men went in with axes and hammers, and shut themselves in till they had rent and torn off some barge-loads of metal, not sparing even the monuments of the dead, so hellish an avarice possessed them." It was not avarice which possessed them, however, but what they believed to be zeal for God's glory.

They had learned to be self-denying and obedient. Cromwell maintained a strict discipline; he caused them to be rigidly drilled and taught the soldier's art, and they very soon surpassed their enemies. They were as brave and enthusiastic as the Cavaliers, and they were trained and steady and submissive as the Cavaliers never could be. "From the time the army was remodelled," says Macaulay, "to the time it was disbanded, it never found, either in the British Isles or on the Continent, an enemy who could stand its onset. In England, Scotland, Ireland, Flanders, the Puritan warriors, often surrounded by difficulties, sometimes contending against threefold odds, not only never failed to conquer, but never failed to destroy and break in pieces whatever force was opposed to them. They at length came to regard the day of battle as the day of certain triumph, and marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe with disdainful confidence. . . . Turenne expressed the delight of a true soldier when he learned that it was ever the fashion of Cromwell's pikemen to rejoice greatly when they beheld the enemy."

When this army came to be disbanded, after many great events had happened, everyone felt alarmed as to what the consequences might be. There were fifty thousand of them turned loose on the world. But no evil results followed; they quietly took up useful trades, and "the Royalists themselves confessed that none were charged with any theft or

robbery, and none was heard to ask an alms." Here is the testimony of an eye-witness, and a man far more inclined to the Royalist than the Roundhead side (writing in 1663): "Generally they are the most substantial sort of people and the soberest. . . . Of all the old army now, you cannot see a man begging about the streets. You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker, the lieutenant a baker, this a brewer, that a haberdasher; and everyone in his apron and frock, as if they had never done anything else; whereas the other go with their belts and swords, swearing and cursing and stealing, running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other."

It was not to be wondered at that this army carried all before it. The king's forces were defeated in two great battles, Marston Moor and Naseby, and in other smaller ones. The power of the Parliament was established over the whole country. Charles fled to the Scots; and the Scots gave him up, or, as is sometimes said, sold him to the English, who imprisoned him, first in Holmby House, an old manor-house still standing in Northamptonshire; afterwards in Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

1645. Battle of Naseby.

The principal care of the Parliament after its victory was to remodel the religion of the country. Most of the leaders were rigorous Puritans and Presbyterians. They entered into what they called a "solemn league and covenant" to put down popery and prelacy, heresy and schism. They made a strict alliance with the Scotch Presbyterians, who subscribed the league and covenant with all their hearts. The Scotch "Covenanters" have left an undying name behind them, through the heroism with which in after years they endured terrible persecutions; but at the time of which we are writing, their party was in the ascendant, and the English Covenanters now persecuted other people. They turned a great many clergymen out of their parishes, and forbade anyone to read the English Prayer-book even in their own homes. The churches were used by the Puritan ministers.

The Covenant.

Persecution of the Church of England.

John Evelyn, a churchman and a noted man of his time, who kept a diary of the events of this and the subsequent reign, tells us that he went into a church one Whitsunday, "and heard one of their canters, who dismissed the assembly

rudely, and without any blessing." He says that during this period the Church of England was considered to be "utterly lost," which was a great triumph to the Papists. The only argument that could be brought to prove its visibility and existence was that the English ambassador in Paris still had his chapel, where the Anglican Liturgy and ceremonies were maintained.

They rigorously forbade the keeping of festivals, above all Christmas Day, which was the most joyous and dearly-prized of all. Having made an ordinance "that none should any longer observe the superstitious time of the nativity," they would seize upon any worshippers who ventured to meet and celebrate the Church service. Evelyn mentions that "these miscreants" found out a little band with whom he was worshipping one Christmas Day, "held their muskets against them" as they went up to receive the sacrament, as if they would have shot them at the altar, and imprisoned them till the next day, when they were allowed to go home.

In their great zeal, too, the Puritans burned a great many beautiful pictures which Charles I. had collected, whether of heathen subjects or of Madonnas and saints, as being likely to lead to idolatry. Not content with that, as they did not care for any pictures at all, they ordered those which could not be pronounced to be sinful to be sold. Cromwell, however, who was too great a man for this ignorant prejudice, would not allow the order to be entirely carried out, and though a great many treasures were sent out of the country, he saved the cartoons of Raphael, which are now in the Kensington Museum.

It was not very long before Cromwell and the Parliament came to other differences. He and his army being principally Independents, while the Parliament was Presbyterian, they could not work together, and the army, which had begun by being the servant, ended by being the master and the tyrant. There was a wide disagreement as to what was to be done with the captive king. Finding that some of the members of Parliament were inclined to come to terms with him, one of the colonels of the army, a man named Pride, marched with a regiment of infantry to the entrance of the House, and kept a hundred of those members out. This was called "Pride's Purge," and was certainly a more tyrannical act than anything Charles had done towards the House of Commons.

Cromwell and the Parliament.

1648.

After this the remainder of the Parliament agreed that the king should be tried for his life. This was a thing which had never been heard of before. Englishmen were indeed well accustomed to see some of the noblest of their land, dukes, earls, bishops, ladies, and even queens, brought to the block; but not a crowned king. Though more than once a worthless or incompetent king had been deposed and had perished miserably, yet his death had always been in secret and in silence. So much sanctity was still believed to attach to an anointed sovereign, that to bring him before a tribunal of his subjects, still more to shed his sacred blood on the scaffold, appeared like sacrilege. Trial of the king.

But the Puritan leaders were not men to commit murder in the dark; what they did they would do in the face of day; though by so doing they shocked and appalled not only the king's own friends, but nearly all the people in the land. Although Charles had been so bad a king, and, since his troubles, had become more and more deceitful and false, so that his dearest friends were ashamed and grieved, yet now that his last days drew nigh his spirit rose. At his trial, and after the sentence of death had been pronounced, he behaved with a firmness and calm dignity worthy of a king.

He took a tender leave of his young children; the elder ones as well as the queen were already out of the country. Hume relates that, placing his little son on his knee, he said, "Now they will cut off thy father's head." At these words the child looked very steadfastly upon him. "Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say; thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them; and thy head too they will cut off at last. Therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them!" The duke, sighing, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first." So determined an answer from one of such tender years filled the king's eyes with tears of joy and admiration.

On the scaffold he said that he died for the liberty and laws of the people. When he was preparing for the block, Bishop Juxon, who attended him, said, "There is, sir, but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way, it will carry you 1649. His execution.

from earth to heaven." . . . The king replied, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." At one blow his head was severed from his body.

From that moment people were ready to forget all his faults, and to consider him, as many do still, a saint and a martyr. Nearly everyone in England would have echoed the words of Lord Clarendon, that "the execution of that sentence was the most execrable murder that was ever committed since that of our blessed Saviour." And, as in the old times if a great saint were put to death it was always reported that miracles were wrought at his tomb or by his relics, so now it was said that marvellous cures were performed by the blood of the martyred king. Evelyn tells us of one that was blind being restored to sight by it.

Henceforward, though the nation was held down by Cromwell and his army, it began to hate the new order of things, and to long for the royal family back again. All the Cavaliers, and many Presbyterians, considered Charles's eldest son, a young man of nineteen, as lawfully their king, though he did not begin to reign till eleven years afterwards; for all that time the country was entirely under the dominion of the army. The two great powers which had begun the contest — the king and the Parliament — were both put an end to, and the army, with Cromwell at its head, was supreme. A sort of shadow of Parliament, however, lingered on for a time, while Cromwell had other things to attend to.

Cromwell and the army supreme.

Another great rebellion broke out in Ireland. Everything that happened in that unfortunate country, every new set of people that went and settled there, seemed to make things worse. Carlyle says that the history of it, and its condition at this time, "remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness. . . . There are parties on the back of parties, at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale (that is, the part where the early English settlers had lived, see p. 169) under my Lord This and my Lord That; there are old Irish Catholics under papal nuncios and native chiefs, who cannot agree with the other Catholics. There are Royalists under the Duke of Ormond, strong for king without covenant; there are Presbyterians, strong for king with covenant; lastly, Michael Jones and the commonwealth of England,

The condition of Ireland.

who want neither king nor covenant. All these, plunging and tumbling in huge discord for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black, unutterable blot we speak of. . . . Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot, full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as armies; savage hordes, rather, full of hatred, and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity, and noise. Undrilled, unpaid, driving herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains; taking shelter always in the bogs, whither the cavalry cannot follow them."

Cromwell came upon all this, says Carlyle, "like a torrent of Heaven's lightning." He conquered the country, and he brought it into order and a sort of peace, but he was terribly cruel. Immense numbers of soldiers, 1649. besides priests, friars, and others, were slaughtered, and thousands of people were driven from their homes, while English Protestants were settled down in their place. Cromwell writes about this slaughter as if it were the work of the Spirit of God, and wishes "that all honest hearts may give the glory to God."

After nine months of this work, and when Ireland was exhausted and trampled into tranquillity, Cromwell returned to England, where he was received with great honors, and went to live in King Charles's palace at Whitehall. Some time afterwards the Parliament gave him Hampden Court Palace, where Charles had also passed much of his time.

Troubles came next in Scotland, which took up the cause of the banished Prince Charles, under the brave and loyal Montrose, one of the noblest of all the Royalists. Though his expedition failed, and he himself was put to death, the prince ventured to come over to Scotland, and was received by a large part of the nation as king. He was a gay and pleasure-loving youth, but he now had to promise to be a Presbyterian (a promise which he never meant to keep), and to conform himself outwardly to their strict and gloomy ways. He was kept in such stern order, so preached at, scolded at, and watched, that it seems to have been the most wretched part of his life. Prince Charles in Scotland.

The Puritan clergy, Lord Clarendon says, "were in such continual attendance upon him, that he was never free from their importunities, under pretence of instructing him in religion; and so they obliged him to their constant hours of

their long prayers, and made him observe the Sunday with more rigor than the Jews accustomed to do their sabbath; and reprehended him very sharply if he smiled on those days, and if his looks and gestures did not please them; whilst all their prayers and sermons, at which he was compelled to be present, were libels and bitter invectives against all the actions of his father, the idolatry of his mother, and his own malignity."

Cromwell marched into Scotland at the head of his invincible army, and beat the Royalists in a great battle at Dunbar. When Charles and his army left Scotland, and marched into England, he followed, and utterly defeated them at Worcester. The young king had to fly for his life, and met with most wonderful adventures and hair-breadth escapes in endeavoring to take refuge in France. He seems to have been fond of telling these adventures afterwards, and they are recorded in Lord Clarendon's History. We have them also in a shorter form, as they were heard from Charles's own lips, by Samuel Pepys, who kept a diary; one of the most odd and entertaining books in the world. He tells us that the king "fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through; as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester could not know him, but made him drink the king's health, and said that the king was at least four fingers higher than he. . . . In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the king was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties of getting a boat to get into France" (he started from *Bright-helmsted*, a small fishing town on the coast of Sussex, now called Brighton), "where he was fain

1650. Battle of Worcester.

Escape of Charles.

to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fécamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stolen something or other."

It was just after the battle that the king hid himself in an oak tree, where he could sit in security watching those who came in search of him, and hearing them say what they would do with him when they caught him, which oak tree is still commemorated by the wearing of oak apples on the 29th of May, the day when he was restored to his kingdom.

Though in the course of his wanderings Charles was recognized by a large number of both men and women, and though a proclamation was issued promising a thousand pounds to anyone who would deliver him up, and declaring the penalty of high treason against any who should harbor or conceal him, not one of them had a thought of betraying him, either through hope of reward or dread of punishment.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PROTECTOR AND THE KING.

The rule of Oliver Cromwell. The fame of England. Death of Oliver. The army supreme. Recall of Charles II. Reaction against the Puritans. The plague and the fire.

Cromwell and his army were now victorious everywhere. The poor remains of the Long Parliament, which had begun so grandly and had done such brave things, were now sunk into contempt. They looked on with displeasure at the new tyranny which was growing up, but they were quite helpless. At last, one day Cromwell marched into the House with a body of soldiers, had the Speaker pulled out of his chair by force, called his mace a bauble, and, after abusing and insulting the members, turned them all out of the House, and locked the door. No one dared cry "Privilege of Parliament" this time; Cromwell and the Ironsides were too strong for them.

1653. Cromwell breaks up the Parliament.

The government was now supposed to be republican, and England was called a commonwealth; but in fact the whole country lay at the feet of Cromwell. He would have liked very much to be made king and called so, but the army, though wholly devoted to him, hated the title of king, and he was instead called the lord protector. He resolved to try and govern in the old way, with a House of Lords and a House of Commons; but his plan did not succeed very well. One of the Parliaments he summoned was not fairly elected, and was generally despised. One of its most active members being the leather-seller, Praise-God Barebone, it was derisively called by the people "Barebone's Parliament." His other Parliament, when it attempted to do its duty and to put some check on his despotic will, he dissolved, just as James or Charles would have done. His House of Lords was ridiculed by everybody. Scarcely any of the real nobility of the old families which the people respected would attend; it was

He is made lord protector.

said that Oliver invited draymen and cobblers to take seats in it. It was true that men of all trades had been officers in Cromwell's army, had done good work for the country, and were worthy of all respect; but when they attempted to appear as lords and nobles they became ridiculous, and even the House of Commons would not honor them by calling them lords.

If ever there was an absolute monarch in the world, Oliver Cromwell had become one; but it cannot be denied that as long as he reigned, he reigned gloriously. He restored justice and order; no judge dared touch a bribe; no one dared stir up strife or tumult. He was even reasonably tolerant in religion. The great parties had broken up into many different sects by this time, and he strove to make them live peaceably together. He even allowed the Jews to come back to England, none of whom had entered the country since the day when Edward I. had banished them. It is curious to consider that when Shakespeare drew the character of Shylock, he had probably never seen a Jew. Some of them established themselves in London, though they were not allowed to build a synagogue till 1662. Cromwell, indeed, became so famous that some of the Jews in foreign parts began to think he must be their expected Messiah, and sent a body of Rabbis to England to try and find out whether he had not had some Jewish ancestors. He did not seem to have been at all flattered by this compliment, and sent the Rabbis off again in great indignation.

His government.

It was while Cromwell was lord protector that the first missionaries were sent out from England to convert the heathen. Very large sums of money are now raised every year by the Church of England and other bodies for the purpose of spreading Christianity far and wide. Cromwell's government caused collections to be made in every parish in England for sending missionaries to the American Indians. The first of the missionaries was a most devoted and heroic man named Eliot, who converted a great many of the savages, and translated the Bible into their language.

England at this time rose to great fame and glory abroad. After Elizabeth's death she had sunk down under the Stuart kings to be a second-rate power; but Cromwell's wisdom and energy raised her up again, till she seemed the greatest and mightiest nation in Europe.

England's fame.

All the other countries tried to win her friendship. Her fleet once more became grand and powerful. She had an admiral named Blake, who was as brave and gallant as Raleigh or Drake. England went to war with Holland at this time, which was also a great naval power. But they and all the other enemies of England were conquered. The English pride was much gratified during these wars by the taking of Dunkirk, a port in Flanders, for it seemed to make compensation for the loss of Calais, which, though it had happened a hundred years before, they never could forget. Evelyn the Royalist notes in his diary: "I went to see the great ship newly built by the Usurper Oliver, carrying ninety-six brass guns, and a thousand tons burthen. In the prow was Oliver on horseback, trampling six nations under foot, — a Scot, Irishman, Dutchman, Frenchman, Spaniard, and English, as was easily made out by their several habits. A Fame held a laurel over his insulting head, the word '*God with us.*'"

1658.

Still more to his lasting glory, Cromwell was the friend and protector of persecuted Protestants abroad. Among the Alps, nestling among the mountain valleys, lived a harmless race of humble Protestants, — the Vaudois or Waldenses, — who were not strictly Protestant, but who, living in those secluded regions, had kept fast to primitive Christianity, and had disregarded the new things which had been added in the course of ages. The Duke of Savoy determined to force these poor people to renounce their faith or to leave their homes. Those who did not or could not go away, and who would not give up their Bibles and their religion, were massacred without mercy. Their sufferings were awful. It was related that "a mother was hurled down a rock with a little infant in her arms, and three days after was found dead, with the little child alive, but fast clasped between the arms of the dead mother, which were cold and stiff, insomuch that those who found them had much ado to get the young child out." Those who could escape into the mountains sent messengers to England for help. Cromwell at once proclaimed a general fast, and a national collection for the help of the survivors. Nearly forty thousand pounds was contributed. But Cromwell did more. He sent an ambassador to the murdering duke, demanding the instant suspension of the persecution. Such was the awe inspired by Cromwell's name, that the

The Vaudois.

1655.

duke submitted without hesitation; the innocent people were allowed to return to their homes and to worship God in peace. Cromwell had a noble helper in this work, — the Puritan poet Milton. Many of the letters on this business were written by him, and his heart, glowing with pity and indignation, poured itself out in a prayer which is almost like an inspired psalm: —

"Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
Forget not; in Thy book record their groans,
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe."

Notwithstanding all his glory, and his many noble points, the people in general did not love Cromwell. If it were true, as Evelyn thought, that one of the six nations which he was trampling under foot in the prow of his ship was England, we can well understand the feeling. Nor was it likely that the nation would long submit to be governed by a despotism. There were insurrections and plots, and the Protector knew that his life was not safe. He wore a steel shirt under his clothes; he never went out unless attended by an escort, and seldom came home by the same road on which he started. He dared not sleep always in the same bedroom, but had several different ones, each of which had a secret door.

At last he died a natural death. It was on the day when he had won two of his great victories, and which he used to call his "fortunate day." As he looked back on his career he seemed to have some misgivings as to parts of his conduct. He did not know if he had always acted as befitted a Christian man; but some of his last words were, "Truly God is good. He will not leave me; my work is done; God will be with His people."

1658. Death of Cromwell.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey with more pomp and honor than had been shown to some of the greatest

kings. His son Richard was declared Protector in his stead. He was very unlike his father; he was amiable and harmless, but he was only fitted for the life of a quiet country gentleman. The one great power in the country, Cromwell's army, despised him. He was very soon turned out, and the old Long Parliament, which began to be contemptuously called the Rump, was called back once more. Richard never made the least effort to keep his high place; he retired contentedly into private life, and died at last at a good old age.

The soldiers soon turned the Parliament out again, and made a sort of government of their own. England was still under the army, and there was no Cromwell at its head. This seemed too dreadful for Englishmen to endure, and nearly everybody began to long for the old constitution back again, under which England had been free, orderly, and famous; not only the Cavaliers, but the Presbyterians too, desired to have their king again. Only that terrible army, which had never yet been beaten, was determined not to have the king back, but to keep the power in its own hands.

The army without Cromwell.

It is difficult to say what could have been done if the army had remained united; but now that Cromwell's firm hand was gone, the army began to lose unity, and to quarrel within itself. The most powerful general left was named Monk, who was at the head of one part of the army, and strongly opposed to the other part. He marched down from Scotland to London. As he came, the people flocked around him, imploring him to restore peace and liberty. The fleet sailed up the Thames, and declared against the tyranny of the soldiers. The Londoners assembled by thousands, calling for liberty and a free Parliament. The people refused to pay any more taxes, and Monk, who had kept silence hitherto, at last declared there should be a free Parliament.

It was known that the first thing a free Parliament would do would be to restore the monarchy, and everybody was overjoyed. They lighted bonfires in every street, and all over the country, as far as to the Land's End; they rang the church bells; they all hoped freedom and law were to return with the young king. The Long Parliament met for the last time to issue writs for a new election, and then dissolved itself forever.

Charles II. was at Breda, in Holland. A fleet was sent over to bring him back in triumph to the country which he

had quitted in the little fishing-boat ten years before. One of the men in this fleet was Pepys, who was secretary to the admiralty, and who tells all about it in his diary. He says he heard that King Charles and his attendants were in a very poor way, both for clothes and money, "their clothes not being worth forty shillings, the best of them;" whereas my lords who went to fetch him had very fine things indeed, "as rich as silver and gold can make them." He tells us, too, how overjoyed the king was when Sir J. Grenville brought him some money, even calling his brother and sister to look at it before it was taken out of the portmanteau. When he was to land at Dover, Pepys followed in a boat, with one of the attendants and "a dog the king loved."

1660. The king is brought back.

The cliffs of Dover were crowded with people; nobles, citizens, men of all ranks, weeping with joy. The mayor presented Charles with a very rich Bible, which he accepted, saying it was "the thing he loved above all things in the world." The London ministers gave him a Bible afterwards, and he promised them that it should be the rule of all his actions.

Along the road from Dover to London, it was one continual triumph, flags flying, bells ringing, wine and ale flowing in rivers, crowds of rejoicing people everywhere. And so he arrived in London. "I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God," says the good and pious John Evelyn.

No one yet knew what the king would be like, or whether he was worthy of this rapture. It soon began to appear that, though he had been trained in the school of adversity, he had not learned wisdom. He was bright, witty, and good-natured, but there the enumeration of pleasant traits must end. Though he had said he loved the Bible above everything in the world, he had not religion enough to keep him from the most shameful vices. He was more frightfully and openly immoral than any in the long list of English kings; he was idle and reckless; he was untruthful and ungrateful. Pepys writes rather despondingly after a time, "that the king do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in anything that is to his good and honor, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards." He pro-

Charles II.

fessed to be a member of the Church of England, as his father had been, but in his heart he veered about between infidelity and Catholicism. On his death-bed he declared himself a Catholic.

At the beginning, however, all went well; and, indeed, his charming manners, his wit and pleasantness, made him popular with most of his subjects to the last, especially as his successor, they knew, would be much worse than himself. One of his witty courtiers, pretending to make his epitaph, wrote, —

> "Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
> Whose word no man relies on,
> Who never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

Reaction against the Puritans.

The people in general were the more rejoiced to have the king and the Church of England restored, because the Puritans had been so intolerably grim and morose. They had put down all amusements and pleasures, bad and good. Not content with forbidding anyone to go to church on Christmas Day, and pointing muskets at them as they received the sacrament, they had ordered it to be observed as a fast day. They had pulled down the May-poles, and forbidden all dancing, bell-ringing, puppet-shows, and the like. As was natural, there was now a great reaction. "May-poles were set up in every cross-way, and at the Strand, near Drury Lane, the most prodigious one for height that was perhaps ever seen." Had it stopped at the May-poles it would have been very well, but a great many people, and, above all, the court, went to the other extreme in far more important matters, and, instead of being over religious and strict, gloried in being wicked and dissolute.

It is almost incredible how shameless the king and the lords and ladies about him were. Wicked women were made duchesses and complimented and honored, while virtuous ladies, and the poor queen among them, were slighted and insulted.

But we are not to think that the whole nation was sunk in vice. Though the follies and exaggerations of the Puritans were swept away, their good and noble work remained deep-rooted in the hearts of thousands of Englishmen. In reading the various books written in this period, it is startling to pass from one to another, and to notice the amazing

contrast. One of our books might be the "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.," which is full of stories of the king, and the courtiers, and the fine ladies, and the lives they led; some of them amusing, but most of them frivolous, disgusting, and contemptible. Another might be the "Life of Mrs. Godolphin," a lady who, in the midst of that profligate court, was so pure, pious, and charitable that she seems to have really been, as Evelyn thought her, "too blessed a creature to converse with mortals, fitted as she was, by a most holy life, to be received into the mansions above." Or it might be the "Life of Baxter," one of the most famous of the Puritan clergy, who wrote "The Saint's Rest." His life we find filled with grave and holy thoughts, with wisdom, and unhappily with sufferings and persecutions. It is so wonderful to think of those two modes of life going on in one country at one time, the intense discordance between every idea, every thought, hope, or belief of the two sets, that one feels instinctively it could not last. Happy for England that the grave and God-fearing element proved the enduring one.

A great number of the most respectable of the Presbyterians and their ministers had helped in restoring the king; and he on his part had made them promises of toleration and protection. Even if he wished — and it seems in his careless way he did rather wish — to keep these promises, the Cavaliers and the Church of England would not let him. They had been persecuted by the Puritans when their side of the wheel was down, and now that it was up they were determined to have their revenge. Some attempts were at first made to reconcile the moderate Presbyterians, such as Baxter, Howe, and others, with the moderate Episcopalians. They had conferences and discussions, but nothing came of it. Even the more temperate and large-hearted among them could not believe exactly alike, and they could not agree to differ.

Persecution of the Puritans.

The Puritans were terribly persecuted. Two thousand of their clergy were turned out of their livings and left penniless. They were not allowed to have chapels or meeting-houses; anyone who attended a Dissenting meeting, if he were convicted three times, might be transported for seven years. If they met ever so quietly in a private house, even to pray for a dying person, it would be called a conventicle, and they would be imprisoned.

Prisons were not then what they are now, and imprisonment was no light punishment. For no offence but worshipping God according to his conscience, a good, thoughtful, and religious man would be thrust into a cell crowded with villains and ruffians of the lowest class. There, in the midst of oaths and brutality, shocking to hear and see, he would be left to cold, hunger, nakedness, and often death. The state of the prisons was so horrible that there was a special fever, known as jail fever, which even judges and barristers often caught from the prisoners they were trying, and of which many men died.

"It was impossible," says Macaulay, "for the Dissenters to meet together without precautions such as are employed by coiners and receivers of stolen goods. The places of meeting were frequently changed. Worship was performed sometimes just before break of day; sometimes at dead of night. Round the building where the little flock was gathered sentinels were posted, to give the alarm if a stranger drew near. The minister would have to be disguised as a carter or collier, and would come in through the back yard in a smock-frock, and with a whip in his hand." With all these precautions, they were often caught and carried to prison. Pepys writes in his diary: "I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform . . . or be more wise and not be catched."

John Bunyan, who lived in this reign, and was a tinker by trade, was sent to prison for preaching, and kept there twelve years. Everybody has read the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress." It was during those years of imprisonment, or having, as he said, "lighted on a certain place where was a den" (Bedford Jail), that he laid him down and slept, and dreamed that wondrous dream.

1660-72.

The Dissenters were fettered by many statutes. No one was allowed to be mayor of a town, or to hold any office in a corporation, without taking the sacrament according to the forms of the English Church. No one was allowed to hold any office in the army or navy, or any government employment, without doing the same, and declaring that he did not believe in transubstantiation. These acts were called the Test and Corporation Acts. Many Dissenters did not particularly object to receive the

Test and Corporation Acts.

sacrament in the Church of England now and then; so that to take office, like that of mayor or alderman, for instance, they would come to church once, and then during the rest of the year keep away; and in after times, when their meetings were made legal, they would regularly attend their own chapels. But the clergy thought this wrong, and complained that it was a hardship to force them to administer the communion to men whom everybody knew to be Dissenters. Some time afterwards a law was passed forbidding a man to attend a "conventicle," or Dissenting chapel, during the whole time he held his office. This law, however, did not last long.

The Test Act was aimed especially against the Roman Catholics, whom the Tories and the Church were quite as willing to persecute as they were the Dissenters. But as both Charles and his brother James were in favor of Catholicism, they were rather averse to these acts. In fact, they would have liked to fill the army with Catholics, both officers and men, and so to have oppressed the Church of England in its turn. Charles, however, was more prudent than his brother, and it was not till James's reign that this matter became really formidable.

Two dreadful misfortunes befell the city of London during the reign of Charles II. The first was the Great Plague, which broke out in a more terrible way than had been known since the time of the Black Death. The plague was a more frightful disease than any that come upon us now; and physicians did not know how to treat it. The misery and terror of that awful time can hardly be imagined without reading the letters or diaries of the people who were in the midst of it. Though this was the most terrible visitation of all, the plague had often been in the country before, and the parish registers give some most affecting narratives.

The plague.

When the plague came into a house they used to mark a red cross on the door, and write, "Lord, have mercy upon us." Pepys says the first time he saw this, "much against his will," was on a very hot day in June, when he saw it on two or three houses in Drury Lane. Soon there were hundreds of houses with that sad mark on them. He tells us that the bells were always tolling; people were afraid to look each other in the face; the discourse in the street was of death. Nearly all the rich people fled

1665.

away, a great many of the clergy among them. The shops were shut up, and the whole city desolate. One clergyman who staid in the midst of it wrote, "What eye would not weep to see so many habitations uninhabited? the poor sick not visited, the hungry not fed, the grave not satisfied. Death stares us continually in the face; . . . the coffins are daily and hourly carried along the streets. The bells never cease to put us in mind of our mortality. The custom was in the beginning to bury the dead in the night only; now both night and day will hardly be time enough to do it." After six months the plague seemed to have spent itself, but more than a hundred thousand people had perished in that time.

The next year, long before the citizens had had time to recover their courage and spirits, the other awful calamity of the Great Fire came upon them. The greater part of the houses in the city were still built of wood, and were many of them very old, so that if one caught fire it was extremely difficult to put it out. The fire broke out accidentally, at the king's baker's, in Pudding Lane, and soon spread all round. Pepys, who is generally the most prosaic and matter-of-fact of men, was hurried into a sort of delirium by the excitement. "As it grew darker," he says, "the fire appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, *in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire.* . . . We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire . . . an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it." Evelyn describes it no less vividly. "God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it."

1666. The Fire.

The streets were full of carts, and the river of barges, in which people were trying to save their things. At last it was found that the only way to stop the fire, which continued burning for three days, was to blow up many houses with gunpowder, so as to make gaps, beyond which the flames could not spread. The whole city from the Tower to

the Temple was destroyed. St. Paul's Cathedral and innumerable churches were in ashes; and this is the reason why there are so few really old Gothic churches remaining in London. No doubt the old city, with its Gothic cathedral, and its quaint timbered houses, was more picturesque and interesting than the London of to-day. Very few lives were lost in this fire, but the property destroyed was enormous. "The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St. George's Fields and Moorfields as far as Highgate. . . . Some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty." The booksellers, who lived, as so many do now, in Paternoster Row, lost a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in books.

But if all this property was burned, it seems that the plague was burned out too. The quaint old wooden houses, with small windows that would not open, were very dirty; the infection would never have been got out of them; and after the Great Fire had destroyed them all, the plague gradually but entirely disappeared.

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST STUART KINGS.

Charles and the king of France. Progress of learning. Death of Charles. James II. Rebellion of Monmouth. The "Bloody Assizes." The king favors Catholicism, and breaks the laws. The seven bishops. Birth of a prince. William of Orange. The flight of James.

In their dismay and excitement after the Great Fire, the people could not believe that it arose by accident; they soon made up their minds that it was the work of the Papists. Numbers of innocent Roman Catholics were thrown into prison; and, though no proofs could ever be found, and no one now imagines that they had anything to do with it, it was publicly engraved on the tall monument which was built in remembrance of the calamity, that "the dreadful burning of this ancient city was begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the Popish faction." This inscription was not erased till a few years ago.

The intrigues and conspiracies of the Catholics in the days of Elizabeth, the still more terrible Gunpowder Treason, had left a lasting impression on the minds of the people. A few years later, the whole country was agitated by the report of a "Popish Plot," the object of which was said to be to assassinate the king and massacre all the Protestants. The public was ready to believe it; witnesses came forward to divulge the particulars, and to declare the names of those concerned. The principal witness was one Titus Oates, a man who, besides having a most infamous private character, was especially noted for his frequent changes of religion. Burnet, a bishop who wrote the history of this time, and who saw and conversed with most of the principal people then living, both bad and good, says that Oates was the son of an Anabaptist, that he conversed much with Socinians, became a clergyman of the Church of England, and afterwards attached himself to the Jesuits. The bishop asked him "what were the argu-

1678. The Popish plot.

ments that prevailed on him to change his religion, and to go over to the Church of Rome. He upon that stood up, and laid his hands on his breast, and said, God and His holy angels knew that he had never changed, but that he had gone among them on purpose to betray them." Burnet naturally concluded that he "could have no regard to anything he either said or swore after that." Another of the main witnesses, Bedloe, had led a very vicious life, and "had made a shift to live on his wits, or rather by his cheats."

Nevertheless, so excitable and inflammable were men's minds at that time, that nothing these wretches said, however improbable, seemed too hard to credit, even without a scrap of evidence in corroboration. The whole country, high and low, rich and poor, seemed bewitched, and mad with terror and rage. Oates and Bedloe swore that two Jesuits had undertaken to shoot the king, for which deed one of them was to receive fifteen hundred pounds; the other, "being a pious man," was to have thirty thousand masses at one shilling a mass. These Jesuits, and many others, protesting their innocence with their latest breath, were put to death.

A nobleman, standing in the House of Lords, not only expressed his wish that there should not be a Popish man or woman left in the country, but said he would not have even a Popish dog, "not so much as a Popish cat to purr and mew about the king." For this speech he was much applauded. When Burnet tried to save the life of an innocent Roman Catholic gentleman, whose name had been dragged into the supposed plot, he was "railed at with open mouth," and told that he "only studied to save him for the liking he had to anyone that would murder the king."

In the midst of this excitement, a Protestant magistrate, who had heard some of the so-called evidence, died, or was murdered in some mysterious way. His death was instantly laid on the Papists, and the occasion of his funeral was used to excite the fears and fury of the people still farther. It was described by a man who, if he did not see it himself, says he was informed of it by those who did. "Everyone almost fancied a Popish knife at his throat; and at the sermon, beside the preacher, two thumping divines stood upright in the pulpit to guard him from being killed, while he was preaching, by the Papists. . . . A most portentous spectacle, sure," he remarks, "three parsons in one pulpit!

Enough of itself, on a like occasion, to excite terror in the audience."

We can hardly believe that a frenzy like this could possess the sober English nation; but, notwithstanding the degraded and infamous character of the witnesses, their testimony and their false oaths were believed, and many innocent Roman Catholics were put to death before the tide turned, and the nation became ashamed of its credulity.

Though this plot probably never existed except in the imagination of the people and the wicked brains of the false witnesses, it was true that the Protestant religion and the honor of England were both in great danger in the unworthy hands of Charles II. He and his brother James, the Duke of York, with numbers of Romish priests and Jesuits, were secretly laboring to re-convert the country, and to subdue what they called the "pestilent heresy of Protestantism." Charles was in secret league with the King of France, who was eager to help forward in the design.

This king, Louis XIV., was in some respects the most remarkable man of his age. His reign extended over a period during which England was ruled in succession by no less than seven monarchs, including Oliver Cromwell. During the earlier part of that time he was too young to govern; but he began to do so in earnest about the same time that Charles II. was recalled. Louis spent his life in endeavoring to exalt and enlarge the kingdom of France at the expense of any other country. Another of his aims, though he did not pursue it so steadily as the first, was to further the Catholic religion and subdue the Protestants. A great part of the history of England during his life depended on the feeling with which her rulers regarded Louis, — whether they were his friends or his enemies.

Louis XIV. of France.

The national spirit of England would have led her to oppose Louis and his objects. She would neither allow France to become overwhelmingly powerful by swallowing up her neighbors, nor suffer the Protestant religion to be crushed. Charles, who had hardly the heart of an Englishman, did not care for either. He made secret treaties with Louis, received bribes and pensions from him, and sold Dunkirk, of which the English were so proud, to the French. The people, who knew something of all this, and guessed more, writhed with shame and displeasure.

A war broke out with Holland, "caused," as Evelyn says, "by no provocation, but that the Hollanders exceeded us in commerce and industry, and in everything but envy." The war was an unfortunate one, and the Dutch ships sailed up the Medway, burned the English vessels, and blockaded the Thames; "a dreadful spectacle as ever England saw, and a dishonor never to be wiped off." After this disgrace, for a short time England allied herself, as was her evident duty and interest, with the Protestant powers, Holland and Sweden, and they all bound themselves together to resist the encroachments of France. This was called the Triple Alliance, but it did not last long. Charles soon fell back under the influence of Louis and his bribes, and at last might really almost be called a paid pensioner of France. It was no wonder that, as Pepys tells us, the people began to wish for Oliver back again.

It was, moreover, feared that things would be worse still when the king died, and his brother James, who was an avowed Catholic, inherited the throne. Some attempts were made in Parliament to excludé him from the succession; but they were unsuccessful, and the king, being angry at the idea, would not permit Parliament to meet for four years.

The Whigs, in their turn, began to devise insurrections and plots, one of which was called the Rye-House Plot, for assassinating the king and the Duke of York. In the punishments which followed the discovery of this plot, as was so often the case, the innocent suffered with the guilty; two very noble-minded men in particular, Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, are believed to have been convicted on false evidence.

1682. The Rye-House Plot.

In this dishonorable reign an event took place very quietly which, it has been said, "might have loomed larger than the plague, and have outshone the glare of the fire; a something fraught with a wealth of beneficence to mankind, in comparison with which the damage done by those ghastly evils would shrink into insignificance." This was the gathering together of a little band of students for the purpose of "improving natural knowledge." The work which Roger Bacon had begun, which Francis Bacon had carried on, was beginning to spread. They intended to study the works and ways of nature: astronomy, chemistry, anatomy, magnetism, the spots on the sun, and "divers other

1682. The Royal Society.

things of like nature." Two instruments had lately come into use for helping them in their work, the telescope and the microscope. Though telescopes had been, perhaps, invented so long ago by Roger Bacon, they were not understood or made any use of till the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and one of the first things these students set themselves to do was to improve them. Microscopes were first invented about 1590, and exhibited in London 1620.

These students formed themselves into a society which is still the most learned and important philosophical society in England, the Royal Society. When Charles had nothing better or worse to do, he was fond of seeing the experiments of the philosophers, if they were not too difficult, and patronized them as far as he could. The Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park was also founded in this reign.

Evelyn, who was one of the first members of the Royal Society, occasionally mentions something in his diary which shows what great changes were passing over men's minds. "April 29 was that celebrated eclipse of the sun, so much threatened by the astrologers, and which had so exceedingly alarmed the whole nation that hardly anyone would work or stir out of their houses. So ridiculously were they abused by knavish and ignorant star-gazers." But though Evelyn adopts so bold and enlightened a tone about eclipses, he becomes dubious and cautious when it comes to meteors and comets. He saw a meteor one night "of an obscure, bright color, very much in shape like the blade of a sword. . . . What this may portend God only knows. . . . I pray God avert His judgments. We have had of late several comets, which though, I believe, appear from natural causes, and of themselves operate not, yet I cannot despise them; they may be warnings from God." He is not sure what to think of alchemy either. He tells a story of a certain person "of very low stature," who, by casting some grains of powder into a crucible, converted a lump of lead into four ounces of good gold. "This Antonio asserted," says he, "with great obtestation; nor know I what to think of it; there are are so many impostors and people who love to tell strange stories."

The belief in witches had also begun to die out among the educated classes, though most of the people believed in them as firmly as ever their forefathers had done. Any poor old woman who was ugly and cross and wretched had a good

chance of being reckoned a witch; and, if she once got that reputation, every misfortune in the parish was laid on her shoulders. If the dairy-maid could not make the butter come, the witch was at the bottom of the churn; if a horse was tired or ill, the witch had been on his back; if a hunted hare escaped from the hounds, the huntsman swore at the witch; if the poor old creature made a mistake at church, or said amen in the wrong place, that was a sign that she was saying her prayers backwards, and was in league with the devil. It was well for her if she escaped being ducked in a pond, or otherwise tormented by the frightened and angry country people. There was still a law which condemned witches to death, and three miserable creatures were actually hung not long after this.

At last the king, who had been welcomed to England with such tears of joy and rapture, but who had done so little worthy of the nation's love, ended his inglorious reign. Evelyn, who had blessed God at sight of his coming, tells us in a few solemn lines of his end. 1685. Death of Charles II. "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of: the king sitting toying with his concubines, — Portsmouth, Cleaveland, etc.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, while about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least two thousand pounds in gold before them. . . . Six days after, all was in the dust!"

Notwithstanding all his vices and his meanness, it was looked on as a great misfortune when Charles died. His brother, who was the next heir, was very unpopular, dreaded and disliked by nearly all the country. James II. He was avowedly a Roman Catholic (which was better than being one secretly as Charles II. was); he was also cruel, revengeful, and obstinate. Nor was he animated like Charles, nor in any way pleasant or good-natured. So much was his religion dreaded, that there had been an idea, as was stated, of excluding him from the throne. He was, however, made king without any opposition, promising to defend the Church of England and the laws of the land. A letter written at the time of his accession says that it was "his constant discourse that he would not in the least disturb the established

government of the Church." These promises he spent the greater part of his short reign in breaking.

Charles II., though he had left no lawful child, had left several illegitimate ones, one of whom, the Duke of Monmouth, was handsome, gay, and attractive, and a great favorite with the people. He was generally, though not correctly, believed to be a legitimate prince, as it was thought that the king had been secretly married to his mother abroad. He was living on the Continent, and numbers of discontented Whigs, who had been banished for plotting in Charles's reign, and who longed to return, persuaded him to invade the west of England, and proclaim himself king instead of James. They hoped that many of the nobility and gentry would join him at once, since they were greatly averse to a Roman Catholic king. But while many poor men and tradespeople joined him, calling him "King Monmouth," the old-fashioned Cavaliers, or Tories, though sound and zealous Protestants, were loyal to the royal family, and thought it a sin to resist the king. Amongst those who took Monmouth's part and fought in his army was Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and the "History of the Great Plague." After a few weeks a battle was fought and Monmouth defeated at a place called Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater. This battle is well worth remembering, as it was the last one of any importance fought in England. Perhaps no other of the countries of Europe has passed two hundred years without seeing many and terrible battles.

The Duke of Monmouth.

1685.

After this rebellion James II. had the opportunity of showing his character by the way he treated his conquered subjects. It was not surprising that Monmouth (though his own nephew) and the other leaders of the rebellion were beheaded; but everyone shuddered at the horrible cruelty with which the poor misguided peasants were punished. The soldiers who had won the battle were left to do as they liked for a time, and treated their prisoners with shocking brutality, hanging and quartering, and boiling the bodies in pitch. These soldiers were under a savage colonel named Kirke, and had a banner with the sacred Lamb upon it, in token of their special Christianity. They were afterwards bitterly known as Kirke's Lambs.

After the soldiers went away, the poor people of those parts were given over to still more cruel punishment. A

judge even more brutal than the colonel was sent down to hold the assizes. His name, the name of Judge Jeffreys, and the Bloody Assizes, are remembered with horror to this very day. Jeffreys boasted that he hanged more traitors than any judge had ever hanged before. It is to be hoped his boast was true, for in one month he hanged three hundred and twenty persons (some say many more), and transported into slavery more than eight hundred.

Judge Jeffreys.

The first person whom he sentenced to death was a lady, who had done no worse than help two poor hunted men to escape, just as other women had done to King Charles, when he too was trying to escape for his life. One of the last to be sentenced was a woman also, who had committed the same crime. With her last breath "she thanked God that He had enabled her to succor the desolate, and that the blessing of those who were ready to perish came upon her."

There was one good man who tried to stand between the victims and their murdering judge; it was Bishop Ken, whose name is still known as the author of those dear and familiar morning and evening hymns, "Awake, my Soul," and "Glory to Thee, my God, this Night." Being grieved to the soul at the slaughter among his hapless flock, the bishop did all he could to move the king to pity, but in vain. Judge Jeffreys was left unchecked to carry on his work.

Upon holding a session, after terrifying and browbeating the captured rebels and their witnesses, and pronouncing his barbarous sentences, he would issue an order to the mayor requiring him forthwith to erect a gallows; it might be ten or twelve persons, or it might be fifty or sixty. Nor were those who were put to death even decently buried. It was the horrible custom in those days to expose the heads and bodies of culprits in public places, so as to strike terror into the hearts of the beholders. The order for erecting the gallows would be followed by the most cold-blooded directions how to dispose of the bodies among the villages round about; two quarters and one head here, four quarters and one head there; some near the windmill, some on the bridge. "In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbor (perhaps of a husband, brother, or father) over the porch." In the midst of sights like this grew up the innocent children of those western counties. It is no wonder that the

hatred with which Judge Jeffreys was regarded endured from generation to generation. The king whom Bishop Ken had tried to move to compassion was delighted with all this. Jeffreys said afterwards that if James were inclined to blame anything, it was that the punishments were not severe enough. When Jeffreys returned to London, he was received with a hearty welcome, and appointed Lord Chancellor in reward for his services.

Having thus put down and abolished both the rebellion and the rebels, the king thought to have all his own way. He determined to be an absolute king, to make and unmake laws at his pleasure; above all, to crush the Church of England, and once more make Catholicism supreme. The one thing which the nation disliked most was the idea of a standing army. People had by no means forgotten the despotism of Cromwell and his soldiers, and they dreaded and detested the notion of having a separate soldier-class. It had been found that, considering the immense armies kept up in foreign lands, England could not maintain her position without her army always ready, regularly trained and disciplined, although her insular situation and her fleet was a protection to some extent.

James's government.

In defiance of the feeling of the nation, — which was perhaps strongest among the Tories, the old friends and supporters of the royal house, — and without the consent of Parliament, James set up a large army, which soon numbered thirty thousand men. It was set up to overawe his own people rather than to defend them from any foreign foe. Not content with this, in defiance of the laws he had promised to obey, he filled this army with Roman Catholic officers. The Pope himself, who was a good and reasonable man, tried to persuade James to be less violent and arbitrary, but all in vain.

His army.

The Tories and the Church felt obliged to submit. The Church had been teaching for a long time that doctrine of James I. about the sinfulness of resisting any king, however bad he might be; and they could not find a pretext for opposing him. There was, however, one great hope. The king had two daughters, who, by the orders of their uncle, Charles II., had been brought up as Protestants, and who were both very sincerely attached to the Church of England. One of them was married to her first-cousin, William, Prince of Orange, who was at the head of all the Protestants on

the continent. As the king was now growing elderly, and had no son, it seemed in the course of nature that he would soon die, and his daughter Mary be queen.

The bishops and clergy, and Tory gentry, therefore, were patient and waiting for the end, which would soon come peaceably they hoped. The next aggression of James was against the rights of the universities, which were the special glory of the Church. According to the laws, no Roman Catholic could hold any office in either of them. The king, however, began to force members of his own Church upon them. A Roman Catholic was made dean of Christ Church, one of the wealthiest and most honorable posts at Oxford. A Benedictine monk was sent down to Cambridge to be made master of arts. The vice-chancellor and other authorities said it was against the law to admit anyone to a degree who would not take the oaths. They were summoned to appear before the tribunal of the lord chancellor, Jeffreys. Among those who stood before the bar was one whose noble, grave, and beautiful face was the true symbol of his life and character — the professor of mathematics in the university, Sir Isaac Newton. His great work, which will last as long as the world lasts, was just about being published, with the sanction and encouragement of the Royal Society. He was on the side of liberty and the Protestant religion. The vice-chancellor was deprived of all his offices and income; and the other delegates, Newton among them, were dismissed, the brutal chancellor saying, in his insolent way, that he would send them away with a text of Scripture, "Sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto you." Sir Isaac Newton, arraigned before the bar of the bloody Jeffreys, was a spectacle for the British nation.

The universities.

1687.

Sir Isaac Newton.

After this the king interfered in the election of the president of Magdalen College at Oxford, sending down in succession and commanding the Fellows to elect two of the most unfit men he could find in the whole kingdom; the one secretly, the other openly, a Roman Catholic. When the Fellows had the conrage and firmness to resist, "many horrible rude reflections" being made upon the king's authority, said one who heard their debates, they were turned out of their fellowships, and many of them reduced to the utmost poverty.

This tyranny roused the indignation of the Tories and the

Church to such a point that their favorite doctrine of passive obedience was strained almost to breaking. As the king was determined to persevere in his course, and to put Catholics into the most important posts in the kingdom, and as he could get no support (though as yet there was no open resistance) from the Church or the Tories, he was obliged to try and make friends with the Dissenters, pretending that he wished for liberty of conscience to all. But the Dissenters well knew what he really wished, and when he talked of indulgence they knew what his indulgence meant. He had given a specimen of that in the way he and his agent, Claverhouse, had treated their brethren, the Covenanters, in Scotland. As soon as he began to reign he had a law passed enacting that anyone in that country who preached in a "conventicle" under a roof, anyone who attended a preaching or prayer-meeting in the open air, should be put to death. The horrible brutality with which these poor innocent people were pursued, tortured, hanged, and drowned, all in the name of religion, might have made Cromwell turn in his grave. Though there was no Milton now to write or pray in their behalf, it was long remembered how those martyrs went to death with words of trust and praise on their lips.

The Church and the dissenters.

James declared that all the laws against liberty of conscience should be repealed, and commanded the bishops and clergy to read the declaration in all the churches in the kingdom. The bishops, whether they approved of these liberal sentiments or not, knew very well that no king of England had a right to make or unmake laws at his pleasure; they knew, too, that, though he pretended to wish everyone's conscience to be free, he only meant in his heart that the Roman Catholics should be free, as his remorseless persecutions had shown.

The Dissenters knew this too, and for once they and the Church of England joined heartily together in defence of the Protestant religion and the liberty of Englishmen. Seven bishops who were on the spot refused to read the Declaration of Indulgence, or to instruct their clergy to do so. One of the seven was the Archbishop of Canterbury; another was the good Bishop Ken. It was no doubt a bitter moment to them when they found they must either oppose the king or consent to his overthrowing the Church and the liberties of England.

The seven bishops.

They laid a petition before James, in which they assured him that their hesitation did not proceed from any want of duty or obedience to his Majesty, "our Holy Mother the Church of England," they said, "being both in her principles and her constant practice unquestionably loyal;" but yet they declared that they could not in honor or conscience publish his Declaration of Indulgence. The king was very angry; he called the petition a libel, and said he was the king and would be obeyed. His Jesuit confessor, Father Petre, "seemed now as one transported with joy;" he thought the time was come (as indeed it was) when the king would break with the Church of England.

Nearly all the clergy followed the bishops' lead. Not above two hundred in the whole country could be found to read the Declaration; and of these many did it in a way which would not have pleased the king. Some "declared in their sermons that though they obeyed the order, they did not approve of the Declaration; and one, more pleasantly than gravely, told his people that though he was obliged to read it, they were not obliged to hear it; and he stopped till they all went out, and then he read it to the walls." The Dean of Westminster could hardly hold the proclamation in his hand for trembling, and "everybody looked under a strange consternation." The king, in the greatest indignation at being thwarted in his purpose, sent the seven bishops to the Tower. The Londoners were in wild excitement at seeing the king and the Church in opposition. Rich and poor crowded around the bishops to cheer and honor them, and to ask their blessing.

The king, nevertheless, was as blind and dogged as ever. He caused the bishops to be brought up to trial. The agitation of the people became intense. When it was known that after a long trial the bishops were acquitted, the whole air was filled with shouts of joy and triumph. The king heard his own soldiers shouting too. "So much the worse for them," he said.

In the midst of all this excitement, the queen gave birth to a son. A son would, of course, succeed his father in preference to a daughter; and the birth of this child put an end to the hopes which had been so long cherished, that the Princess Mary of Orange would quietly take her father's place. The new-born prince would be brought up a Roman Catholic, and the tyranny of his

The birth of a prince.

father would be perpetuated. It was believed by great numbers of people that he was not really the son of the king and queen, but was brought into the palace in a warming-pan, and imposed upon the country as a prince, though no one believes that story now.

In despair, a message was secretly sent over the sea to William, Prince of Orange, inviting him to come to the rescue, and promising that if he would show himself, the people would rise in his support.

William accepted the call, and with an army of fifteen thousand men landed on the 5th of November at Torbay, in Devonshire. It was some time before any nobles or men of importance joined his standard; and, indeed, at one moment William seemed even to have thought of returning. By degrees, however, his adherents increased. The northern counties also arose in his favor, and he advanced from Exeter with a large force. James went as far as Salisbury to meet him, in a pitiable state of fear and uncertainty. One after another of his friends — or those whom he thought his friends — dropped off from him. His second daughter, Anne, who had always lived at court with her husband, the Prince of Denmark, fled from the palace at Whitehall. Many even of the officers of his army joined the Prince of Orange. One of these, and the most important of all, was the general who had won the victory of Sedgemoor, and who was afterwards known as the greatest commander of his age, John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough. James had always treated him with the utmost confidence and kindness, and had raised him up from being a mere page to high honors and dignities; yet he now betrayed and deserted him in his utmost need. Churchill and his wife were the dearest friends of the Princess Anne; and it was through their influence that she had abandoned her father.

William Prince of Orange.

James was so utterly disheartened by these desertions that he returned to London without striking a blow. He sent off his wife and young child secretly to France, and in a few days escaped thither himself. This was the happiest thing possible for William, who entered London, having fought no battle, and shed no blood, not as a conqueror, but as a friend and deliverer.

1688. He enters London.

Literature did not appear to make much progress during the reigns of the Stuarts, although the age was distinguished

by a few great names. In the times of Charles I. and of the Commonwealth, the minds of men were largely occupied by acrid discussions of religious and political topics; and even the best prose of the period, like that of Milton, is mostly polemic. Of the sublime and beautiful poems of Milton some mention has been made. They retain their hold upon all cultivated readers, and cannot be passed over by any who would have even a tolerable knowledge of literature. This is especially true of "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso," and of the sonnets. The minor poets of the seventeenth century (and a little later) are remarkable for the grace and fluency of their songs. Lyrical poetry was then at its height. Henry Morley's little collection, "The King and the Commons," gives delightful specimens of English songs, fairly dividing the honors between the Cavaliers and the Puritans. The reader will see therein a great many established favorites, as well as many that should be better known. The names of Herrick, Waller, Wither, Marvell, Montrose, Lovelace, Suckling, Jonson, and Carew recall the impressions of some of the sweetest verses in the language.

Literature.

The great prose epic of the century was Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a wonderful piece of imagination, done in pure idiomatic English.

In the times of Charles II. and James I., the general corruption of society, caused by the shameless profligacy of the court, was unfavorable to any pure literary work. The great poet of the century, after Milton, was John Dryden, the author of the most famous satires in the language, and the maker of strong and sonorous verse. Butler's "Hudibras," a well sustained burlesque of a Cromwellian soldier, was exceedingly popular, and still holds its place.

But the total number of publications was very small; and authors were dependent on the patronage of the great, as there was as yet no great reading public.

CHAPTER LI.

THE REVOLUTION AND KING WILLIAM.

Effects of the Revolution. William and Mary. Religious toleration. The war in Ireland. The French fleet invades England. Liberty of the press. Death of James II. The French king proclaims Prince James king of England. Death of William.

THIS Revolution, the Glorious Revolution, as it was proudly called, was the final victory of liberty in England. All through its history there had been conflicts as to the reciprocal powers and rights of the king and people. Now it was made clear, once and forever, that a sovereign could not reign in England unless he reigned for the good of the people; and that he, as much as the poorest of his subjects, was bound by the laws of the land.

The Revolution.

All the pretensions for which the Stuarts had been struggling so obstinately had to be resigned forever. It was once more laid down clearly by Act of Parliament that the king could raise no money except by consent of the representatives of the people; that he might keep no standing army without the consent of Parliament; that Parliament was to be elected freely without the king's interference; that Parliament was to be allowed to discuss matters freely without interference; that the people might offer petitions, without fear of being punished; that the judges were not to be set up and put down according to the king's pleasure, but to continue in their offices as long as they judged wisely, justly, and mercifully; that no man, rich or poor, should be put in prison by the arbitrary command of the king; that the king had no power to make or unmake laws without the agreement of the Parliament. Lastly, it was settled that no one but a Protestant should be king or queen of England.

If William and Mary had been tyrants, they might have thought a crown and an authority limited like this were hardly worth accepting; but they were wise enough to

know how much greater, happier, and safer it is to be the honored guardians of a free and united people than to be despotic rulers, feared and hated by slaves and rebels.

This was the last great struggle in English history; there have been changes since then, sometimes discontent, sometimes here and there a riot; but the liberty and harmony of the nation have gone on gradually increasing. The rulers have cared more and more for the welfare of the people; they have seen ever more and more plainly the wisdom of being at one with them, and bringing their own will into harmony with the will of the nation. Perhaps the sovereign who has been the wisest of all in this respect, who has seen most clearly the position of a constitutional sovereign, has been Queen Victoria, who has been rewarded by a constant love and loyalty.

This great Revolution was brought about without violence. The people, even when most excited and enraged, were content with pulling down Roman Catholic chapels, burning crucifixes, vestments, and images of the Pope, and did no harm to a single person. The only one they even wished to take vengeance on (and they may surely be forgiven for that) was Judge Jeffreys. He was caught in the disguise of a collier, trying to escape from the country, dragged before the Lord Mayor, and finally carried to the Tower. It was hard work to get him there; the crowds on all sides pursued his coach, howling with rage, brandishing cudgels, and holding up halters in his sight. What a contrast to the day when the seven bishops had been taken to the Tower, in the midst of thousands of weeping people, asking their blessing and praying for them! Jeffreys was not, however, put to death; he was kept in the Tower till he died there very miserably.

William, who had a wonderful intellect, steadiness, and devotion, with many other of the noblest qualities of a ruler, was not personally much liked in England. The former kings, even James II., had lived in a kind of intimacy and familiarity with the people which William never attempted. He had cold and distant manners, which were a wonderful contrast to those of the gay and good-humored Charles. Evelyn says he had a manly, courageous, and wise countenance, but was stately, serious, and reserved. He was no fonder of England than England was of him; indeed, he called it a villanous country, and to

William III.

the end of his days he greatly preferred Holland. But the flatter a land was, the better it was thought in those days. The Alps were looked upon as the place where nature had heaped up the rubbish of the world to form and clear the plains of Lombardy.

William also naturally liked his old Dutch friends better than his new English ones, and affronted the people, as many kings had done before, by giving rewards and honors to these foreigners. Only he was unlike the other kings who had done that, by not having worthless favorites. His friends were all wise, faithful, and good men, whose only fault was that they were not Englishmen. Nevertheless, though the English grumbled a great deal, as Englishmen still do, and gave William a very troublesome reign, they were wise enough to know his value, and when there was any real danger of losing him, and getting James back, they always forgot their discontents and rallied around him.

Mary was a most devoted wife. She was good and pious, and winning in her manners; but it shocked the feelings of the people to see her supplant, and aid her husband in supplanting, her own father. There was something painful and heartless in the pleasure she exhibited in taking possession of the palace of her father, and sitting in the seat of her step-mother. It was explained that she did this in order to show that she thoroughly sympathized with her husband, and that she was only acting a part; but her behavior, says a looker-on, "was censured by many." She gradually, however, won much love and affection in the country, and was a wise and gentle queen. Her court was a great contrast to that of Charles II. One of her greatest friends, Bishop Burnet, wrote of her that "she set a great example to the whole nation, which shines in every part of it." One of her principal marks of wisdom, he considers, was that "she took ladies off from that idleness which not only wasted their time, but exposed them to many temptations. . . . She engaged many both to read and work."

Mary.

Something like charity appeared in the laws respecting religion. The persecution of the Dissenters came to an end. William hated religious tyranny, and wished all peaceable and innocent people in his kingdom to feel safe and free. He would have been glad to repeat the Test and Corporation Acts, which had so hampered and galled both Dissenters and Roman Catholics, —

Religious toleration.

being in these matters wiser than the country at large, — but he could not succeed in doing so. Parliament would not consent to repeal those acts, and when William wished to extend some toleration to the Roman Catholics, it would not consent to that either; indeed, more grievances were added to those they had already, and very harsh laws were enacted against them. These laws do not seem, however, to have been very rigorously executed.

The Dissenters were permitted, under certain restrictions, to have chapels and services according to their consciences, without fear of being molested. All their ministers, as well as the clergy of the Church of England, were ordered to take the oath of allegiance to the king, and nearly all of them thankfully accepted the peace and protection he offered them, and were quite willing to do so. One part of this oath used to be, "I, A. B., do declare and believe that it is not lawful, upon any pretence whatever, to take up arms against the king;" this clause was now omitted. The doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance had not been found to work well, and even the Tories were beginning to reconsider the matter.

But the Anglican clergy had been so long preaching the divine right of kings, that it was hard to turn round now and admit their preaching had been all wrong, and that the nation and the Church were justified in banishing the king who had ruled so ill, and in choosing another. Nevertheless, most of the clergy had either been convinced of the absurdity of their doctrine by James's persecution of the Church, and by his injustice and tyranny, or they persuaded themselves that they might lawfully obey William and Mary, who were in possession of the throne, so they took the oaths and kept their churches.

A few refused, among whom were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Ken, and some other of the bishops whom James had sent to the Tower. They were treated very gently and patiently; but at last a new archbishop and bishops were appointed in their stead, and the Church of England went on without them. These bishops, and the clergy who followed them, were called Nonjurors (men who would not take the oath); they considered themselves as the true Church of England, and went on consecrating new bishops now and then. But scarcely any of the laity joined them, for private people had to take

The Nonjurors.

no oaths, whatever their personal opinions might be, and went on attending the parish church as usual; so that the Non-juring Church was a church without any people or buildings or money. It lasted on in a sort of feeble way till 1805, when the last of the bishops died.

Although King James had fled from England without striking a blow, and some of the Tories and clergy had soothed their consciences in accepting William and Mary by saying that he had abdicated, he was not inclined to give up his kingdom altogether. He had always, like his brother Charles, been the friend and humble ally of Louis XIV., and he now took refuge with him and sought his aid. Louis, perhaps, might not have cared much about James if he had not been the mortal enemy of William. The Prince of Orange, while still only stadtholder (or chief magistrate) of Holland, had seen with alarm how powerful France was growing, and that she was threatening to overtop and crush all the other countries of Europe. He knew, too, that Louis was the most deadly enemy of Protestantism. It was the main object of his life to withstand him.

James and Louis XIV.

Louis had cruelly persecuted the Protestants in his own country, and had revoked a law, the Edict of Nantes, which had been made in their favor by a former king. Many of the unfortunate French Protestants had fled from their country and had taken refuge in England; taking with them useful trades and arts, which were a great benefit to their adopted country, — in particular silk-weaving, in which they were very skilful. Many of the descendants of the French refugees of all ranks are living in England still.

1685.

Louis, who would have been glad to see the Protestant religion destroyed in England also, and who was very indignant at seeing his enemy William sitting on the throne of that country, determined to assist James in recovering his dominions.

It was thought best for James to begin the attempt in Ireland, where nearly all the population were Catholics, and hated the English Protestant colonists with a deadly hatred. These colonists were in comparison few in number, but they were far more civilized, wealthy, and determined. They drew together, resolving to defend themselves, their property, and their religion to the last.

The war in Ireland.

A great number of them gathered together into the fortified town of Derry, or Londonderry, and refused to allow the soldiers sent by King James to enter. It is said that on the approach of the enemy's troops, and while the governors of the city and the garrison were debating what they should do, thirteen young apprentice boys ran and shut the city gates in the face of James's officers.

Then began one of the most famous sieges that ever took place in the British Isles. It lasted a hundred and five days, until the people were almost starved. A handful of oatmeal fried in tallow was a dainty; so were rats and dogs; a puppy's paw sold for five and sixpence. Four thousand of the soldiers were dead; the rest were reduced to skeletons; but still they said, "No surrender." At last, and just before it was too late, English ships came to their rescue, bringing food and troops, and the Irish besiegers departed. 1689. Siege of Derry.

Still James stayed in Ireland, holding his court and behaving as foolishly and tyrannically as ever. Next year William went over to Ireland with an army. A great battle was fought near the river Boyne. The history of that battle seems to illustrate clearly the character and fate of the two kings. Almost before the fight was well begun, William was wounded in the right shoulder, but he had his wound plastered up; he held his sword with his left hand, managed his horse with the wounded right, was in all the thickest of the fight, leading and cheering his men. James looked on from a safe place on the top of a hill, and as soon as he saw that things were going against him, he galloped off to Dublin, and never rested till he was safe back in France. One of the Irish officers said afterwards to an Englishman, "Change kings with us and we will fight you again." 1690. Battle of the Boyne.

After the war in Ireland was over, there was a terrible persecution of the Roman Catholics, who were looked on as rebels and traitors. Persecution, however, no longer meant burning or beheading. The time when people were put to death for their religion had long gone by in the British Isles. Even this was probably considered more a political than a religious persecution. There were indeed laws banishing from the country bishops, friars, and others, and enacting that if they returned they should be hanged, drawn, and quartered, but it does not seem that a single one was

really put to death. They were compelled to hide in caves and hovels, as the Covenanters had done in Scotland; and the Roman Catholic laity were subjected to unjust and cruel laws, which strengthened their bitter hatred to England. The worst of these laws, however, were not made in the reign of William, but in that of his successor.

While William was away in Ireland the French king sent a fleet to invade England, which defeated the English ships that were set to guard the coast, and actually landed some troops on English ground. As soon as it was known that a foreign invader had set foot on the shore of Devonshire, the whole country was up in arms. Beacon-lights blazed on every hill-top. The lords, the gentry, the yeomanry, the whole population, poured down every road which led to the sea. The French admiral was startled; he would not stay to fight; after burning the little defenceless town of Teignmouth the invaders returned to their ships, having only raised the spirit of the people, turned them more heartily than ever to William and Mary, and away from James, who employed foreign soldiers against his own people.

1690. Invasion of England.

Even the Jacobites (as the adherents of James were called) shared in the patriotic feeling, and did not wish England to be beaten by foreign fleets and armies. One of James's ministers writes to the king how sorry he is to hear that "some of your Majesty's servants have been so indiscreet as to show their dislike that the French should beat the English at sea."

A year or two afterwards the French prepared to invade England again. James and his allies had some hope that Russell, the English admiral who was sent against them, as well as a great many of the officers and sailors, were secretly in favor of the banished king, and would not oppose the invasion. Russell did really wish well to James, but he did not mean his country to be conquered by the French. He said out boldly, "Do not think that I will let the French triumph over us in our own seas. Understand this, that if I meet them I fight them; aye, though the king himself should be on board." He kept his word. A great sea-fight took place which lasted five days, the Battle of La Hogue it is called. The English and the Dutch fleets joined together, chased the French ships to their own coast, burned or seized a great many of them, ut-

1692. Battle of La Hogue.

terly defeated them, and sailed away, singing, "God save the king." The joy and pride of the English knew no bounds; this was the first great victory they had gained over the French since the battle of Agincourt, and the first great defeat Louis XIV. had ever met with.

King William was abroad at this time, but Mary was in England, and did all she could in honor of the conquerors, and to succor and comfort the wounded. Feeling all she could do was not enough, she promised to devote one of the finest of the royal palaces for the reception of disabled seamen in all future times. The palace she chose for this purpose was at Greenwich; but it was not till after she died that the plan was carried into effect. Not many years ago the old Greenwich pensioners might still be seen with their wooden legs and wooden arms, enjoying their palace and beautiful park, but perhaps not remembering the kind and gentle queen who had given them that honorable home.

In spite of William's cold manners and rough ways, he and Mary were devotedly attached to each other, and it was a most terrible sorrow to him when she died, which was not long after Russell's great victory. After the plague disappeared, the most formidable disease to which the English were subject was small-pox, — now held at bay and half conquered by vaccination, but then a most common and fatal disease. When Mary was but thirty-two years old she died from it, leaving no children. William continued to reign for some years longer.

1694. Death of the queen.

Until this period no one could print a book or a pamphlet without permission. There was an official called a licenser or censor, whose business it was to read any book that an author wished to publish, and give permission if he approved, or forbid if he disapproved, the contents. He might forbid good books and allow foolish ones. No one was allowed to publish any political news without permission, and the government only sanctioned what they wanted the nation to know. It had been particularly remarked in the reign of James II., that when the French king revoked the Edict of Nantes, and persecuted the Protestants, the gazettes which were printed twice a week, and professed to give information of what was going on in Europe, took no notice of these events, nor would the English people have known anything about them but for private letters and the tales told by the refugees.

1695. Liberty of the press.

No one dared publish a report of what was said in Parliament; so that it must have been very difficult for the people to know how the members they had elected were behaving, and whether they were worthy of confidence.

Any book may now be published which bears the name of the printer or publisher. If it is thought to be wicked or injurious, the publisher or the author is prosecuted; but that is the only limit to freedom of publication. And this liberty began in 1695. The first notable result was the quantity of newspapers which began at once to be published. There had been but one or two before, and those very small, very dull, and often obliged to omit the exact things which it would have been most interesting to know. Some of the very early ones consisted of only three or four pages octavo. Pepys, however, gives us rather a good account of a newspaper published in his time. "It is pretty, full of news, and no folly in it."

Newspapers.

However, speeches in Parliament were not allowed to be published; and when printers and editors began to do so, they ran a chance of being severely punished for infringing the "Privileges of Parliament." That, however, was authorized after a time;* and now every word spoken in Parliament is printed and flying all over the country almost as soon as uttered, and everyone may know what the members of the government and Parliament think and say about any subject on which the nation is interested.

Though there was no more fighting in Ireland or England, the war with the French was still continued on the Continent. At last William had the satisfaction of humbling his great enemy, and making him sign a peace — the Treaty of Ryswick — giving up a great part of his unjust gains, acknowledging William to be king of England, and promising to do nothing farther to disturb him in his possession of the crown, though he still protected James as his guest in France.

1697.

This peace did not last long. In 1701 the unfortunate and unwise King James died; and, to the great indignation and astonishment of the English, Louis seemed to forget his recognition of William, and declared the young son of James to be king of England, Scotland, and Ireland. This great insult roused the English

1701. Death of James II.

* Not for nearly a hundred years. — Ed.

spirit to defiance. The people urged William to declare war. He wished for nothing better; but he never went to war again. His health had always been very bad, and, though he was but fifty-one years old, he was visibly dying. He was riding on the turf at Hampton Court, when his horse stumbled over a molehill and threw him; though it was but a slight accident, the shock was too much for him, and in a few weeks he died. Long afterwards the Jacobites used to drink a toast "to the little gentleman in black velvet, who did such good service in 1702," as though they thought the Great Revolution was all undone when King William died.

1702. Death of William III.

CHAPTER LII.

WHIGS AND TORIES.

Queen Anne and the Churchills. War with France. Battle of Blenheim. Peace of Utrecht. Negro slaves. Scotland. George of Hanover. Whigs and Tories. Attempts of the Stuart princes.

As William and Mary left no children, the Princess Anne, sister to Mary, and a Protestant like her, succeeded to the throne. She was not an interesting character. Macaulay says that "when in good humor she was meekly stupid, and when in bad humor was sulkily stupid." She was, however, beloved by the people; for she was simple, affectionate, and good. She was, like most of her subjects, warmly attached to the Church of England and to the country. The English, who have always been noted for their hatred of foreigners, and who had never loved William, though they could not fail to respect him, were heartily sick of the Dutch, and glad to be under a sovereign of their own blood again. Her husband, Prince George, was even less interesting than herself. A description of his character, written while he was still living, ends with telling us, "He is very fat, loves news, his bottle, and the queen;" and that "he has neither many friends nor enemies in England." It seems he was too dull to make either. No one thought of making, or even calling, him king; and for a long time the real governors of both queen and country were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. They had not yet reached the rank of duke and duchess, though they are best known under them. Churchill was still on his road of preferment from a simple page to the highest subject in the land, and was now an earl. The duchess had been for many years the queen's greatest friend. She was as clever as her mistress was stupid, and as overbearing as her mistress was meek. "The loyalty, the patience, the self-devotion, were on the side of the mis-

1702. Anne.

Prince George of Denmark.

The Churchills.

tress; the whims, the haughty airs, the fits of ill temper were on the side of the waiting-woman."

The queen and her friend were so intimate that they dropped their titles, and gave each other the names of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman. The Duchess of Marlborough said that she chose to be called Mrs. Freeman to show how frank and bold she was. The two husbands, Prince George and the duke, were Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman. The duke was a most remarkable man; he was wonderfully handsome and fascinating in his manners. His education had not been much attended to; he never found writing an easy task, and he said himself that all he knew of English history he had learned from Shakespeare's plays; but by his own genius he rose to be the greatest soldier and commander of his age. He was noted for sweet temper and for humanity far greater than was common among soldiers and generals of those times. But he was not honorable. He had betrayed King James in the most base and ungrateful manner when his need was the sorest, and had been quite as ready to betray his new master, William, when he thought it for his own interest. Both he and his wife were avaricious, and even miserly. All the world knew of this weakness of his, and a story is told that at one time the people mobbed another nobleman by mistake for the duke. "I will easily convince you," said this nobleman, "that I am not my Lord Marlborough. In the first place, I have only two guineas about me, and in the second place they are very much at your service." It was everywhere known how completely Anne was under the dominion of the Churchills; and on the Continent it was believed that the handsome earl was her lover; but that was entirely wrong. Anne was always faithful to her husband, and the person she really loved was the duchess.

As soon as King William was dead, leaving a great war with France just beginning, Marlborough became the principal man in the country, and one of the principal men in Europe. The war went on for many years, and was very glorious to England. The object of it still was to prevent France and the ever-encroaching Louis from becoming too powerful. He was attempting to add Spain to his other dominions by making his grandson king of that country. When he dismissed him to take possession of his crown he was reported to have said, "There

War with France.

are no more Pyrenees." The other nations of Europe, including England, were determined that the Pyrenees should not be obliterated, and that France and Spain should not be united for the benefit of the family of Louis XIV. It was in the course of this war that the English got possession of Gibraltar, which they have kept ever since, and which is looked on as the key of the Mediterranean Sea.

But the most important of the fighting was not in Spain, nor did the Duke of Marlborough go there himself. Most of the German states took part in the war also; Prussia, Hanover, and some others, sided with England; Bavaria and Cologne took part with the French. Of all Marlborough's great victories, the most famous was that of Blenheim, in Bavaria, the name of which is very familiar to Englishmen, partly by the palace which was built and presented to Marlborough by the nation, and named after his greatest triumph, partly by the charming little poem of Southey.

1704. Battle of Blenheim.

That battle might almost be said to have turned the fortunes of the whole war; the French forces for that year were broken to pieces, and all the conquests they had made in Germany were taken back from them; they lost one of their most valuable allies, Bavaria, yet there were many people in England to ask what good came of it. The Tory party highly disapproved of the war, and thwarted the counsels of Marlborough every way possible.

The Tories disapproved of the war with France for one thing, because it made French wine so dear. "All the bottle companions," says one historian, "many physicians, and great numbers of the lawyers and inferior clergy, were united together in the faction against the Duke of Marlborough." "It was strange," says another, "how much the desire for French wine and the dearness of it alienated many men from the Duke of Marlborough's friendship."

There were other reasons against continuing the war which had great weight with the Tory party, one of which, perhaps, was that the king of France was the friend and protector of the old and exiled royal family. The Tories came into power again after a time; the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough fell into disfavor; the queen took another favorite, and peace was made with France. The great duke was deprived of all his offices, retired to the Continent, and never saw his mistress again. After her death he was

called back to England, raised to his former posts, and when he died was buried with great glory in Westminster Abbey. It was agreed upon in the peace made at the time of his disgrace that Spain and France should never be united, though the French prince was suffered to be king of Spain; that England should keep Gibraltar and the island of Minorca in the Mediterranean, and that she should receive a large French province in North America which is now called Nova Scotia. The treaty of Utrecht, however, as this peace is called, was not to the real glory, though it was to the advantage, of England. In making it she deserted her allies in such a dishonorable way that her own soldiers were bitterly ashamed, and she really for that time deserved the title of "Perfide Albion." One of the stipulations of the same treaty was that England should have the right of supplying the Spanish colonies in America with negro slaves.

1713. Treaty of Utrecht.

Slavery was supposed to have been extinguished hundreds of years before even the stern conqueror William had seen the duty of putting down the Bristol slave trade; and it was disgraceful, after so many centuries of Christianity and growing civilization, to find it again in full force. The only explanation was that the slaves were not of the same race and religion, but negroes and heathen. Men were far from realizing what St. Paul had said, that "God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth;" and though they questioned whether it would be lawful to hold Christians in bondage, they had no such doubt about unbaptized Pagans.

The slave trade.

The employment of negro slaves, strange to say, had been begun from motives of humanity, and was encouraged by one of the most tender-hearted of Christians. Seeing how cruelly the Spanish worked the poor natives in the silver mines, not long after the discovery of America, a priest named Las Casas, out of pure benevolence, recommended the employing of negroes, because they were stronger, and could endure hardships under which the poor Indians sank. Little did he foresee the consequences; the kidnapping, the tortures, the murders. This wicked trade brought great profits, and the English people were so dead to any feeling of pity for the wretched negroes, that this part of the treaty of Utrecht seems to have pleased them better than any other.

Not only did the Tories gain the upper hand in the matter of the war and the disgrace of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; there was actually a revival of the old High Church and Tory doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance to an hereditary sovereign. This doctrine would perhaps never have been revived in the Church of England had there been a tyrannical, or Catholic, or Dissenting monarch; but with Queen Anne on the throne, who, though she strove to be impartial, was inclined to Toryism and High Church doctrines, it was a good opportunity for bringing it forward once more. A Dr. Sacheverell accordingly preached two sermons, declaring that the Revolution had been unlawful, and that nothing could ever justify resistance to a king. For this Dr. Sacheverell was tried and condemned by the House of Lords; but they gave him so light a punishment that it was almost a victory to him rather than a defeat. When he travelled through the country not long after this he was received like a hero or conquering prince: with flags, bell-ringing, bands of music, and every sign of rejoicing. This was made an opportunity, too, for attacking the Dissenters, who of course had been in favor of the Revolution; some of their chapels were attacked by mobs, and even their private dwellings were threatened. Thus it is evident that though a fair amount of toleration was granted by the law, and approved by the more enlightened classes, it had not by any means made its way among the masses. Some of the bishops and of the higher London clergy were in favor of toleration, but the country clergy, who at that time were much lower in position and education than they are now, and the country people, had not yet attained to such an elevation of mind.

1709. Dr. Sacheverell's sermons.

We are indebted to a great writer of essays for a charming idea of rural England at this time. Addison, a brilliant and judicious man, and one of the most delightful writers in Queen Anne's reign, has given us a description of a country gentleman, which is as perfect in its way as the pictures Chaucer painted so vividly three hundred years before. Sir Roger de Coverley might, one thinks, have been the lineal descendant of Chaucer's knight fallen on less heroic times. He lives in his old country seat, and "does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent." There we see him, the very ideal of a "fine old English gentleman;" quite a little king amongst the people, but a beneficent, tender-hearted,

sympathizing king. All his servants have grown gray in his house. "You would take his *valet de chambre* for his brother; his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy councillor." He is such a kind master that none of his servants ever wish to leave him; his manners towards them are "a mixture of the father and the master of the family."

He is equally beloved by the tenantry and neighbors. "The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles." Just as kind and considerate is he towards his old horses and dogs, which are kept with great care and tenderness, in remembrance of their past services. He rides out hunting "encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gayety of five and twenty;" but at the last moment, when the poor hare is quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies, a signal is given, and the dogs come to a full stop. "At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants, with an order if she could be kept alive to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of those prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity."

He is a high-bred gentleman in every look and every thought; but his education had not been very profound. He did not choose to have a very learned clergyman as his chaplain, since he "was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table." His favorite reading seems to have been "Baker's Chronicle;" of which quotations have been given. He does not quite know what to think about witches, gypsies, and fortune-tellers. He takes care to protect a poor old woman, who is suspected of practising the black art, from ill usage; but at the same time advises her, "as a justice of the peace, to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle."

The account of the rural Sunday and of Sir Roger at church is too charming to be spoiled by extracts; it ought to be read as Addison wrote it ("Spectator," No. 112, July 9, 1711), as indeed ought his whole portraiture. We can hardly fail to think, as we read it, "He was a veray parfit gentle knight."

It was in Anne's reign that England and Scotland finally became one kingdom. Though they had been under one king for more than a hundred years, they had not been looked on as one nation; for each had a separate Parliament, separate laws, and a separate coinage of money. Since many of the Scotch people looked on the Stuart kings as peculiarly their own, they had fought for King James in the days of William and Mary, and afterwards fought for his son and grandson.

1707. Union of England and Scotland.

Scotland was divided almost completely between two distinct races of men. The Lowlanders were (see p. 235) really of English or Saxon blood; and the southern part of Scotland, which was the part inhabited by them, was nearly as much civilized as England. These Scotch were rigid Protestants and Presbyterians. But in the northern part, where the Highlanders lived, everything was very different. The inhabitants of those mountainous regions were descended from the old Celtic tribes whom first the Romans and then the English had hemmed in among the hills and lakes, and who had mixed but little with their southern neighbors, except to fight or rob them. They were still separated into tribes or clans; and the head or chief of the clan was the only human being they respected. Him they would obey almost like a god upon earth, and would fight in any quarrel he might have in hand without the slightest care for the right of it. Their code of morality was rather singular. Stealing cows, or, as it was politely called, "lifting," was a most honorable occupation, and worthy of a gentleman, next best, indeed, to fighting; but stealing sheep was degrading and infamous. Work or labor of any sort was also degrading, and only fit for women. The Highlanders had a grace and charm of manner which was sadly wanting in the Lowlanders, and which seems to belong to the Celtic races. The Highland tribes still for the most part adhered to the Catholic religion. It was a long time after this before these wild people could learn order and obedience, — not till after one or two great rebellions; but the beginning of it was made when the two countries were brought, at least nominally, under one law. Though after this there was but one Parliament for both nations, the Scotch never accepted the Church of England, but retained their Presbyterian religion.

Anne had several children; but the same fatality which seemed to attend the Stuart family, as it had before attended

the Tudors, pursued her, and they all died in infancy or childhood. It was necessary, therefore, to look out for a successor to the throne. The English were resolved not to have the son of James, whom Louis XIV. had declared to be king, and who, though he called himself James III., was generally known as the "Chevalier de St. George," or less politely as the "Pretender," and who was a Roman Catholic like his father. Many Jacobites in England secretly hoped that he might yet have a chance when Anne died, since the next heir to the throne was a stranger and foreigner, and only a distant relation to the royal family.

It had been settled during William's life that if neither he and Queen Mary nor Anne left any children, the crown should be given to a Protestant German prince, the Elector of Hanover, who was descended from the queen of Bohemia, that daughter of James I. who had been called the Queen of Hearts.* This is the last change of dynasty or royal family which has taken place. The House of Hanover, or Brunswick, as it is often called, has gone on reigning in England ever since, though it has no longer any connection with Hanover. It seems that Queen Anne herself would have been inclined to favor her half-brother; and, had he consented to change his religion, he would doubtless have been welcomed back to England, for there were still many Tories who longed for the old royal line to be restored. To his lasting honor, the young prince would not change his religion for a crown. With his own hand he wrote these plain and honest words, "I neither want counsel nor advice to remain unalterable in my fixed resolution of never dissembling my religion, but rather to abandon all than act against my conscience and honor, cost what it will."

When Queen Anne died, therefore, Prince George of Hanover was sent for from Germany, and proclaimed king. Thus England saw herself once more under the rule of a foreigner. George could not even speak English; and the only way in which he and his prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, could talk together, was in very bad Latin. His private life was not very much better than Charles II.'s. He was neither an intellectual nor an attractive man, and was never much liked in England. He returned the compliment, as William had

1714. Death of Anne.

George I.

* See Marvel's poem, "Ye Meaner Beauties of the Night."

done, by not liking England much. He greatly preferred his little dominion in Germany, and really seems to have been of no use at all in England except as a solid figure on the throne, which kept James Stuart out.

The old romantic and religious reverence for royalty seemed to die out under these new and elected kings. Though they were distantly descended from the royal family, they were not in the direct line, and there seemed no special sacredness about them. It is amusing to see, in the days of the Stuarts, how astonished Pepys was when it dawned upon his understanding that kings and princes had some resemblance to other mortals. One day he was with King Charles in his barge, "hearing him and the duke (James) talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though (blessed be God!) they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits."

The miraculous power of curing disease by the royal touch, which had come down from the days of Edward the Confessor, was not supposed to be conferred upon the Hanoverian princes; but if anyone could perform that miracle, it was the banished Stuarts, who did still practise it now and then, or attempt to do so. In England there no longer seemed anything supernatural in the commonplace and phlegmatic gentleman at the head of the government. The history of England became very prosaic.

For two hundred years the country had been often in a state of excitement. There had been the Reformation and its martyrs, the Spanish Armada and the deliverance of England, the long struggle against despotism, both in Church and State. These had stirred men's hearts to their very depths, and roused them to enthusiasm and heroism. But now that there was no more tyranny and no more martyrdom, everything gradually subsided into a quietness like stagnation. Conflicts, both religious and political, still went on, but they were no longer at fever heat.

It was thought to be one of the most admirable effects of the Royal Society, which had been founded thirty or forty years before, that it drew men's minds off from political matters, and furnished them with "subjects of discourse which might be treated without warmth of passion." Addi-

son, who, with all his wisdom and goodness, was evidently not a natural philosopher, does not speak very learnedly or with any just appreciation of those wonderful inventions before referred to. He says, "The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements." While the philosophers were thus "diverting" themselves, we can see that the poets had undergone a change too. Instead of leading men to feel or to imagine, instead of carrying them into fairyland or dreamland, into heaven or hell, they taught them to judge and to reflect. Pope's poetry, some of which is very interesting, is generally cold, hard, and brilliant, like cast steel.*

A great part of the history of these times is taken up with the disputes between Whigs and Tories, each striving for the ascendancy. It is not very interesting to follow the details of their struggle, but it is well to know clearly what they each wished and believed. These two great parties were then, just as they are now, agreed up to a certain point. They both desired to maintain the English constitution; they both wished for an hereditary monarch, who should govern the country in agreement with the Houses of Parliament, the Lords and Commons. The Tories did not wish for a despotic sovereign, who could govern according to his own will, unshackled by law or Parliament, any more than the Whigs did. The Whigs did not wish for a republic and the putting down of the monarchy altogether any more than the Tories did. The great difference between them was that the Tories seem to have thought the constitution was already quite perfect, and that no change ought ever to be made in it; whilst the Whigs held that as other circumstances — the condition of the people, for instance — changed with time, the constitution ought to adapt itself to those changes, and to grow as the nation grew. The Tories thought most of the rights of the king and the upper classes, the duty of order and obedience, and the evil of rebellion. The Whigs thought most of the blessing of lib-

Whigs and Tories.

* This change from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century is very marked. The author has *indicated* the nature of the change, but an elaborate essay would be necessary to unfold it. — ED.

erty and the rights of the whole nation. The Tories wished all people to obey the bishops, to believe the Prayer-book, and to go to church. The Whigs thought all people ought to judge for themselves, and might become Dissenters if they thought fit.

It is well worthy of note that the old nobility of England have never, as might perhaps have been expected, belonged entirely to the Tory class. A great number of them have always cared heartily for the rights and liberties of the whole nation, and have been the leaders of the Whigs.

William III., who wished to be fair and just to all parties, had chosen his ministers partly from the Tories and some from the Whigs. It would be called to-day a compromise cabinet. When the two did not agree, which was of course very often, he himself decided between them. The same plan was followed in Anne's reign, and she tried to hold the balance fairly. But it was extremely difficult to do this, and it kept the king or queen in a state of anxiety, while the quarrels between the two parties made it almost impossible for the government to act in a firm or decided manner. In the latter part of her reign a new plan was tried — that of choosing all the members of the government, the cabinet, as they were called, from one side or the other, according to the majority of the House of Commons. Thus, if the people in the country were in favor of the Tories, and chose a majority of Tory members of Parliament, the ministers appointed would be Tories too, and would be strong, agreeing with each other, and having the greater part of the country to back them. If the people were more inclined to the Whigs, and elected a majority of Whig members, the ministers would be Whigs too. Whenever the country changed in opinion, which was sure to happen sometimes, then the ministers were changed also. This is the system by which England has been governed ever since.

The cabinet.

As it was the principles of the Whigs which had set George I. on the throne, they came into power, and continued to govern the country for a long time. One of the first things they did was to banish some of the leading Tories. It was said, though not strictly proved, that they had been secretly planning to raise James Stuart, the "Pretender," to the throne. It is certain that many of the Tories still had an uneasy feeling concerning the divine right of

kings, and could not feel quite clear that it had been right to drive James away, and to pass over his son. But these doubts were not strong enough to induce them to risk anything to bring the Chevalier or Pretender back.

1715. The first Jacobite rising.

The year after Anne's death, the son of James made an effort to recover the kingdom. The attempt was begun in the Highlands of Scotland, as most of the wild clansmen, or rather their chiefs, were in favor of the Stuarts; almost the only one on the other side was the Duke of Argyll, who was at the head of the Campbells. The clansmen cared neither for James nor George, but only for their own chiefs, and would fight as willingly on one side as the other. They liked the fighting, and the plunder of the rich Lowlanders and English still more.

It was hoped that, when once a beginning was made, many of the English would rise also in support of the prince. But very few of them did so. The English government arrested some of the most influential men who were thought likely to join the insurrection, and the few who did really rebel were defeated at Preston. A battle was also fought in Scotland at Sheriff-muir, but not much came of that, for it was never decided which party got the best of it. As the old ballad quoted in the "Heart of Midlothian" has it —

> "There's some say that we wan,
> And some say that they wan,
> And some say that none wan
> At a', man.
>
> But one thing is sure,
> That at Sheriff-muir
> A battle there was,
> Which I saw, man."

The rebellion was so unsuccessful that the Chevalier was glad to escape safely to France. He made one or two other efforts during the reign of George I., getting different foreign nations to help him, — once the king of Sweden, once the king of Spain, — but all to no purpose. Nor had his son any better success when his turn came to try his fortune.

Neither of these two princes, James's son and grandson, were great or good men, worthy to be kings of England. The elder one is said "not to have been absolutely wanting in capacity or courage," but it was added that he gave the

most undeniable evidence of being his father's own son (which we saw was generally disbelieved at his birth) "by constantly resisting the counsels of wise men." The reading public feels a romantic interest in his son, Prince Charles Edward, because of his adventures, and because of the interesting representations of him in the Waverley novels; but those who knew him best give a very different view of his character from the chivalrous one of Sir Walter Scott. One of his friends and supporters was obliged to confess, "I never heard him express any noble or benevolent sentiment, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart, or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause."

When George I. died, his son George II. succeeded him without dispute, and it was not till many years after that there was any more trouble with the Stuarts. But when the young Prince Charles Edward was about twenty-five he went over to make one more effort in his father's cause and his own. The Highlands rose again, and for a time all things went well with him. He gained a victory over the English at Preston-Pans in Scotland, and kept a gay court in Edinburgh, though the castle still held out for the English. He then marched into England at the head of a wild little army of Highlanders, hoping that the Tory lords and gentlemen would join him in great numbers. But he was disappointed. These lords and gentlemen were safe, free, and prosperous under the government of George II.; and though they might grumble sometimes, and perhaps think kindly of the exiled family, their feelings were very tepid, and they did not care enough to risk their lives and fortunes by rebelling. The common people were still more indifferent. They seemed inclined, as was observed at the time, to look on and cry, "Fight dog! fight bear!" without taking any part themselves if they could help it; but feeling very angry with the Pretender for coming to disturb the peace of the kingdom.

1745. The second Jacobite rising.

When the prince had marched as far as Derby, and had found no support in England, he had to march back again. A last decisive battle was fought at Culloden in Scotland, and then he too had to flee.* He was hiding in the Highlands for five months, and had as many adventures as his great-uncle

* See Campbell's poem "Lochiel." — ED.

Charles II.; at last he arrived safely in France. This was the last serious attempt of the Stuarts. Though the Jacobites continued to drink the health of the "king over the water" till nearly the end of George II.'s reign, they did nothing more for him. A few years later the English Roman Catholics even began to pray for the royal family of the House of Hanover.

The gradual dying out of Jacobitism is rather amusingly illustrated by an anecdote of Dr. Johnson. He gloried in being a Tory to the last hour of his life, and had, doubtless, some sentimental attachment to the House of Stuart. This, however, did not prevent him from being fervently loyal to the reigning family and receiving a pension from King George. It appears that certain reflections were cast upon him for accepting this pension, as being inconsistent with his principles. When this was mentioned to him, "Why, sir," said he, with a hearty laugh, "it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit; and now that I have this pension I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been; I retain the same principles. It is true that I cannot now curse" (smiling) "the House of Hanover; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover and drinking King James's health are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

"He no doubt," says Boswell, "had an early attachment to the House of Stuart; but his zeal had cooled as his reason strengthened. Indeed, I heard him once say that after the death of a violent Whig, with whom he used to contend with great eagerness, he felt his Toryism much abated."

Charles Edward fell into most disreputable habits abroad, and died very little respected by anyone. His younger brother became a cardinal, and died in the beginning of this century. So passed away the royal House of Stuart.

1807. The end of the Stuarts.

CHAPTER LIII.

SLEEP AND WAKING.

The Whigs and Walpole. Decline of enthusiasm. Foreign wars. Disasters and despondency. The elder Pitt. Canada and Wolfe. India and Clive. The Methodists.

GEORGE II. was not much more interesting than his father, nor was his private character any better. Though he could speak English, he did not feel like an Englishman, but took far more interest in Hanover. The Whigs continued to govern England, with Sir Robert Walpole as prime minister. Walpole was a shrewd, sensible man, and the country became more and more pacific under his influence. The Tories and the Church grew reconciled to the new dynasty, and the Dissenters were placed in a better position. In order to enable them to hold offices in their towns as mayors, aldermen, etc., from which the Test and Corporation Acts shut them out, a law was passed called the Indemnity Act, which excused them from receiving the sacrament of the Church of England. The same Act was passed again and again, until about fifty years ago, when the Test and Corporation Acts themselves were repealed.

1727. George II.

Both Whigs and Tories had learned to act with moderation, and not to regard each other as mortal enemies. But though Walpole sincerely desired the good of the country, he did a great deal to degrade its character. The principal means employed to insure tranquillity and perpetuate his power was the bestowing of places, pensions, and bribes. The high spirit of English gentlemen was sunk so low that many, even members of Parliament, would sell their votes to the unscrupulous minister. In this way he could nearly always get majorities in the House of Commons.

Walpole.

The government had also a great deal of influence in the election of members of Parliament. It was, perhaps, worse than it had been in the days of Jack Cade. In many places

the government could dictate the election of anyone whom they wished to have returned ; in other places great noblemen could do the same. Some places, which in old days were rich and important, and used to send members to represent them in Parliament, had now dwindled away into little villages, or less than villages, where there might be only a few sheep and shepherds left. Still they went on sending members to Parliament. These came to be called "rotten boroughs." Other places which had formerly been insignificant hamlets had now grown into large towns, with thousands of inhabitants; these could not send any members at all.

Thus it was evident that Parliament did not fairly represent the opinion of the country. Walpole knew this very well; he knew, too, that it was his duty to act according to the sense and will of the nation; and, however sure he might be of a majority in the House, yet if the public at large really cared about the matter, and showed that they objected to his plans, he always gave way.

George II., being a brave man and a good soldier, was fond of interfering in continental wars, in which England had no real interest, and she need not have been burdened. These wars are very confusing, and have not much to do with English history. The first was the War of the Austrian Succession, and it was not popular in England, because the people believed that the king took part in it for the good of Hanover. William Pitt, a patriotic young member of Parliament who was just rising into note, and afterwards became the most eminent man in England, said, "It is now too apparent that this great, this powerful, this formidable kingdom is considered only a province to a despicable electorate." The king liked war, and he loved Hanover, so he hated Pitt for this saying. One of the politicians in this reign, who had succeeded Walpole as prime minister, summing up in a few words his own ideas about the foreign wars, called it "a noble ambition to knock the heads of the kings of Europe together, and jumble something out of it which may be of service to this country."

1741. Foreign wars.

The principal advantages which resulted to England out of the "jumble" were not in Europe at all, but in Asia and America. England had long possessed large colonies in America, but Canada, which at present belongs to England,

was at that time colonized by the French. The English colonies were part of what are now called the United States. Though those States are now a republic, they belonged to England, and were under English rule until about a hundred years ago. Many of them are still called after those former rulers: Virginia after the virgin Queen Elizabeth; Maryland after Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I.; the Carolinas after Charles II.; New York after the Duke of York, James II.; Georgia after George II.

There were often disputes between the French and English colonies about the boundary lines. At last they came to open hostilities. The mother countries joined in the dispute, and there was soon war both in Europe and America. At first everything went very ill for England. Horace Walpole, the son of old Sir Robert, and one of the witty writers of the day, says in a letter to a friend, "If it were not for the life that is put into the town now and then by very bad news from abroad, one should be quite stupefied."

1756. Disasters.

Plenty of that "life" was put into the town. The French were successful in America, and in Europe the English lost the island of Minorca, which was considered a terrible disaster. So enraged were the people of England, that Admiral Byng, who had failed to relieve Minorca, was brought to trial. Though no charge could be brought against him, at the very worst, but that he had made a mistake, such as any man might have made, nothing would pacify the nation but his execution.

This cruel act, of course, brought no consolation and no remedy.* Everything seemed to be going ill; the nation was utterly disheartened; there seemed no one to be trusted, no one who could do anything but the one man whom the king hated, William Pitt. "I am sure," he said, "that I can save the nation, and that no one else can." The nation was sure of it too, and the king was obliged to make him prime minister.

Pitt, who was afterwards created Earl of Chatham, was a man of wonderful genius, and was, perhaps, the greatest prime minister that England ever had. There was something grand and lofty about him which seemed to raise the spirit and character of the whole nation

1757. William Pitt.

*Voltaire said the English hung an admiral "to encourage the others." — Ed.

as much as Walpole had lowered it. He was a very poor man when he began life; his whole private fortune was about a hundred pounds a year; but he did not love money; he scorned bribes and corruption, and kept his hands and heart pure to the last day of his life. He had also a wonderful eloquence. Horace Walpole, after describing the fine speech of another great orator, breaks off with, "What could be beyond this? Nothing but what was beyond what ever was, and that was Pitt." The spirit of honor, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice in one man kindled the same in those who beheld it. The people began to feel the stirring of a nobler life within them. Pitt became the nation's idol. Englishmen woke from their torpor, their love of selfish ease and profit; they showed once more a self-sacrifice, courage, and patriotism worthy of their fathers of old.

Pitt was skilful in choosing men. He did not appoint them only because of their age or rank, but according to their qualities. He sent a very gallant young general to Canada, James Wolfe, who quickly turned defeat into victory, but whose career was soon ended. In taking the city of Quebec from the French he fell mortally wounded, but he did not die till he heard the enemy were vanquished. "They run," he overheard some one say. "Who run?" asked the dying man, lifting himself up. When they told him it was the French, he sank down again, saying, "Then I die happy." His victory put an end to the French power in America, and gave to England the large confederation of colonies called Canada.

Canada. 1759.

It was Pitt's clear faculties which perceived how to turn the bravery of the wild Highlanders to account. Since the rebellion of 1745 the chiefs of many of the clans had been banished, and the people were left as sheep without a shepherd. Their main ideas of life had always been devotion to their chiefs and love of fighting. Pitt formed two Highland regiments, which were soon among the finest in the whole army. The soldiers became as devoted to their regiment as they used to be to their clan, and were as proud of fighting for king and country as they used to be of fighting against both. Scotland continually improved in civilization and prosperity.

Soon, too, England began to acquire power in India. The French and English were rivals there also. Neither had any dominion, but each had some commercial

India.

interests. There was a company in London called the East India Company, which had been established simply for trading purposes. They had some little settlements on different parts of the coast of India, consisting of a few square miles, for which they paid rent to the natives, and where the merchants lived. These settlements had a few small forts, and a few soldiers to protect them. The merchants grew rich, but they had no thought of gaining possession of the country.

The most important of these little establishments was at Madras. Not very far south, at Pondicherry, the French had a similar one. As the two countries at home were at war, the rival merchant settlements were soon at war too. Here also the French were successful at first, and the English were reduced to great danger and distress. It seemed as if all would be lost, when Clive, a merchant's clerk, who had been a great scapegrace in his youth, began to show such wonderful courage and genius that he was appointed to command the little English army. All his daring plans succeeded, to the amazement of French, English, and natives. The greater part of the natives, thinking the French were sure to be victorious, had taken part with them; but Clive with his handful of troops defeated them all. When he had completely triumphed in Madras he went north to Bengal. The nabob, or ruler of that province, had taken possession of a settlement which the English had at Calcutta, and had made himself forever infamous by shutting up his prisoners in the den so well known now by the name of the Black Hole.

Clive.

Clive was sent with a small army to punish the nabob. He had about nine hundred English troops and fifteen hundred natives. The nabob's army consisted of nearly sixty thousand. "On this occasion," says Macaulay, "for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river" which separated the English from their foe on the morrow. Long afterwards he said that he

had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council the British would never have been masters of Bengal.

The morrow came, the river was crossed, and in little more than an hour the nabob's great army was put to flight. This is called the Battle of Plassey. From that time the English gained ever more and more power and influence in India, till it has now almost entirely become an English possession. The first English rulers thought too much of growing rich, and plundered and oppressed the natives shamefully; but for a long time past England has striven to rule that great country for its own good; has given it wise laws, education, and justice; and there is good reason to hope that the people are happier and better cared for than they ever were under the native rulers, who, for the most part, were cruel and ignorant tyrants.

1757. Battle of Plassey.

The latter end of George's reign was very glorious for England. Horace Walpole no longer depended on bad news from abroad to put a little life into the town. "I don't know how the Romans did," he writes, "but I cannot support two victories every week. . . . One cannot take the trouble of sending every victory by itself. I stay till I have enough to make a pacquet, and then write to you." And again, "You would not know your own country. You left it a private little island living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world."

From the time there had been safety and toleration, instead of danger and persecution, religion had rather fallen asleep. People had ceased to think so much about it, and it had become a respectable and commonplace affair, in which no one was much interested, and with which very few but the middle classes concerned themselves. The higher ranks, from the king downwards, were very immoral; they drank enormously, and no gentleman was ashamed of being seen intoxicated; they also swore frightfully. Grave, great, and heroic thoughts no longer occupied men's minds. The life of the upper classes in London at this time was hardly any better than it had been under Charles II., and very different indeed from what it had been in the golden days of Elizabeth. In her time there had been grace and gallantry, wit and pleasure; but those were, as we may say, the ornaments of strong and brave character; the fair blossoming of a noble root. Sid-

State of religion.

ney and Raleigh were men of high thoughts and high deeds, as well as gracious and accomplished gentlemen. During the eighteenth century there were very fine gentlemen, gay, witty, good-humored, and charming; but those qualities were no longer the ornaments, they were the very best part of the man; underneath were carelessness, selfishness, frivolity, and too often wickedness. One of the best and most brilliant of these fine gentlemen, the same Horace Walpole quoted above, when once he paused in his gay career to think of his past and his future, wrote a few words which seem a more emphatic comment on that butterfly life than many sermons. "Nor can I well agree with Waller," he says, "that

> 'the soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new lights through chinks that time has made.'

Chinks, I am afraid there are, but instead of new lights I find nothing but darkness visible, that serves only to discover sights of woe. I look back through my chinks, I find errors, follies, faults; forward — old age and death, pleasures fleeting from me, no virtues succeeding to their place; *il faut avouer*, I want all my quicksilver to make such a background receive any other objects."

The very poor were in nearly as bad a state, except that it was not their own fault. London and other cities had grown enormously during the last hundred years; trades and manufactures had been constantly increasing, and had drawn more and more inhabitants into the towns and ports. Though the population had increased so greatly, the Church had not taken much notice, or exerted itself to do anything for the good of these crowds of people. Very few new churches or schools were built; no one seemed to remember that what was enough for one thousand people was not enough for ten thousand. But the great towns were soon more than ten times as populous as they had been a hundred years before. The people grew ignorant, irreligious, and degraded. There were no Sunday schools and scarcely any day schools for the poor. Hardly any of them could read or write. Not long before this the custom of gin-drinking had come in. Before that they used to drink immense quantities of ale and beer. In his young days the celebrated Benjamin Franklin worked as a printer in an establishment in London, where about fifty men were employed. "The

beer boy," he wrote afterwards, "had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. My fellow pressman drank every day a pint of beer before breakfast, a pint with bread and cheese for breakfast, one between breakfast and dinner, one at dinner, one again about six o'clock in the afternoon, and another after he had finished his day's work. This custom," Franklin concludes, "appeared to me to be abominable." It became a sort of passion with the people, and led, as it always does, to increased poverty, cruelty, and crime.

The amusements were low, and brutal too; cock-fighting, bull-baiting, and other cruel sports were the delight of nearly all classes. There seemed a general coarseness and degradation, with but little care or feeling for anything higher. But some clergymen of the Church of England, seeing how torpid and dead the higher classes were, how brutal and sinful the others, set themselves to wake the dead to life again. The principal of them was John Wesley, a noble and saint-like man; a man of high talent, and a good scholar. His great helpers were his brother Charles, who was a scholar too, and wrote some of our best hymns, and Whitefield, also a clergyman, and the most eloquent preacher of his time. If Whitefield did not draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek, he did what was perhaps harder — he drew gold out of the purse of a hard-headed American philosopher, the above-mentioned Franklin, who had made up his mind to give none; and carried Lord Chesterfield, the very type of a fine gentleman, so out of himself that he uttered an audible and excited exclamation in church.*

1738. Wesley and Whitefield.

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* "Franklin, strongly disapproving of the scheme of building an orphanage in Georgia, . . . determined not to support it. 'I happened soon after,' he tells us, 'to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistols in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of this, and determined me to give the silver, and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.'

"On one occasion, when illustrating the peril of sinners, he described with such an admirable power an old blind man, deserted by his dog, tottering feebly over the desolate moor, endeavoring in vain to feel his way with a staff, and gradually drawing nearer and nearer

Though some of the doctrines they taught were harsh, their hearts were tenderer than their doctrines. They were filled with that glowing love for the unseen God, which lifts men up out of cold worldliness, and overflows into love and pity for man. The revival they brought about was like that of the old days, and the work of the Grey and the Black Brothers in the warmth of their first love. These men toiled unceasingly to save the lost and outcast. Their journeys, their toils, their preaching, their prayers, were incessant. They never meant to leave the Church; all their desire was to breathe a new life into it; and if the Church of England had been wise she would have welcomed them, as the Pope had done St. Francis. But the Church was at that time too respectable and conservative to put up with anything new, such as preaching and singing out of doors.

It must be owned that there was some excuse for the reluctance of the heads of the Church. The ignorant people grew so excited under the fiery preaching that they sometimes fell into dreadful convulsions; some went mad; some died. They were very superstitious; they saw visions; they dreamed dreams; they reverted to the old idea that God governed the world by perpetually interfering with the laws of nature, and were constantly telling of His miracles. Wesley himself, for example, gives the account of a girl who was always quite blind when she tried to read a Roman Catholic prayer-book, but could see plainly if she took up the New Testament.

They hated all amusements, even innocent ones, as much as William Langland and the Puritans.

Many of these exaggerations were only a sort of first effervescence, and passed away. They did a wonderful work which has not passed away. Soon after, and greatly through their influence, the Church of England itself began to revive, and to see that though decorum, tranquillity, and order are excellent things, they are not the substance and aim of Christianity. A large number of the clergy, who were called in contempt by the honorable name of Evangelical, began to tread in the steps of Wesley, though not going to such ex-

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to the verge of a dizzy precipice, that when he arrived at the final catastrophe, no less a person than Lord Chesterfield lost all self-possession, and was heard audibly exclaiming, 'Good God! he is gone!'" — *Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century.*

tremes. Some of the most earnest and noble-hearted of the laity joined them. Their doctrines, like Wesley's, were many of them hard and narrow, but, like his, their hearts were good. They and their friends and followers suggested most of the charitable works which sprang into life towards the end of the last century.

After George II. had slept with his fathers, and his grandson, George III., was reigning in his stead, not only in the Church, however, but throughout the country, men's hearts seemed to grow larger and warmer. They cared more and more for their fellow-creatures, and had an ever-increasing pity for the weak and the suffering. "I was sick, and ye visited Me; I was in prison, and ye came unto Me," their Master had said. They longed that He should say that to them. Some went among the sick, and comforted them; others penetrated into those dens of misery, the prisons. Some cared for the children, and drew them into schools. Sunday schools were first established in 1788. The children were very coarse and rough and dirty; when a gentleman or lady tried to teach and help them, it perhaps seemed a very hard and repulsive work; but as they saw how surprise and interest would kindle in their eyes, and warmth and sympathy would melt their wild young hearts, the teacher kindled and warmed too; duty was turned into love. Missionary societies, Bible societies, and other ways for helping mankind, were soon set on foot. The spirit was everywhere abroad, which led a poor woman to say, "Yes, I know we have given everything we can spare; but I want to give something which we can't spare."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ENGLISH GEORGE.

George III. The American colonies. Policy of England. Declaration of Independence. The slave trade. Wilberforce. The younger Pitt. The French Revolution.

GEORGE III. had the longest reign of any English sovereign, and a remarkable reign it was. He was not a man of ability; but for the greater part of the sixty years he wore the crown of England he was a very popular king. People who remembered him always spoke of him with kindness and affection; as "dear old George III.," "good old King George," and yet we know he was dull, obstinate, blundering, undignified. One reason, doubtless, for the love he inspired was that he was an Englishman, and gloried in being so; for the nation had never loved its German kings. "This sovereign," said Walpole, "don't stand in one spot, with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody." But more than that, with all his defects he was a good man. He said he intended to introduce a new custom, "that of living well with all his family." Instead of deserting or slighting his wife, and leading an immoral life, as the other two Georges had done, he was a good, true husband, a loving father, a sincere Christian. He loved his church and his Bible. He said he longed for every poor man in his dominion to be able to read his Bible and to have a Bible to read. He was honest, and if he was obstinate, it was because he always believed the things he wished were the right things. He was simple-minded and kind-hearted. He got up early and went to bed early, and lived a quiet, good, and religious life. In his later years he was sorely afflicted, for he grew blind and lost his reason.

1760. George III.

One of his greatest comforts in those sad times was sacred music, sometimes parts of Handel's beautiful oratorios. In one of the last lucid intervals he had, Thackeray relates that

he was found by the queen "singing a hymn, and accompanying himself on the harpsichord. When he had finished he knelt down and prayed aloud for her, and then for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself, that it might please God to avert his heavy calamity from him, but if not, to give him resignation to submit. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled."

George III. had been better educated than his father, and to the extent of his abilities was fond of literature and learned men. A love of books and of culture was more and more spread abroad. "Any man," says Dr. Johnson, "who wears a sword and a powdered wig," and that meant in those days every gentleman, "is ashamed to be illiterate." It was George who gave Dr. Johnson his pension of three hundred pounds a year. Education and art.

He encouraged the founding of the Royal Academy of Arts. Though cultivated Englishmen had been fond of pictures and statues, they had always been obliged to buy them abroad, or to employ foreigners to paint them in England. There were now, however, English artists who might stand, and not be ashamed, beside the greatest of the foreigners. The first president of the Royal Academy was Sir Joshua Reynolds. He and his friend and rival, Gainsborough, though they could paint as perfectly as the best Italian artists, were generally content with painting portraits, or simple rural subjects.* What they saw they painted beautifully: those men with the powdered wigs; those lovely ladies, who look so stately and so innocent, year after year, on the walls of the Royal Academy. 1768.

Towards the latter end of George's long reign, Turner, the greatest landscape painter whom England has ever known, was beginning to open the eyes of men to the infinite glory and majesty of earth, and sea, and sky.

The greatest misfortune which happened to England during his reign was the loss of her American colonies; and that misfortune, it is impossible to deny, was in great part due to King George's inveterate obstinacy. The quarrel was caused by the tyranny of the mother country. Ever since the colonies had been Loss of the American colonies.

* The student of this history who comes to study art afterward will see that this paragraph needs to be amplified and corrected to make it reasonably satisfactory.

founded they had been greatly hampered in their manufactures and their trade by the selfishness of England. It was an established principle that the interests of all colonies and dependencies were to be subservient to those of England.

If it was thought that any article which England produced or manufactured could be provided better or cheaper in a colony, the colonists, instead of being encouraged to make and sell it, were hindered in every possible way. For example, in America they had plenty of iron and of wool, more than they wanted for themselves, and which other countries would have been very glad of; but as the English also had wool and iron, the American colonies were not allowed to make theirs into useful things and sell them, because the English wished to maintain a monopoly of wool and iron in the markets of the world.

The English treated Ireland in the same way, preventing the Irish from selling what they had. They were discouraged from weaving either wool or linen. At one time they were forbidden to sell the meat, butter, and cheese which their green, fertile land produced in great abundance, even in England, lest people might buy from them instead of from English farmers. England, in fact, reminds one of Bottom in the play, who, not content with his own part, wants to act everybody else's part too.

Statesmen and legislators had not yet begun to see that the more food and clothing and other useful things the earth produces, the better it is for all its inhabitants; and that if one country can produce one thing best, and another another, it is the wisest thing for them each to produce plenty, and to exchange with each other freely, instead of hindering and thwarting each other by jealousy.

This selfish policy on the part of England alienated the hearts of the Americans, and helped on greatly in leading them to revolution. A still worse grievance was the taxation. The colonies knew very well that a main principle of the English constitution is that no tax can be imposed without the consent of the people taxed; that is to say, the consent of the representatives whom they choose to act and speak for them in Parliament. Now, the colonies had no one to speak for them in the English Parliament; they sent no members there, but had representative assemblies of their own, which imposed their taxes and attended to local government. The English government, being in great want of

money, attempted to tax the colonies. Many of the Americans were descended from the old Puritans, and were men of the same type as Pym and Hampden; they resisted, just as their forefathers would have done. They declared that they would not pay taxes which were imposed by a Parliament in which they were not represented. One of the colonists, who had taken a principal part in the military affairs of the country, and who afterwards rose to be general-in-chief of the army, was George Washington. Washington. He was a man whom Englishmen consider quite worthy to be placed beside Hampden; he was brave, persevering, truthful, and magnanimous. In all his after life he never sought or accepted anything for himself; all he thought of was justice for his country. He had, too, the clear eye of a commander, and knew how to march to his ends through trouble, and difficulty, and danger.

At first the Americans had no wish to separate themselves from England; they only demanded "the rights and privileges which are essential to the happiness of every free state." Lord Chatham, as Pitt was now called, and the wisest of the king's other counsellors, advised him to give in, and said that the Americans were right. "We are told," said Lord Chatham, "America is obstinate; America is in open rebellion; I rejoice that America has resisted." But George, who had all the instincts of a despotic monarch, and who loved his own way as dearly as ever a Tudor or a Stuart had done, would not give in. It was firmly fixed in his mind that, if the Americans succeeded, all the other colonies would also be lost, and England would "reduce itself to a poor island indeed." He called the Americans rebels, and he called Lord Chatham's speech "a trumpet of sedition." He said that, if the English were resolute, the Americans would "undoubtedly be very meek."

But the Americans were not meek at all, and they would not yield. One of the grievances had been about the importation of tea. The government had made a decree demanding a certain duty to be paid by the Americans on all the tea which they received from the mother country. The Americans, women as well as men, bound themselves to drink no tea at all, sooner than pay that duty; and at last, when some English ships laden with tea arrived in Boston Harbor, a mob, disguised as Indians, uttered a loud war-whoop, boarded the ships, and 1773.

flung all the chests of tea into the sea. Not long after this (1776), independence was openly declared. The war lasted eight years, counting from the first conflict of arms, and in the end the colonies and their good cause conquered, and they were declared independent of the mother country. When King George announced his consent to this declaration, he said, very truly, that in giving it he had sacrificed every consideration of his own to the wishes and opinion of the people. He added a prayer that neither might Great Britain nor America suffer from their separation, and that "religion, language, interest, affections," might prove a bond of union between the two countries, — a prayer to which every year seems to bring a wider fulfilment.

1783. The American colonies declared independent.

This was an inglorious page in the history of England. A very few years after the declaration of American independence a great work was begun which was as much to the honor of the country. In 1787 a few wise and good men set themselves to make England worthy of being called free, and the champion of freedom, by abolishing the trade in negro slaves. The wickedness of trafficking in human flesh and blood had begun to be realized by English Christians. The hideous cruelties of the trade, the ghastly miseries and tortures endured by the kidnapped victims, added to the rising feeling.

The slave trade.

1787.

The charge of bringing the subject before Parliament was given to William Wilberforce, one of the brightest and most ardent of the evangelical laymen, who, we may almost say, gave his whole noble life to that cause. The last letter the venerable John Wesley ever wrote was to Wilberforce, encouraging him in his holy war. Among all his helpers in the long battle, the most eminent was William Pitt, who rose to be the leading man in the kingdom. The great Lord Chatham was dead, and his son William inherited in large measure his talents and character. He, like his father, was noble in his ideas, proud of his country, proud of himself. He was prime minister of England when he was twenty-four years old. He made his first speech in Parliament when only twenty-one. There were splendid orators in the House of Commons in those days. One of them — Burke — was so astonished and delighted at the young man's speech, which reminded him of his father, that he exclaimed, with tears of admiration, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself."

The second William Pitt.

Wilberforce has mentioned his conference on the subject of slavery with Pitt, who was his intimate friend. "I well remember," he writes, "after a conversation in the open air at the root of an old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give notice, on a fit occasion, in the House of Commons, of my intention to bring the subject forward." In the beautiful spot where those two friends sat there is now a stone seat, with an inscription, commemorating the conversation which led to such great results. The contest lasted for twenty years before Wilberforce and his allies succeeded in putting an end to the British trade in slaves. No more Africans could be torn from their homes, or sold in the market; but it was more than twenty years longer before slavery itself was abolished in all the colonies and dependencies of England. Not till then could it be boasted that the moment a slave sets foot on English soil he is free. In the very year that slavery was abolished William Wilberforce died. His heart was good to the last, and though his strength had failed, and his bright eye was dimmed, his interest in the cause never abated. It happened to be said in the old man's hearing, that "at this moment, probably, the debate on slavery is just commencing," when he sprung from his chair, and with his clear voice startled his surrounding friends by enthusiastically exclaiming, "Hear, hear, hear!"

1833. Slavery abolished.

Though England had lost a great part of her dominions in North America, she continued to extend her power in other lands. She gained more and more of India, and the whole island of Ceylon; and she began to plant colonies in New Zealand, Australia, and Tasmania; all these are sometimes very well called "Greater Britain." Thus, though at the end of the many wars with France during all these reigns, both countries left off in Europe about as they had begun, neither of them being much larger or smaller; yet, on the whole, looking at the map of the world, England had grown enormously, while France had scarcely grown at all. France has gained by annexation, and attaching to her the people she annexes; but the French people do not succeed at colonizing, or taking root in other lands, as do those of the English race.

Greater Britain.

Soon another and very serious war broke out with France. That country was now in a deplorable state. The king and

the aristocracy had long had their own way; the trading classes and the peasantry were oppressed; the nobles were proud and cruel; the court was careless and extravagant; while the poor were ground down to the earth. The clergy and the nobles paid no taxes; the support of the government was extorted from the miserable, starving peasants. The state of the French people was described in few words, half pitiful, half contemptuous, — "slavery, and wooden shoes."

The very centre and symbol of oppression was the Bastile, a great prison fortress in Paris. The king could imprison anyone he chose in its strong and gloomy dungeons without trial and without even telling the victim what was his offence. A sealed letter from the king was enough to tear an innocent man from his home and happiness, and bury him alive. The nobles could easily get those sealed letters, and so rid themselves of anyone who stood in their way. The English, strong in their own liberty, looked on with wondering indignation. Cowper, the gentlest of Christian poets, wrote thus of the Bastile: —

1785. "Ye horrid towers, the abode of broken hearts,
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
. . . .
There's not an English heart that would not leap
To hear that ye were fallen." . . .

At last the French nation would bear it no longer, and the great Revolution began. Four years after Cowper's lines were written the Bastile was stormed, and of those "dungeons and cages of despair" not one stone was left upon another. How could England but rejoice when she saw France striving to obtain what she herself had so long enjoyed, — liberty, justice, and protection for rich and poor?

1789. The French Revolution.

The example of America and the teaching of French philosophers had awakened a new spirit of humanity. The young poets of England thought the Golden Age was coming, that henceforth all would be brothers. Wordsworth, who was living in France when the Revolution broke out, threw himself heart and soul into the cause, and indeed narrowly escaped being massacred. Coleridge burst out into glorious song.

The feeling of England.

"O ye loud waves! and O ye forests high!
And O ye clouds that far above me soared!
Thou rising sun! thou blue rejoicing sky!

Yea, everything that is and will be free!
Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
With what deep worship I have still adored
The spirit of divinest liberty.

"When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me how I hoped and feared."

A preacher in London, carried away with joy, after thanking God that he had lived to see it, exclaimed, "I could almost say, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'" The statesmen of England felt a like thrill of generous sympathy.

Pitt, who was now the foremost man in England, hoped great things from the Revolution; he expected to see France stand forth "as one of the most brilliant of European powers." Of the few who could approach him in genius and eloquence, the most notable were Fox and Burke. Fox was one of the most generous, affectionate, and noble-hearted of men. His private life, in his young days at least, was full of faults, and yet everybody loved him. His whole soul overflowed with pity for human sorrow, and hatred of cruelty and oppression. When the Revolution began he cried enthusiastically, "How much is it the greatest event that ever happened in the world, and how much the best!" Pitt and Fox.

But after a year or two the French became maddened, and committed such awful crimes that the English were horrified. The French king and queen, who in a vague way meant well, but were quite helpless, in the face of a wild and raging nation, were drawn into the torrent and put to death. Innumerable people, many of them perfectly innocent, were massacred. 1792.

England began to shrink back. Burke, whose name was known through Europe as the champion of freedom and justice, was appalled. He at first gazed with astonishment at the struggle, hardly knowing whether to praise or blame. But he drew back aghast before all this brutality and savagery. The fate of the queen stirred his whole heart. He had seen her years before, when she first came to France, a beautiful young girl. "I saw her," he wrote, "just above the horizon, glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. . . . Burke.

I thought ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult." He saw in her fall the fall of "chivalry." In a sense he no doubt saw truly. That fatal flaw in chivalry which we noticed centuries ago in its palmy days, the sharp separation of classes, the honor to "ladies and gentlemen," the scorn of the poor, had gone on widening till the great crash came. "Never, never more," said Burke, "shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive even in servitude the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone. . . . Their liberty is not liberal. Their science is presumptuous ignorance. Their humanity is savage and brutal."

Perhaps chivalry was not really dead, but was soon to begin a higher and a wider life. Reverence for rank and birth might be abating, but surely a nobler and more manly reverence was arising. If, as Burke complained, "on this scheme of things a king is but a man," the new chivalry would see something to honor in every man; if "a queen is but a woman," the new chivalry would render homage to every woman. In every man and every woman, the poorest and the weakest, would be seen the trace of "the image of God."

Some such hopes might have been in the minds of the French and of those who sympathized with them, but the terrible course which events took as the Revolution progressed soon smothered them all. Some of the lower and discontented people in England were still inclined to side with France, but they were put down and kept down by the strong hand. The upper classes, the middle classes, in fact, almost all the people of England, were indignant and alarmed. The French Revolutionists, on their part, wanted to force their principles on all the world, and invited all nations to rise against their governments, and so England and France were soon at war again.* Pitt hoped for peace to the last, but it could not be; the two countries were each longing for the combat, and though France actually declared war, England was only too eager to accept it.

1793. War declared.

* This is scarcely a fair statement, but the truth cannot be expressed in a sentence. The student will need to read Carlyle's French Revolution.

CHAPTER LV.

THE LAST WAR WITH FRANCE.

The English sailors. Nelson. The Battle of Trafalgar. Napoleon Bonaparte. The Duke of Wellington. The Peninsular War. Waterloo.

Pitt remained at the head of the ministry, but he did not know how to manage a war. Things went on very ill; the allies of England were not to be depended upon, and there was general discontent. It was only on the sea that England was successful. The English navy was the pride of the nation, and it was worthy of its old fame. The sailors indeed were very hardly treated. In those days men were pressed, or seized by force, to serve on the ships; but this custom has long been done away with, and in England, unlike the other countries of Europe, no man is forced to be either soldier or sailor against his will. At that time the English sailors had many grievances, and more than once they mutinied very seriously for better pay and better treatment.

But when they were in the face of the enemy they showed their gallant English hearts. The most famous of the English naval commanders was Lord Nelson, who won the two great battles of the Nile and Trafalgar. He had a bold, dauntless spirit from his infancy. He was as kind as he was brave. In the Battle of the Nile he was wounded, and carried off the deck to be attended to. The surgeon left a sailor whose wounds he was dressing, and turned to the admiral. But "No," said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows."

Nelson.

1798. Battle of the Nile.

His last great victory saved England from the fear of a French invasion. They had planned to cross over the Straits, and had collected a great army of a hundred thousand men at Boulogne. Three hundred thousand English volunteers sprang up to defend their native land, and while the French were waiting for their fleet to come and protect the army as it crossed, Nelson

1805. Battle of Trafalgar.

attacked it at Trafalgar, destroyed the power of France on the sea, and put an end to all fear of invasion.

One of Nelson's heroic officers, Collingwood, was gentle and generous as well as brave. "As one reads of him and his great comrade going into the victory with which their names are immortally connected," says Thackeray, "how the old English feeling comes up of what I should like to call Christian honor! What gentlemen they were! what great hearts they had! 'We can, my dear Coll,' writes Nelson to him, 'have no little jealousies; we have only one great object in view — that of meeting the enemy and getting a glorious peace for our country.' In the beginning of the battle, as Collingwood's ship was pressing alone into the midst of the enemy, Lord Nelson said to an officer near, 'See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action; how I envy him!' The very same throb and impulse of heroic generosity was beating in Collingwood's honest bosom. As he led into the fight, he said, 'What would Nelson give to be here!'"

The second ship in Nelson's line was the "Fighting Temeraire." The glory and the fate of that ship have been written by Ruskin, and painted by Turner. When the fast-sailing "Victory," with Nelson on board, "drew upon herself all the enemy's fire," writes Ruskin, "the Temeraire tried to pass her, to take it in her stead, but Nelson himself hailed her to keep astern. The Temeraire cut away her studding sails, and held back, receiving the enemy's fire into her bows without returning a shot. Two hours later she lay with a French seventy-four gun ship on each side of her, both her prizes, one lashed to her mainmast and one to her anchor. . . . Surely if ever anything without a soul deserved honor and affection we owed them here."

The greatest painter whom England has ever produced saw that stately and beautiful ship "tugged to her last berth," and it may be seen on the walls of the National Gallery in one of the most perfect and pathetic pictures he ever painted.

Nelson had given his famous signal, which was repeated through the fleet, "England expects every man to do his duty." As he stood on deck, watching and directing, he fell mortally wounded, and the joy and pride of England were darkened. This victory was the last bright gleam of success in Pitt's career. An alliance or coalition which he

had formed with Austria and Russia had failed. The French had won two great victories at Ulm and Austerlitz, and Pitt's heart was broken. As he lay dying, he exclaimed, with a much clearer voice than usual, and in a tone which was long remembered, "Oh, my country! how I leave my country!" From that time he never spoke or moved. He died in the prime of life, only forty-six years old.

1806. Death of Pitt.

After the execution of the king a republic had been proclaimed in France, and it was decided that there should be no more kings or royal families. With royalty, religion, order, and everything else were swept away. One faction after another came into power, each one putting its opponents, or even its lukewarm supporters, to death. For a time things were in so dreadful a condition that it was called the "Reign of Terror," at the head of which was Robespierre. This horrible rule, or misrule, could not last; and it happened in France somewhat as it had happened in England after the execution of Charles I., and as it often happens when a tyrannical government is overthrown, that it fell into the hands of a bold and fortunate soldier.

The most distinguished soldier in France was Napoleon Bonaparte, who had shown his ability on various occasions, and who by his wonderful talents and successes soon became the head of the army. Though for a long time he was the idol of the French nation, he was not a native Frenchman, but an Italian from Corsica, an island which France had annexed.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

From being head of the army he became head of the nation; first he was called first consul, in imitation of the Roman republic, and afterwards emperor. He soon put an end to the tumults, cruelties, and disorders, restored the Christian religion, and promulgated a body of laws after the manner of the Roman code of Justinian, which are called the Code Napoleon. Thus France was the gainer for the time, although he was quite as despotic as Cromwell had been. But while Cromwell had been satisfied to make the name of England honorable in the eyes of Europe, Napoleon was not content to do the same for France. Nothing would suffice him but being master of all Europe. He very nearly succeeded.

1804. He is called emperor.

For fifteen years he set up kings and put them down at his pleasure. He took possession of the Netherlands, of a

great part of Italy, and of Germany. He set up his brothers, or his generals, who were dependent on him, as kings in Spain, Naples, Holland, and Sweden, so that these became only vassal states to France. Most of those that remained were so weak as to offer no resistance.

The only free country which remained was England; and it was because Bonaparte saw that if England fell all liberty would fall with her, that he became her enemy. England, in return, hated him with an intense hatred. There were about fifteen millions of inhabitants in England and forty millions in France. Napoleon said that fifteen millions must give way to forty. But the little island manfully confronted him, and finally formed a combination which ended his career.

Though the English navy had been victorious in many engagements, the armies had at first been less successful.

Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

But as Napoleon was rising to eminence in the French army, another young officer of just the same age was rising to eminence in the English — Arthur Wellesley, known now as the Duke of Wellington. He had begun by distinguishing himself in India; when he came back to Europe he showed that he could cope with the great marshals of France. (He and Napoleon met for the first and last time at Waterloo.) His first European campaign was in Spain, whither he was sent to assist in driving out the French, who had once more tried to make good the boast of Louis XIV., "There are no more Pyrenees."

This, which is called the Peninsular War, went on for six years; and though Napoleon was not there, some of his best generals, who were nearly equal to himself, were in command of the French troops. Wellington, aided by the Spaniards as far as they were able, gained many great victories and stormed some important towns, driving the French step by step before him, and at last forcing them out of the country. Then Wellington might have said on his part, "There are no Pyrenees." He followed the retreating enemy into their own land, and defeated them once more at Toulouse.

1814.

Napoleon forced a war upon Russia, which he had hitherto left alone. He was so determined to ruin England that he had tried to hinder other nations from trading with her, and amongst others Russia; but as it would have injured the

Russians as well as the English to stop their commerce, they would not agree to it. That and some other provocations drew Russia into the war, and Napoleon determined to invade the country with an immense army. This was the turn of the tide. It was an expedition which involved great hardships and suffering, and cost thousands of lives. The severe climate of Russia did the French armies more harm than the people did, though they were brave as heroes in defence of their country. They even burned down their ancient city Moscow, to leave no refuge or protection for the invaders. The French soldiers were almost entirely destroyed by cold and starvation in their long retreat.

The people of Germany, Austria, and Sweden were beginning to lift their heads again, and to join together against the common enemy. And when Wellington and the English entered France from the south, and their allies entered it from the north, and marched into Paris, Bonaparte had to withdraw. He resigned his empire, and retired to the island of Elba, which, of his vast dominions, was all he was allowed to keep.

Bonaparte retires to Elba.

He did not stay there long; the very next year he came back to France. The army which he had so often led to victory, which adored and was devoted to him, received him with open arms, and it seemed as if he would soon be as powerful as ever again. But the English and their allies were resolved his tyranny should afflict the world no more. A great English army under the Duke of Wellington entered the Netherlands. A Prussian force under Marshal Blücher* was sent to join him. Wellington had come to be called the Iron Duke; Blücher was known by his soldiers as Marshal Vorwärts. The English encamped at Waterloo.

1815. Battle of Waterloo.

Napoleon was in high spirits, and felt sure he was going to beat the English. It was a long battle — the greater part of a summer's day. The Prussians had not arrived, and could not arrive before evening. In the midst of the battle Napoleon thought he saw the English beginning to retreat; he sent off a messenger to Paris to say the field was won. Perhaps it was after that that he said, "These English do not know when they are beaten; according to all the rules of war they were beaten long ago, and yet they are fighting

* Pronounced Bleeker.

still." The principal conflict was between the French cavalry and the English infantry. The description of it reminds us of Wallace and the Battle of Falkirk, so many hundred years ago. It will be remembered that he first taught the men who fought on foot to stand against the proud knights on horseback. He formed his men in solid squares, the front ranks kneeling with projecting spears like a bristling and solid hedge; the archers inside with their arrows and long bows. Wellington formed his infantry on the same plan.

There were thirteen squares; instead of archers in the middle they had cannon. The French cavalry, the cuirassiers, "twelve thousand strong," writes the historian Alison, "in great part clad in glittering armor, streamed up the slope in front of the English line, and with loud cries and unparalleled enthusiasm threw themselves on the squares." The infantry remained immovable; they seemed rooted in the earth. The first rank, kneeling down, received the cuirassiers on their bayonets; the second rank fired on them; behind the second rank the gunners loaded their cannon; the front of the square opened, a volley of grape-shot poured out, and the square closed again. The French poet, Victor Hugo, gives us his idea of the scene. "These squares were no longer battalions, they were craters; these cuirassiers were no longer cavalry, they were a tempest. Each square was a volcano attacked by a storm-cloud. It was lava fighting against thunder." In the midst of it Wellington said to one of those unflinching regiments, "Stand fast, 95th; we must not be beat; what would they say of us in England?" "Never fear, sir," they replied; "we know our duty."

The hours went on, and still the Prussians did not come. At last Napoleon sent up his Old Guard, the Imperial Guard that had never been beaten. Up the hill they came, as if nothing on earth could resist them; they drove back the line of English guns. But Wellington had a reserve also — the Foot Guards, which had not fought yet, and it was now evening. They had chafed and longed to join in the battle; but they had had to wait. The French did not know they were there; they were lying down, four deep, hidden in a ditch. At last the moment came, and Wellington shouted, "Up, Guards, and at them."* They rose and went forward.

* Like many celebrated sayings, this is of doubtful authenticity. Wellington said afterwards that he did not think he *could* have given the order in those words. — Ed.

From that moment the battle was decided. The French Guards, fighting gallantly, began to give way. The English Guards slowly, irresistibly came forward, pushing the mass of French before them.

The Prussian aid arrived at last; and now the men of those immovable squares saw the duke ride to the front, wave his hat in the air, and order them forward. "With joyful step the whole line pressed forward as one man at the command of their chief, and the last rays of the sun gleamed on fifty thousand men, who, with a shout which caused the very earth to shake, streamed over the summit of the hill. The French, who had believed that the British infantry was wholly destroyed, . . . were thunderstruck when they beheld this immense body advance majestically in line, driving before them the last column of the Imperial Guard. . . . Despair now seized upon the French soldiers; they saw at once that all was lost, and horse, foot, and cannon, breaking their ranks, fled tumultuously."

At last Napoleon himself fled also. But his brave old guard would not fly; they formed themselves into four strong squares and stood firm. It was all in vain; they were pierced through and through, cut down or made prisoners. There was never a more utter defeat.

Napoleon could do no more; he yielded himself up to the English, who sent him to St. Helena, a solitary island in the Atlantic, where he died at last, having done no more injury to the world.

Whilst this grand fight was being fought at Waterloo, the people of England were at church. It was Sunday, the eighteenth day of June. Old people used to tell, not long ago, how everyone noticed the psalms read on that day, the ninetieth, ninety-first, and ninety-second: "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another. . . . A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. . . . It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to praise Thy name, O most High!"

That was the last, as well as the greatest, of our great battles with France. It was a long time before they could forgive it. For many years they still hoped to avenge Waterloo. For many years Englishmen and Frenchmen looked on each other as natural enemies. But the anger and the pride and the jealousy have died away now, and the

two countries, so near to each other, and having had so much to do with one another through all these centuries, are now warm friends, and from their hearts wish each other well. In the only great European war England has had anything to do with since that time, the French and the English stood side by side as trusty allies.

With the end of this chapter the work of Guest is finished; except that the "Conclusion," p. 588, is mostly from his pen. Chapters LVI., LVII., and LVIII. are wholly by the editor.

CHAPTER LVI.

GEORGE IV. AND WILLIAM IV.

A King in name only. The trial of Queen Caroline. Reforms advocated. Catholic Emancipation. Accession of William IV. Daniel O'Connell, and the Wrongs of Ireland.

George III. died at Windsor Castle, Jan. 29, 1820, in his eighty-second year; but his reign had been virtually closed nine years before. He had become incapacitated by attacks of insanity, intermittent at first, but afterward deepening into settled gloom. His eldest son, afterward George IV., was constituted regent Feb. 5, 1811, and was the nominal head of the nation in a time when the most momentous interests were at stake. The Regency.

Between 1811 and 1820 there was a succession of thrilling events. Not only England, but the whole of Europe, was skaken as by earthquakes. Wellington fought his great battles with the French in the Spanish Peninsula, while England at the same time was at war with the United States. Napoleon invaded Russia, and sacrificed another great army in a fruitless attack and a disastrous retreat. Paris surrendered to the allied armies of Europe; and Napoleon, having abdicated the throne, retired to Elba. The war with the United States, carried on with little spirit or renown on either side, except in a few naval combats, but signalized by the disgraceful burning of Washington by a British army, came to a close by the Treaty of Ghent, Dec. 24, 1814. Then came the Hundred Days after the return of the emperor from Elba, while all the world beheld the struggle between France and the Great Powers which culminated in the victory of Waterloo and in the final overthrow and banishment of Napoleon. Great Events during the Regency.

During all this time, the position of England was prominent among the nations of Europe in resisting and abolishing

the French dynasty and the new kings to whom Napoleon had parcelled out his conquests. This prominence was due partly to the wealth and commercial importance of the island, still more to the capacity and vigor of the British ministers and to the military genius of Wellington, but not in the least to the character and abilities of the regent. The fourth George had been a reckless and dissipated youth, and he was unchanged by experience or by the weight of official cares. He was never able to do more than fill with a certain propriety the place marked for him by his constitutional advisers.

The Regent a cipher.

Throughout his life George IV. was devoted to the pursuit of pleasure, and, aside from the negative virtue of good-nature, was distinguished for no good quality of mind or heart. He is, perhaps, one of the most despicable persons in modern history. In the year 1785, when he was Prince of Wales, about twenty-three years of age, he was privately married to a Mrs. Fitzherbert; but as the lady was a Roman Catholic, and as the marriage was without the king's consent, it was void under the English statutes. In 1795 he married his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick; but after the birth of their child, the Princess Charlotte, they separated. Subsequently George endeavored to procure a divorce, and the proceedings had all the interest of a state trial. In the beginning, the Whigs sided with the regent, and the Tories gathered around the princess, who was warmly protected by the king, her father-in-law. The old king knew and thoroughly hated his profligate son.

Habits. Marriages.

Upon the accession of George IV., the proceedings against Queen Caroline were revived, and were pushed with all the power which an unscrupulous king could command. The accusations against her were laid before Parliament, and were first taken up by the House of Lords. The senior counsel of the queen was Henry Brougham, afterward lord chancellor. For months the public interest was centred in this trial, to the exclusion of every other matter. The conduct of the case by Brougham was masterly. His speeches were bold, defiant, and thunderous in tone, and they are ranked among the best specimens of eloquence in modern times. The vote of the Lords was against the queen, but by a majority so small that the ministers announced there would be no further legal proceedings against her. She refused to retire with her

The trial of the Queen.

pension to the Continent, and on the day of her husband's coronation she attempted to enter Westminster Abbey, but she was repulsed from every entrance. This was the 19th of July, 1821, and on the 7th of August she expired.

Napoleon, who had been kept a prisoner by the British on the island of St. Helena, died May 5, 1821. There was a general sense of relief when this ambitious and restless spirit passed away. The English people were thoroughly tired of war, and supported heartily statesmen like Canning, who were devoted to the policy of peace and of liberal ideas. Sydney Smith humorously expressed this desire in a letter to the Countess Gray: "I am worn down and worn out with crusading, and defending Europe, and protecting mankind. I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards; I am sorry for the Greeks; I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the Delta; Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be the champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy?

Tired of War.

This is a fair satire upon the meddlesome part which England had long been playing in European politics, while her national debt was rising to portentous figures, and her internal improvements were almost at a standstill.

The attention of enlightened and humane statesmen was directed to various evils and abuses, and discussions begun which in time produced the most important results. Among these evils were negro slavery, civil disabilities of the Catholics, the corn laws, illiteracy, and the excessive penalties for crimes. The corn laws made bread dear in time of scarcity by preventing the importation of foreign grain. The bill to permit Catholic peers to sit in the House of Lords was successful in passing the Commons, but was rejected by the Lords. The question of negro slavery was introduced (1823) by Thomas Fowell Buxton, in a resolution which looked to its gradual abolition. This measure was supported by Brougham and Wilberforce. The reform of the criminal code was pressed by Samuel Romilly, and imprisonment substituted for death in cases of larceny. Great efforts were made for the diffusion of edu-

Reforms.

cation by establishing schools and by providing useful books at low prices. This movement came largely from the efforts of Brougham. The same great lawyer brought in a bill for the reform of the Court of Chancery, a measure which was ultimately carried.

The great and general prosperity of the country received a sudden check in the latter part of the year 1825. There was a degree of distrust which put an end to business. It was at that time the word "panic" was first employed to signify the unreasoning want of confidence which prevails in a monetary crisis. In the manufacturing districts the discontent took the form of breaking power-looms and other labor-saving machinery.

A Panic.

Representatives of the English, French, and Russian governments had remonstrated with Turkey on account of its cruel and devastating warfare upon Greece, and the allied fleets were anchored off Navarino. The Turkish and Egyptian fleets were within range. From a slight fire of musketry upon an English boat the engagement became general, and in the course of four hours nearly one half of the Turkish and Egyptian vessels were burned, sunk, or driven on shore.

Battle of Navarino.

The disabilities of the Catholics were finally removed in 1829, after a most violent struggle on the part of the extreme Anglican Church party and other conservatives, of whom the chief was Lord Eldon. The king was also strongly opposed to the enfranchisement; and it was not until after the resignation of the entire cabinet, headed by the Duke of Wellington, and after it was evident that no cabinet could stand, except in accordance with the opinion of the House of Commons on this question, that the king was forced to give his assent to the bill.

Catholic emancipation.

In the latter part of May, 1830, the illness of the king was announced, and on the 26th of June he expired at Windsor Castle. As George IV. left no legal heirs, and as the Duke of York, his brother next younger, had died in 1828, the crown devolved upon the Duke of Clarence, third son of George III., who was in his sixty-fifth year at the time of his accession as William IV. The nation was pleased to call him "the sailor king," as he had served in the navy from boyhood, but he was not a great naval commander; he was a dull and bigoted conservative

William IV.

while in the House of Lords, and was a very commonplace king.

All local interests were swallowed up shortly afterward by the outbreak of a revolution in France. Charles X., whose exclusive policy and reactionary doctrines made him extremely unpopular, was driven out with violence, and made his escape to England. The Duke of Orleans, descended from Louis XIV. and the ancient kings by a collateral line, was crowned, not as king of France, but as king of the French, indicating that he was called by the people to rule, and not that he assumed the rank by right of birth. This change of rulers and of opinions had a powerful influence upon English politics, and was the means of bringing the liberal Whigs to power, by whom Parliament was reformed and the corn laws repealed, in spite of the king.

French Revolution of 1830.

Another event which takes less space in the annals deserves special attention. The Liverpool and Manchester Railway was incorporated (1830), and carriages for passengers and goods were first drawn by steam locomotives. The bill encountered the most powerful opposition. This was the chief beginning of the era of scientific progress in which we live, and was an event more important in its results than any in modern times, excepting the invention of printing and the discovery of the Western Continent.

Steam locomotion.

The bill for the reform of Parliament had many vicissitudes, and for two years the subject engrossed the whole attention of the public. The anomalies and inequalities of representation in the House of Commons were many and glaring. Many important cities and towns had no representation, while obscure hamlets and boroughs, that were the private property of peers, continued to send members. These inequalities were not denied, but the conservatives, with the Duke of Wellington at their head, and with the approval of the whole bench of bishops, declared that the continuance of the English government with king, Lords, and Commons, was incompatible with the election of the lower branch according to numerical or democratic theories.

Reform of Parliament.

The reformers were several times beaten, but with every appeal to the country their numbers in Parliament increased. At last the bill passed, and was carried to the House of

Lords, where it was rejected by a majority of forty-one votes. At the next session (1831) a new bill, based on surer statistics of population, was introduced by Lord John Russell, and passed the House by a large majority; but it was decisively rejected by the peers. The ministry then resigned, and the king, finding he could not make up a cabinet, sent for Lords Brougham and Grey to confer with him. They requested the king to create a sufficient number of liberal peers to overcome the majority in the House of Lords against the reform bill. Very reluctantly the king gave the authority asked for in writing; thereupon the conservative peers, rather than see their chamber swamped by the incoming of so many parvenus, allowed the bill to pass. The Duke of Wellington and others like him remained away from the chamber when the vote was to be taken.

It was a wise measure of pacification, for the popular tumults throughout the kingdom were full of danger to life and property, and social revolutions never go backward.

The question of slavery in the British colonies was again brought up, and, after a long discussion, a bill for its abolition was passed both Houses and received the royal assent. The bill appropriated twenty million pounds for the compensation of the owners, and went into effect Aug. 1, 1834.

Slavery.

Few matters of public interest are to be recorded for the remainder of this reign. The charter of the East India Company was amended, and the constitution of the Bank of England was remodelled. An attempt was made to regulate the hours of labor of children in factories, and to secure their attendance at school. An act was passed to amend the poor laws.

It was in this reign that Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, came prominently before the public. His efforts and those of his party were directed to the repeal of the act of union whereby Ireland lost its separate Parliament. The compact body of Irish sympathizers formed a third party, and pursued tactics similar to those which the adherents of Parnell have followed in our times. The discussion in Parliament, under various leaders with the same end in view, has continued to this day.

Wrongs of Ireland.

The Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire Oct. 16, 1834.

The leanings of the king were wholly and unreservedly toward the Tories, and for several years he seemed to be setting up cabinet ministers, like tenpins, to be bowled down by the commons. A resolution in favor of some needed reform would pass the House by a solid majority, and be thrown out by the Lords; whereupon the ministers would resign, and the unhappy king would have to make a new selection. It was the fate of the conservators of ancient abuses in England to learn that nothing is really settled in this world until it is based upon justice.

The great reform measure of 1835 was the act concerning municipal corporations. The various towns and cities of England were managed under special charters, wholly different in principle and action. In some instances the mode of taxation was wholly irregular. Certain classes had inherited "rights," such as the exclusive trade in corporate limits. And, besides the substantial injustice which was a bar to true prosperity, there were antique ceremonies and pageants, which consumed the public funds, needed far more for schools and other uses. Magistrates and aldermen were dressed on public occasions in scarlet and fur, wearing gold chains, and were preceded by the pomp of beadles and mace-bearers. The Municipal Reform Bill placed the government of the cities and towns in the hands of the citizens themselves. The Tories shrieked at the overthrow of "vested rights," and prophesied the downfall of the ancient principles of the government.

Municipal reform.

One city, London, was exempted from the operation of the bill; and that tremendous problem, the government of over four millions of people by representative councils and boards, remains to be put in solution. The Lord Mayor of London is still inaugurated with pageants and shows borrowed from the middle ages, while his authority extends over only about a fortieth of the population of the overgrown city.

Heretofore a prisoner on trial for life or liberty might address the court or jury in his own behalf, but could not be heard by counsel. It will seem strange to modern readers that the right so obvious and so important to an accused person as that of having a learned advocate should be of such recent origin (1836). The executions and imprisonments of innocent men ensnared by the meshes of the law must have been of fre-

Criminal trials.

quent occurrence. In the same year the tax on newspapers, which had been four pence, was reduced to a penny.

King William IV. died at Windsor Castle June 20, 1837. He left no lawful heirs, but ten children whom he had publicly acknowledged, and who bore the name of F tz Clarence.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE VICTORIAN REIGN.

Separation of Hanover. The Queen's Marriage. The War with Afghanistan. Free Trade. Famine in Ireland. The War in the Crimea, and the Sepoy Rebellion. England during the American Civil War. Agitations and Reforms. Rise of Gladstone. Victorian Conquests.

Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, became queen at the age of eighteen. Upon the death of her uncle, William IV., she was sent for, and at once took her place at the head of the council table, while the lord chancellor administered the usual oaths.

Then the ministers heard for the first time "that exquisitely modulated voice which for so many years has lent a charm to the formal periods of a speech from the throne." She had been brought up away from the court, with Christian and home-like care, and her modest and self-contained demeanor gave promise of a mild and fortunate reign. Her coronation took place June 28, 1838, amid prodigious demonstrations of joy.

By this event Hanover became separated from Great Britain. The Georges had been rulers of both countries; but the constitution of Hanover did not admit of a female sovereign as long as there were heirs male in the royal family. The Duke of Cumberland became king of Hanover, and at once showed himself to his people as an arbitrary and contemptible tyrant. There was always a capacity for stubborn injustice in his race.

Separation of Hanover.

There was a revolt in Canada (1837–38) owing to dissatisfaction with the relations between the colonies and the home government; and as the insurgents expected aid from sympathizers in the United States, there was at one time a menace of war; but the revolt was suppressed without much bloodshed.

The discontent of the laboring classes was a constant source of anxiety. Shortly after the accession of Victoria,

statistics were prepared, showing the hours and wages of labor, the food, clothing, and home comforts of working people; and from all quarters — from the coal mines, factories, founderies, and cutlery shops — the reports of suffering and wretchedness were appalling. In spite of all that was done under the Poor Laws and by private charity, there remained a myriad of woes without redress. Many believed that these evils would never be remedied until the workingmen were represented in Parliament, and had a voice in making the laws. The discussion of these topics was not confined to political meetings nor to the newspapers. The most eloquent writer of his age, Thomas Carlyle, has treated the subject with wonderful force in his volumes, under the titles of "Chartism," "Past and Present," and others, although it must be confessed he has failed to point out any adequate remedies.

Work and wages.

Chartism is the name given to the doctrine of those who demanded a full and free representation. The charter, as proposed, consisted of six points: 1. Universal suffrage; 2. Division of the kingdom into equal electoral districts; 3. Vote by ballot; 4. Annual Parliaments; 5. No property qualification for members; 6. Payment to every member for his legislative services. A petition in favor of this change was presented to Parliament, having more than a million and a quarter of signatures. The uprising of the common people was regarded by the wealthy and titled with undisguised alarm, and there were riotous disturbances from time to time which caused great destruction of property. At Birmingham the outbreaks continued for more than ten days.

Chartism.

The queen was married Feb. 10, 1840, to her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha. He was a man of considerable ability and of rare character, as his subsequent career showed; and as the marriage was one of mutual affection, instead of policy, it proved fortunate for the royal lovers and for the nation.

The queen's marriage.

Louis Napoleon, who had made an attempt at Strasburg some years before, to excite a revolution in his behalf, had been allowed to retire to England. In August, 1840, he set out with a party of friends in a steam-packet from London, landed near Boulogne, and endeavored to raise a revolt. He was taken prisoner and sentenced. It is known, of course, that he escaped six years later, and from being presi-

dent of the French republic, became emperor, the basest and most cruel of the many cruel rulers of France. This landing at Boulogne, being wrongly supposed to have been connived at by the English authorities, caused much irritation on the part of Louis Philippe and the French people towards England.

"The Opium War" with China began in January, 1840, and ended July, 1843. It had its origin in base motives of profit, — from forcing a noxious drug upon a country whose rulers wished to check its use, — and it was in every way discreditable to the English. The Chinese, after unavailing resistance, yielded to the English demands, which included the cession of Hong-Kong, and the payment of twenty-one million dollars indemnity, besides a ransom of six million dollars for the city of Canton. The only good result was in the opening of the ports of China to trade, which was a great benefit to the world.

The fortress of St. Jean d'Acre was bombarded by an English fleet Nov. 3, 1840. This was a chance collision, there being no state of war between England and Turkey. The reduction of this place was important from a military point of view, and especially as it was the first occasion in which steamships were employed in war.

Hostilities sprung up between England and Afghanistan, growing out of the necessity of guarding the northwestern frontier of Hindostan. A British army over twenty thousand strong marched across the mountains and deserts that divide Hindostan from Persia, and laid siege to Ghuznee, the centre of the Mohammedan influence. The place was taken in two hours, and then the army entered Cabul in triumph, occupying it with a detachment of five thousand. The English officers and diplomatic agents were lulled into a false security, and numbers of them were treacherously murdered. As their forces were divided, encompassed by foes, and without any sure reliance for food, the English determined to march back to India. They were harassed unceasingly by the hill tribes, and in one place, a narrow pass between precipitous mountains, not less than three thousand were slain. The weather was extremely cold, and the Indian portion of the army was perishing. Enemies multiplied as the remnant straggled on, and the army was daily reduced by massacre, hunger, fatigue, and cold, until at last, of the whole army, one horseman only reached Jelalabad alive.

War with Afghanistan.

It was not to be supposed that the English would endure this humiliation. An army was sent to open the way to Ghuznee, and to avenge the frightful atrocities and treacheries. This was promptly and thoroughly done in the summer of 1842. Then Dost Mohammed, the former ruler, was left in power at Cabul, and the English marched back to India.

The great question of domestic policy which absorbed the attention of the people of England from the year 1840 forward, was that of removing the duty on imports, especially upon breadstuffs. The need of England, it was claimed, was plenty of food for the laboring classes at low prices. The agricultural class, on the other hand, contended that the admission of foreign grain and cattle free of duty exposed them to a ruinous competition. This was the question involved in the corn laws, about which there was an annual struggle. The earnest and eloquent advocate of free trade was Richard Cobden. Sir Robert Peel was the leader of the Tories, or Conservatives, as they began to be called, and Lord John Russell, generally leader of the Whigs. Many times in the course of ten years, ministries were alternately set up and overthrown by the fluctuation of public opinions. At first attempts were made to adjust duties on breadstuffs according to the urgency of demand, by a sliding scale; but with additional experience the principle of free trade in the necessaries of life constantly gained. In time Sir Robert Peel became converted to this view, and while he was in power the ancient burdens were progressively removed from commerce and manufactures. The manufacture of silk and woollen cloths, and of glass and pottery, increased and throve beyond precedent. The doctrine of Free Trade was not, however, confined to the Conservatives, although it served as a party cry for some years. Lord John Russell in 1845 avowed himself opposed to any duty on articles of food. Party lines were not strictly drawn on this question, and men were largely governed by their views of their own interests. London and Liverpool naturally favored the removal of burdens from commerce. The cotton-spinners of Lancashire the woollen manufactures of Yorkshire, the potters of Worcestershire and Staffordshire, wanted cheap food for their workmen, and free access to the markets of the world. The larger interests predominated, and no statesman would

Free trade.

now venture to propose taxing the imports of food or the raw materials of manufactures.

The agitation for the repeal of the Act of Union, that is for a separate government for Ireland, was continued. O'Connell addressed immense meetings of his countrymen, — meetings which constantly increased in numbers until, in August, 1843, a half a million of men, at the least computation, assembled on the historic hill of Tara. Another was arranged for Clontarf, when the government considered it time to interfere, and O'Connell and seven others were arrested for seditious conduct. They were convicted at Dublin, and O'Connell was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of two thousand pounds. This judgment of the Irish court was reversed by the House of Lords on a point of law, but the trial put an end to the monster meetings.

Freedom of Ireland.

The Oregon boundary question was amicably settled with the United States in 1845.

Continually the English were obliged to fight to maintain their possessions and prestige in India. Every year brought some new revolt or some new cause of anxiety. One of the most striking events was the conquest of Scinde by General Charles James Napier. Scinde is upon the upper waters of the Indus, near Beloochistan. The war with Afghanistan made it necessary for the English troops to pass through Scinde, and to establish stations for troops and stores. This produced irritation, and the ameers (nobles) of Scinde, after the great massacre by the Afghans before related, thought themselves able to defy the English. Napier in a swift campaign taught them their error, and annexed the country. He was made civil governor, and ruled wisely four years. The principal fighting was done in the early months of 1843.

Conquest of Scinde.

In 1844 there was a sharp contest between the forces under Sir Hugh Gough and the Mahrattas, in consequence of which possession of Gwalior was confirmed to the English.

In 1845 the Sikhs, a powerful race in Hindostan, revolted from the British rule, and attacked the army under Sir Hugh Gough. The Sikhs had 50,000 men and 108 cannon; the English forces numbered 16,900 with 69 cannon, but were victorious in two desperately contested battles, in spite of being so heavily outnumbered.

In consequence of the failure of the potato crops in Ire-

land in 1845, and more extensively in 1846, there was great distress among the agricultural population. Prodigious efforts for relief were made by private citizens as well as by the government. At one time three million of people daily received their food from the government agents. The United States sent over a ship of war, the Jamestown, with a cargo of breadstuffs purchased by the contributions of the American people. The famine was followed by vast emigration to America and Australia, in the next succeeding years.

Famine in Ireland.

There was a formidable rebellion of the Sikhs in the Punjaub (northwestern portion of Hindostan) in 1848–49. The fighting was obstinate and the losses heavy. Victory, as usual, remained with the English, who were led by the successful commander, Lord Gough. The Afghans took this opportunity of renewing the war, but with small results.

The Sikhs.

The exhibition of the industries of all nations, projected by Prince Albert, and held in Hyde Park, London, in 1851, deserves mention as the inauguration of a new era, — an era in which human brotherhood promises to be something more than a name. Much larger and more complete exhibitions have been held since, but this was the first, and in many respects the most successful.

World's Fair.

In 1853 England was drawn into a war with Russia by the diplomatic arts of France, — a war in which much blood and treasure were wasted, with little useful result. The pretext of the war was the dispute between the priests of the Latin and Greek churches as to the custody of the sacred places in and near Jerusalem. Russia believed Turkey to be near ruin, and gladly seized any pretext for war, hoping to seize some of its territory. Especially the czar wished to drive the Turks from Constantinople and vicinity, in order to have an outlet for his fleet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. England had no interest in the contest except her desire to keep Russia in check, or, to use a familiar phrase, to preserve the "balance of power" in Europe; the same motive which had prompted her for centuries to take part in so many of the wars on the Continent. France wished to avenge the fatal Russian campaign of the first Napoleon, which ended in the retreat of his dying army from burning Moscow. The emperor, Napoleon III., wished to avail himself of this feeling, that he might by some bril-

liant stroke in a foreign field divert attention from his merciless despotism at home. In his capacity as "a dutiful son of the church," he had a hypocritical pretext to interfere for the Latin clergy of Jerusalem; but that protestant, practical, and thrifty England should have been induced to take part in the ridiculous quarrel, was certainly unwise. Probably few public men in England now would defend the course of the government at that time.

War in the Crimea.

The war begun by the co-operation of the French, English, and Turkish forces; and in 1855 the Italians sent fifteen thousand men to join with the allies. The combatants during the first year were fairly matched in the numbers of troops employed. The battles were contested with almost superhuman energy, and their names stand out with flame-like brilliancy on the page of history. The battle of the Alma and of Inkerman, the charge of the Light Dragoons at Balaclava, the storming of the redoubts around Sebastopol, are among the most noticeable events in modern military annals. The charge at Balaclava will live in Tennyson's immortal poem.

This campaign is memorable for the noble services of English women as nurses in the hospitals, under the lead of Miss Florence Nightingale.

It was also the first campaign in which the great London newspapers employed men of eminent ability as correspondents at the seat of war. The whole course of events was illuminated; and it is probable that the facts and the picturesque scenes of this contest were known to the generation then living, as no war had ever been known before.

The battles are mostly considered as victories for the allies; and it is certain that terrible losses were inflicted upon the Russians on the field, and by the many bombardments. But the Russians also were brave and efficient, and the allied armies suffered severely in turn. And the last struggles of the war were in favor of the defenders of their own soil. The honors and the final results were pretty fairly divided. Peace was made in February, 1856, by the mediation of Austria.

The rule of the English in India was strengthened in 1856 by the deposition of the king of Oude and the annexation of his realm to their territory. The ex-king was allowed a pension of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and during the following summer, being on a visit

to London, he used to drive in Hyde Park, wearing his scarlet robes and golden crown, — an actor without an engagement. In 1857–58 the power of the English in India was put to the proof by a wide-spread mutiny among the Sepoys or native troops. The cause was apparently trifling, and the whole series of disasters might have been avoided by a little consideration and tact. The cartridges given out to the Sepoys were wrapped in greased paper, the grease being believed to be a mixture of lard and tallow. This combination was an abhorrence to the whole Indian army, — to the Hindoos because the cow was considered a sacred animal, and to the Mohammedans because the hog was an abomination; and by the orders for loading and firing, each soldier was required to bite off the end of the cartridge, and thereby taste what his religious training had made unclean. The mutiny broke out at Mecrut, and extended to Delhi, where the native king was proclaimed. It cost the English general twelve hundred of his men to re-establish authority in Delhi. There was a still sharper struggle at Lucknow, and then at Cawnpore. It seemed for a time that the English would be driven out of India. The insurgents spared neither age nor sex, but butchered prisoners, and women, and children without mercy. The name of Nena Sahib is forever linked to the frightful massacre at Cawnpore where his victims were thrown promiscuously in a large well. The vengeance of the English did not sleep. Sir Henry Havelock fought nine decisive battles between Cawnpore and Lucknow. The situation of the English was full of difficulty. The natives arose in a great many places, at great distances, and the forces that could be relied upon as loyal to England were not numerous. It was necessary to strike quickly at many different points, and no general could lead more than a few thousand men. The insurgents were possessed with demoniacal fury, and respected none of the usages of civilized warfare. The cholera was fatally prevalent, and officers and men were continually falling victims to this terrible disease. Sir Colin Campbell was sent out as commander-in-chief, and arrived in November, 1857. He was able, ready, and vigorous, and was fortunately supported by many very eminent officers. He was subsequently known in history as Lord Clyde. The contest was long and severe. Battles were fought at short intervals through the years 1857 and 1858, and it was not until May, 1859, that thanks-

The Sepoy rebellion.

giving was proclaimed for the pacification of India. In fact, there were outbreaks, though steadily diminishing, until 1865.

The vengeance of England followed without pity the leaders of the mutiny and those responsible for the murder of women and children. The rebellious rajahs were banished or hanged, and the cut-throats were blown from the mouths of cannon.

The connection between India and England, founded on force and fear, has been greatly strengthened of late years by conciliation, and especially by the education of the natives in modern arts and mechanics, and by their increasing prosperity as merchants and bankers. A considerable number, including most of the leading minds, see the advantages of European civilization, and are never likely to go into rebellion against their own interests.

In the course of centuries the history of any great power broadens, and connects itself with that of contemporary states, so that a continuous narrative becomes impossible unless we also view the affairs of its colonies, allies, and enemies. In the narrow limits of the present book a broad survey is out of the question. And yet there are periods when affairs in England were unimportant, and all the wisdom and power of her government were occupied with the problems which were offered by the great and momentous events in other countries. Thus, in 1848, at the time of the abdication of Louis Philippe, there was revolution in the air over nearly all Europe. The severance of a province, the fall of a monarchy, or the setting up of a provisional government was a matter too common to excite surprise.

Revolutions of 1848.

At the close of the war of the Crimea nearly every nation had an interest in the settlement of terms of peace. In 1859 the kingdom of Sardinia, guided by the powerful mind of Count Cavour, became the centre of Italian unity. Louis Napoleon was fairly magnetized by the great statesman; and the armies of France, led by the emperor and his ablest generals, assisted in defeating the Austrians in a series of tremendous battles at Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino, and driving them out of Italy. The petty tyrants of the smaller states disappeared from the stage of history; and soon Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Naples, and Sicily were annexed to the kingdom of Sardinia,

United and free Italy.

and at last, after the defeat of the Papal army, Victor Emmanuel was acknowledged king of Italy. He did not, however, make Rome his capital until later, for the reason that the French for a time supported the temporal power of the Pope. This was one of the most important events of modern times, and it engaged the undivided attention of Christendom. The English share in the great movement was merely diplomatic; but the domestic affairs of Great Britain for the same period demand but little attention.

Another series of great events occurred from 1860 to 1865, during which the narrative of English history is almost wholly occupied with the affairs of a foreign government. We refer to the secession of the southern portion of the United States, and the struggle to set up a slave-holding confederacy. As England had abolished slavery, and had declared the slave trade piracy, taking upon herself the duty of enforcing her moral convictions by men-of-war, the people of the North naturally expected her sympathy. But self-interest, as usual, was shown to be far stronger than moral principle. The Northern States were to some extent her rivals in manufactures and commerce, while the Southern States produced the articles which she needed, — cotton, rice, tobacco, and naval stores. During the war the raising of these staples was mostly suspended, and the blockade by the United States navy prevented shipment. The mills of Manchester were obliged to pay tenfold for cotton, and there was nothing but starvation before the millions of English operatives. The English government acknowledged the Confederacy as belligerents, and after a time the English people of all parties gave their open and undivided sympathy to the attempt to overthrow the general government, and to establish a slave-holding republic in its place. It was from England that the Confederates obtained arms and equipments, and upon English aid they rested their hopes. Men-of-war were built, armed, manned, and provisioned in English ports, and sailed forth to destroy American commerce. Chief among these was the "Alabama," an English vessel which it is no misnomer to call piratical, and whose officers in justice should have been hanged at the yard-arm. This vessel was the terror of the seas for two years, during which the losses she inflicted upon American merchants amounted to uncounted millions. Her career was brought to a fitting close off Cherbourg, June 19,

The civil war in America.

1864, when, after a short but desperate engagement with the United States corvette "Kearsarge," she was blown up.

During the time when Englishmen, with the open connivance of their government, were aiding the Confederates, Mr. Adams, the United States minister, protested against the course of the ministry, and intimated to Lord John Russell that the result must be war. No more privateers were allowed to sail. So complete was the proof of the deliberate wrong-doing of England against a friendly power, that an international tribunal assembled at Geneva, comprising the most eminent publicists in Europe, awarded to the United States as damages fifteen millions of dollars, which England paid.

With the surrender of General Lee to General Grant (1865) the Southern cause was lost; the bonds of the Confederacy, held in large amounts in England, became worthless; England was censured by the North for her unjust and hostile conduct, and hated by the South for abandoning its cause. In none of her many disagreeable complications had she reaped such a harvest of distrust and odium.

There was another European war, on a small scale, in regard to which England lost credit, and was generally believed to have acted in bad faith. The duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, had long been ruled by the king of Denmark; but the first and a part of the third had a population of German origin. Upon the death of the king of Denmark, Frederick VII., in 1863, without direct heirs, the German Confederation laid claim to these duchies. The inhabitants, in spite of their German descent, were in favor of remaining under Danish rule. The English government, especially Lord John Russell, was not pleased to see the already powerful German states increase by conquest, and in official notes encouraged the Danes and their duchies to hold out. Lord Russell said in Parliament that "if there was a violent attempt to overthrow the independence of Denmark, those who made it would find that it would not be Denmark alone with which they would have to contend." Relying upon this implied promise of help, the smallest kingdom of Europe undertook to defend itself against the attack of Prussia and Austria, who were allied for this purpose. The contest was necessarily short; and the feeling against England on the part of

Danish Schleswig-Holstein question.

the vanquished was extremely bitter. It should be said that for England to go to war for such a cause would have been very unwise, because it was strictly none of her business to interfere. England would have had a far higher call to interfere in favor of the Poles, as she was expected to do a little before, to save them from the tyranny of Russia. But her ministers had given hasty or delusive promises, and she suffered in consequence. Lord Palmerston was the head of the government, which had a narrow escape from the censure of the House of Commons, when the proceedings came to be discussed. The great and popular minister was more distinguished by adroitness and selfish policy than by devotion to principle.

It may here be mentioned that Prussia wished to incorporate the duchies with its own territory, while Austria desired to have them ruled by the prince of Augustenburg. Austria was likely to succeed in the federal diet, when Prussia suddenly mobilized its army, and defeated the Austrians in a severe battle at Sadowa, in Bohemia. Prussia acquired the duchies, and gained a prominence, which it has since held, in the German Empire and in Europe.

Extension of the franchise.

The agitation for the extension of the franchise and for equality of representation in Parliament could not be restrained. Vast and tumultuous but not riotous meetings were held. The Whig administration under Lord John Russell and Gladstone brought forward a reform bill in 1865; and as it failed, they were forced to resign. A Tory or Conservative ministry was formed in 1866, of which Lord Derby and Disraeli were leaders; and in the following year, after many vicissitudes, a bill was passed which was far more liberal than the one the Whigs had proposed. This shows that British statesmen acted upon compulsion or in deference to public opinion, and that there was no question of principle between the two great parties. The Whigs and Liberals were friendly to reform, while the Tories were at heart adverse; but Disraeli's influence with his followers was all-powerful, and he persuaded them to vote for the extension of the franchise to strengthen himself and party. In the discussions John Bright and Mr. Gladstone were prominent on the Liberal side, and they established lasting reputations for eloquence. The demands of the people, however, were only partially satisfied with the reform bill, and the agitation for complete freedom of suffrage

MODERN
ENGLAND
English Miles
0 20 40 60
Dundee
Perth
Firth of Tay
Firth of Forth
Sterling
EDINBURGH
Glasgow
Berwick
R. Tweed
Lanark
Selkirk
Ayr
Firth of Clyde
Cheviot Hills
Alnwick
Morpeth
Dumfries
Newcastle
N & S Shields
Sunderland
Carlisle
Hexham
Durham
Hartlepool
Solway Firth
Maryport
Penrith
Whitehaven
Darlington
Stockton
Whitby
Allerton
Thirsk
Scarborough
I. of Man
Kendal
Douglas
Ripon
York
Flamborough Hd
Lancaster
IRISH SEA
Preston
Leeds
Hull
Bradford
Bury
Holton
Wigan
Oldham
Doncaster
R. Humber
Liverpool
Manchester
Louth
Anglesea
Birkenhead
Stockport
Sheffield
Lincoln
Holyhead
Chester
Bangor
Flint
Caernarvon
Congleton
Marshfield
Boston
The Wash
Cromer
Stoke
Derby
Nottingham
Dolgelly
Stafford
Shrewsbury
Leicester
Peterborough
Norwich
Yarmouth
Cardigan Bay
Aberystwyth
Welshpool
Wolverhampton
Dudley
Birmingham
Rugby
Huntingdon
Ely
Newmarket
Lowestoft
Radnor
Kidderminster
Warwick
Bury St Edmunds
Leominster
Worcester
Northampton
Cambridge
Ipswich
Cardigan
Tewkesbury
Bedford
Carmarthen
Brecknock
Cheltenham
Colchester
Hereford
Asheslury
Hertford
Monmouth
Tydfil
Gloucester
Oxford
Chelmsford
Pembroke
Swansea
Cardiff
Newport
Cricklade
LONDON
Greenwich
Bristol
Reading
R. Thames
Ramsgate
Bristol Channel
Bath
Windsor
Chatham
Dover
Newbury
Croydon
Maidstone
Canterbury
Basingstoke
Guildford
Tunbridge Wells
Folkestone
Bridgewater
Wells
Salisbury
Winchester
Barnstaple
Yeovil
Southampton
Hastings
Calais
Bideford
Tiverton
Taunton
Dorchester
Poole
Strait of Dover
Launceston
Exeter
Chichester
Brighton
Beachy Hd
Boulogne
Teignmouth
Exmouth
Portsmouth
Isle of Wight
Torquay
Dartmouth
Plymouth
Bodmin
Truro
Penzance
Land's End
Falmouth
ENGLISH CHANNEL
Dieppe
FRANCE
Lewis Engs. Co Plymouth
W Gr. 0 E. Gr.

has never ceased. So the question of landlords' and tenants' rights, especially in Ireland, has continued to perplex ministers, to upset cabinets, and to excite the most anxious feelings on the part of property-holders and the conservative classes. England appears to be drifting towards democracy.

The great event of the year 1866 was the success of the Atlantic cable, by which Europe and America are brought into intimate relation, with incalculable results, present and future.

In 1867 the provinces of British North America were formed into a confederation called the Dominion of Canada, with the seat of government at Ottawa, in the province of Ontario. It embraces all the provinces excepting Newfoundland. The governor-general and the members of the upper house of Parliament are appointed by the crown, but in other respects the government resembles that of the United States.

The new Dominion.

Theodore, king of Abyssinia, who claimed to be a descendant from the queen of Sheba, had detained certain Englishmen as prisoners, and, having refused to give them up, Sir Robert Napier was sent to liberate them, and to give the African monarch a lesson. An English army marched four hundred miles through burning deserts and mountain passes, and, having rescued the prisoners, captured Magdala, the capital, destroyed it, and left it a mass of blackened rocks. Theodore died by his own hand when he saw his army beaten.

Napier of Magdala.

The Protestant Episcopal Church had been set up as the national church in Ireland, and was supported at public charge, although a vast majority of the population were Roman Catholics. This had been a standing grievance, but to overthrow an existing institution in England has always been a matter of difficulty. Mr. John Francis Maguire, a man of singular discretion as well as an ardent friend of his native Ireland, brought the matter to the attention of Parliament, and with the aid of Gladstone and John Bright a bill was passed to disestablish the Irish Church, leaving all denominations equal, and depending wholly on voluntary contributions for support. The measure was almost frantically opposed by the Conservatives, including, of course, the bishops and clergy.

The Irish Church.

Mr. Gladstone continued his labors as a reformer by securing a change in the Irish laws relating to the holdings

of land. Previously Irish tenants were wholly at the mercy of their landlords, without any security for continuance, and liable to pay increased rent on account of permanent improvement of their lands made by themselves. The change was, on the whole, beneficial, although it is not certain that anything would entirely satisfy the Irish tenants short of full ownership of the lands they occupy.

Irish tenant laws.

At the instance of Gladstone, an order was signed by the queen, declaring that the purchase of commissions in the army should be considered illegal, leaving promotion dependent upon seniority or brilliant military service. This most just measure was most bitterly resisted by the aristocratic class, and a bill to bring about the same result had been previously rejected by the House of Lords.

Purchased commissions.

The next great reform was the introduction of the ballot, in order to remedy the corruption and intimidation which had become inseparable from the practice of *viva voce* voting.

The ballot.

The liberal ministry further earned the lasting gratitude of England by adopting a system of free national education, proposed by W. E. Foster. It is singular that in such an enlightened country a measure so just, beneficent, and necessary, had been delayed so long. This great improvement was complicated by the struggles of religious sects to secure advantages; many seeming to prefer that the poor should remain ignorant rather than be instructed in purely secular schools.

Free schools.

Next came the enactment of the University Tests Bill, by virtue of which the sons of Catholics and Dissenters were enabled to receive the benefit of the higher education equally with members of the English Church. This obviously just measure, like all the others, was opposed by the House of Lords, and was carried with great difficulty. The Lords and gentry had long been a close corporation, holding on to all the sources of power in the state, the army and church; and they were obstinately determined to keep Dissenters, Catholics, and persons of common birth from any chance to rise to high places.

University tests.

The reforms which were brought about by the Liberals under the lead of Gladstone, were of the highest importance to the well-being of the English people. More prog-

ress was made in the few years of Gladstone's ministry than in any previous century of England's history. It was for others like Pitt to extend the area of British power by conquest, but Gladstone has striven to make the country a home for laborers as well as lords, to secure humane legislation, to diffuse intelligence, and to soften the asperity between classes. His next endeavor, which was to arrange a plan for university education in Ireland, was unsuccessful. No scheme could be adopted that would satisfy the contending religious sects. As the Liberal ministry had a majority against them in the House of Commons (1873), they resigned. Gladstone was the first English minister who had really striven to aid Ireland, and he was overthrown by the votes of Irish members of Parliament. The resignations were withdrawn at the queen's request, because Disraeli was unwilling to assume the responsibility of affairs. But soon the Liberals went out of office, and the Conservatives came in.

Gladstone.

It would have been difficult to interrupt the narrative of domestic affairs to refer to a matter of contemporary history, and it may now be mentioned as an event of importance, that in 1870 the relations between France and Germany — or, more accurately, Prussia — became hostile; and upon a flimsy pretext, Louis Napoleon, the French emperor, declared war. He was over-confident of his power. The enemy had a much larger and better disciplined army, and his troops were met and beaten before they reached the frontier. The French had a series of crushing defeats, and at Sedan the emperor was taken prisoner. The Germans at length took Paris (1871), and exacted an enormous sum of money from the nation as an indemnity. Louis Napoleon, with his wife and child, were permitted to retire to England, and a republic was set up in France. France lost its military prestige and the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

Franco-Prussian war.

Disraeli was a man of genius, but was erratic, theatrical in manner, and fond of pomp. He was anxious to be a power in European politics, and to make England an arbiter among nations. One of his earliest measures was to add to the title of the queen, the rather boastful name of Empress of India. Soon an opportunity occurred for the display of his peculiar talents. The inhabitants of the Danubian provinces had been long restive under

Disraeli as a statesman.

the rule of the Sultan of Turkey. A rebellion broke out in Bulgaria, and the Bashi Bazouks were sent from Constantinople to put it down. They massacred men, women, and children, and committed all manner of atrocities. More than twelve thousand persons were killed at Philipopolis. The neighboring states, Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro revolted, and Russia, always ready to move on the sultan's capital, sent on its armies under General Todtleben, the hero of Sebastopol. Turkey made short work of subduing the small states, and for a time seemed to have the advantage of the Russians. But the Russians soon captured Plevna and Kars with terrible slaughter, and could have occupied Constantinople if they had been disposed. The cause of Turkey was especially dear to English Conservatives, who had a chronic dread of Russia, and a suspicion of her ulterior designs. England was preparing for war. Prince Bismarck proposed a conference of the Great Powers at Berlin, and England was represented by Disraeli himself and Lord Salisbury. The various points in dispute were settled more or less satisfactorily, England becoming possessor of the island of Cyprus. Disraeli's progress, going and returning, was in great state, amid throngs of spectators. Shortly after, it was found out that previous to the meeting of the congress he had made secret treaties with both Russia and Turkey, agreeing in advance what should be done; so that the formal assembly, instead of being an occasion for discussion, was only a solemn show.

The English government had further trouble with Afghanistan. It had sent an embassy, with a large retinue, to Cabul, against the will of the ruler, — one of the sons of Dost Mohammed, who had so terribly destroyed a British army in 1841. A popular tumult arose, and the envoy and nearly all his staff were murdered. The English sent an army, took Cabul, and sent its ruler away to India. But no definite result was gained. The Afghans were not tamed, still less conciliated, and the frontier of India was as much exposed as before.

Afghanistan.

Troubles arose in South Africa with the Zulus, a powerful tribe of natives who lived on the border of Natal. Affairs were complicated by the hostile disposition of the Boers, descendants of Dutch colonists in the neighboring Transvaal Republic, and by disputes concerning boundaries. Their king defeated the English in a

The Zulus.

terrible battle, but he was finally conquered and taken prisoner. He had been disposed to be friendly with the English, and his cause of complaint was just.

The result of the campaign produced a painful impression in England. The Prince Imperial, only son of the late Emperor Napoleon who had volunteered in the English service, was killed while out with a scouting party.

The Suez Canal had been planned by French engineers, and carried through by French capital. The Khedive of Egypt was the owner of four hundred thousand shares (about one half of the total number), and, being in financial straits, offered them for sale. To the surprise of expectant capitalists, the English government bought them in a lump. This was a shrewd and fortunate stroke by Disraeli, and for which he deserved great credit. English commerce pays the largest share of the tolls, and England, above all other countries, is interested in maintaining the canal as the short cut to her Indian empire.

The Suez Canal.

But on the whole the showy talents and fondness for intrigue which marked the prime minister were not calculated to retain the respect of the English people. His oratory was as brilliant as ever, and his admirers appeared to be constantly expecting some brilliant stroke of statesmanship at home or abroad, but the outcome of his policy was not acceptable to men of sober views. In 1879 the Conservative ministry came to an end, and the Liberals returned to power.

Return of the Liberals.

The acquisition of territory has been always the ruling passion of Englishmen, and their colonies and dependencies are numerous beyond parallel. We give the principal names in the long list: British North America, comprising the New Dominion and all that part of the Continent north of the United States except Alaska; islands of Antigua, the Bermudas, Barbadoes, Dominica, Jamaica, the Bahamas, Montserrat, St. Christopher's, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Trinidad, Tobago, the Falklands; Honduras and British Guiana; Hindostan, part of Burmah, the islands of Ceylon, Malacca, Singapore, and Mauritius; the Gold Coast of Africa, Sierra Leone, Cape Colony, and Natal; the Australian continent, Tasmania, the islands of New Zealand, Fiji, Cyprus, Malta, St. Helena, the Rock of Gibraltar, the city of Hong-Kong, and a protectorate over Egypt.

CHAPTER LVIII.

ENGLISH LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Scientific Writers. The Historians. Essayists. The great Novelists. The Poets.

The literature of the present century has been of vast bulk, covering an unprecedented variety of subjects, and of the greatest importance to human welfare. It has been the most fruitful period in the world's history.

Most of the great inventions which have facilitated the work of mankind, and which have made the luxuries of princes in former ages the necessaries of every-day life in this, have sprung from the labors of chemists and other scientific explorers. All the laws of nature have a bearing more or less direct upon our well-being.

The highest genius of the present age has been devoted to studying the relations of man to nature. The labors of Darwin have occupied the attention of thoughtful minds throughout the world; and his works form the most valuable contribution to the study of natural science ever made by one man.

Huxley and Tyndall have been strong auxiliaries to their great master, and either of them would have been considered great in any time preceding. Huxley is probably the abler man, but Tyndall has a more vivid imagination, and makes a scientific treatise sparkle with poetic illustrations. Max Müller has won renown by the study of races through the medium of language. Sir Charles Lyell has shown the antiquity of man by the testimony of geology. Sir John Lubbock and E. B. Tylor have given accounts of the primitive life of mankind in the period before written history. Sir David Brewster developed the science of optics and the theory of colors. Herbert Spencer has endeavored to separate the provinces of the known and unknown in practical

and in speculative science, and has formulated a theory of progressive development or evolution intended to embrace all human knowledge. Henry Thomas Buckle undertook to account for the whole activity of man by general laws, holding that the differences in intellectual and moral character were principally dependent upon material things, such as climate, soil, food, and scenery. He had but just unfolded his plan in two volumes called the "History of Civilization," when he died, at the age of thirty-six. William E. H. Lecky is a historian of ideas, and has used the history of nations to set forth his views upon the progress of men in morals and in political and social science. His works are of the highest value to thoughtful readers. John Stuart Mill was a philosopher of the utilitarian school, who treated of logical methods, political economy, the theory of morals, the source of ideas, and other kindred topics, upon the most of which the best thinkers have been and remain at variance.

There is no room to give even titles of the works of *applied* science, by means of which the studies and labors of men are aided.

We are concerned in this rapid survey only with original minds. The great bulk of reading, even of good reading, comes from the labors of a praiseworthy second class, who interpret, explain, and illustrate, and so bring high thoughts to the comprehension of men.

The period we are considering is rich in historical works. There has been no single work comparable to Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;" but the general method and tone of history has been far higher than in former centuries, and the preliminary studies have been more thorough, so that the history has rested on solid foundations.

Thomas Carlyle was far from being an ideal historian, for his defects were inborn, and they grew with his growth. He believed in the subordination of classes and the government of the able few. He was impatient, prejudiced, and unfair. His style is as unnatural as the voice of Irving. Yet he was the possessor of genius seldom equalled in its way, and never surpassed. His descriptions of battles are so vivid that the reader seems to be transported to the actual scenes. Any narrative which he gives is interesting if only because he wrote it. His "French Revolution" is a series of sketches done with phosphorescent lines. There is nothing like it in

literature, and the memory of it is indestructible. His essays, such as those upon Voltaire, Burns, and Johnson, are altogether the best in modern literature. In "Past and Present" he showed that he could have written mediæval romances, like Scott. His dyspeptic temper often makes him rude and captious, and he received the homage of admirers with *grunts*, as if he were a Hottentot king. But probably he was far from malevolent, and, in view of the incomparable products of his busy pen, we can afford to forget many things that are deplorable. Whoever reads his "Correspondence with Emerson" will see how far above him in serene moral elevation was the New England philosopher.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was a variously accomplished man, and succeeded in almost all his undertakings. His resources were ample, his style was splendidly ornate, and his writings are so full of energy that the reader has hardly breath to criticise. His great work, "The History of England," was left incomplete; but it is a glowing picture of the time, and, in spite of some inaccuracies, will long be admired. His essays were read forty years ago with avidity by all students, and they were the means of leading many into the delights of intellectual life. They have a permanent value, like those of Carlyle, while amost all contemporary essays are already forgotten. George Grote's "History of Greece" is a monumental work, complete in design and in execution, leaving little of value to be done by any successor.

Alexander Kinglake has published four volumes of a "History of the Crimean War." He is a brilliant writer, with unequalled power of sarcasm, and is sure of public attention. His "Eothen," a small book of Eastern travels, is full of life-like pictures.

James Anthony Froude has written a history of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, protracted into twelve volumes. His ability is beyond question, but he is a strong partisan, and his defence of the many-wived king is the plausible work of an advocate rather than the impartial summing up of a judge.

Edward A. Freeman, among other works, has written an elaborate history of the Norman Conquest, indispensable to any who would become familiar with the subject.

John Richard Green, a professor at Oxford, is the author of two valuable works, "History of the English People" and "The Making of England." He has gone into the remote

history of the Saxons and Angles in their native country, relating their customs and mode of life and their political ideas. There is no history of England extant which is based upon such thorough foundations as to the beginnings. He gives life and individuality to each of the invading tribes. The Saxon period is also fully treated. If a reader can have time but for one history of England, he should take Green's. It should be added that no other historian has taken so much pains with the account of authors and literature. The sketches of Shakespeare and Chaucer, and of all the long line of great names, down to Dickens and Thackeray, are perfect in style and are the best (considering their compass) ever printed. Mr. Guest, the author of the history on which this present work is founded, was a pupil and admirer of Green.

We should mention some authors of ability who have treated of various topics in historical form or in the shape of essays. Dean Stanley has written many volumes marked by a style of singular beauty, among them the "History of Westminster Abbey." John Ruskin, who disputes with Carlyle the first place among writers, is the author of several magnificent works. "The Stones of Venice" first made him famous. "Modern Painters" is his most important work. Ruskin is pre-eminently an eloquent writer, full of impassioned outbursts and gorgeous pictorial effects. But he is like a monarch who tolerates no difference of opinion, however his own course of thought may have changed. His attitude towards the common classes has been curiously like Carlyle's. If it were not that the word has been vulgarized, we might call him a royal *crank*, — a man of sublime ideas, with a mental *twist*.

Thomas DeQuincey, the opium-eater, was a compound of genius with degrading frailty, and his works naturally resemble their author. His essays, which fill ten volumes, abound in splendid passages. But they are more agreeable to literary epicures than nourishing to sincere students.

Matthew Arnold furnishes an instance of literary success without the production of any work of the first order. Genius produces its incomparable works, and Talent writes about them. Arnold is a charming writer, with rare tact and a command of scholarly English, and with a refined taste formed by the study of classic models; and so perfect is his art, both in prose and verse, that he almost makes one forget that he is not a creator.

Charles Lamb has long enjoyed the reputation of a delightful humorist, and, though his essays are of the thinnest substance, yet by their easy and natural style the fresh charm continues.

Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh gave his hours of leisure to anecdotes and reminiscences, and by these slight efforts showed remarkable power. Nothing in modern literature is more pathetic or more absorbing than his "Marjorie Fleming" and "Rab and his Friends." Wilson, editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," and Jeffrey, editor of "The Edinburgh Review," were leaders in their day, their names on every lip, but they will not outlast their century.

For the literature of theology we have no room, but we may refer to the rude strength and homely wit of Spurgeon's sermons, and to the pure and exquisite English of Cardinal Newman.

John Forster has written some delightful biographical essays, better even then his full and completed lives. David Masson's "Life of Milton" is an almost ideally perfect work. The series now in course of publication, "English Men of Letters," embraces many fresh and able books.

The novel has obtained its development in the present century, and it has borrowed from history, science, the drama, and poetry, much of their characteristic excellence and charm. In fact, a novel of the highest rank is one of the most difficult and most splendid of creative works. The novelist is now bound to do more than to amuse a reader's leisure. His best thoughts are none too good to be interspersed as epigrams in the narrative. His pictures of scenery are studied like the matchless descriptions of Ruskin. His views of human nature must be carefully studied. His illustrations must have the glancing lights of poetry, and his style must be brilliant and unborrowed. A great novel is the supreme effort of genius in prose.

Some beautiful and touching novels and romances were written in the preceding century, but none at all comparable to the masterpieces of our own.

The first great romancer was Scott, whose stock of legends and border tales was as inexhaustible as his poetic fancy and natural eloquence. For maturer readers, the "Waverley Novels" retain their charm, and demand a complete perusal at least every five years.

The idol of the public is Dickens, a prolific creator of

characters, and of grotesque comedy in action. His novels are like picture-galleries, and not a sketch of his needs the name of author or subject. He seldom draws ideal heroes or heroines, but the middle and lower classes of Englishmen are shown with all their good qualities as well as with what is absurd and ridiculous, and in this respect he has never had a rival. But he seldom instructs (unless by examples), and he has no pretensions to style in writing. He has a natural and pleasing flow, which at times is almost metrical, like verse, but his use of words does not show the mastery which comes from scholarship. But with so many great and positive merits, it will be long before he is forgotten.

Thackeray's creations were less varied, and his comedy less riotous. His people are types of classes, and his effects not so obvious to the common mind. But as a satirist of the vulgar newly-rich, and of the poverty-stricken aristocrat, he has never been surpassed. There is a curious genealogical order in his novels, beginning with "Henry Esmond," and they present a moving panorama of generations, though with variations of scene and of character. The general reader is apt to consider Thackeray cynical and heartless, but this is a mere veil to the most tender and sympathizing nature. As to style, Thackeray is a master, with scarcely an equal. In ease and naturalness he resembles Addison, while he has many traits in which Addison had no share. His facility and copiousness, especially in burlesque, are remarkable. "The Rose and the Ring" and "Rebecca and Rowena" are the best in the language. Equally effective are his views of high life as seen below stairs, as shown in "Jeames's Diary" and the "Yellowplush Papers." His studies of human nature seem like intuitions: hearts and motives were open to him like the mechanism of glass clocks. All things considered, — power, insight, humor, comedy, satire, wisdom, style, — he far outranks any English novelist.

Charles Lever has written admirable novels of Irish life, especially interesting from their brisk adventures and military experiences. They have a fascination which is irresistible, and their accounts of famous campaigns have considerable historic value.

"George Eliot," the pseudonyme of Marian Evans, afterwards Mrs. G. H. Lewes, was a woman of great intellect, and a profound student of human nature. Her novels have had enormous sales, and they have a deservedly high rank.

They are generally sombre in tone, and are marked by wise observations more than by poetic fancy. The tendency is to revery and sometimes to monotony, but the thoughtful reader pardons much, in view of the sharp characterization and their noble lessons. It is as if Pascal, or Montaigne, or even Lord Bacon, were putting wisdom in the form of story.

These are the great novels, almost a necessary part of modern education. After them come an exceeding multitude with many positive merits. The most striking among them are the works of Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton, — a man of boundless ambition and industry, and a really able writer. Two of his plays, "Richelieu" and "The Lady of Lyons," are the most popular on the modern stage. He tried verse repeatedly, but he was not a poet. He was a prodigious reader, and brought all sorts of curious knowledge into his works. His early novels were sentimental, ultra-romantic, and are not to be commended for youth. But when he wrote "The Caxtons," imitating the manner of Sterne, he made a total change. The succeeding novels are admirable, and can be read many times. His facility was great, and it sometimes might be mistaken for inspiration. He accomplished all that could be done by a man of great talent who had not the supreme gift of genius.

Charles Reade was an excellent story-teller, and among many interesting novels produced one that is almost great, — "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is valuable for its historical studies, as it is absorbing in its pathetic story. One of his early novelettes should also be mentioned as being an almost perfect specimen, — "Christie Johnston." The writer of this chapter remembers hearing Emerson mention it as unique and incomparable in its art.

Thomas Hardy is remarkable for his power in depicting the character and speech of laborers and clowns. No one since Shakespeare has entered into the thoughts of simple-minded men as he has, and expressed their dimly-conceived ideas with such artless fidelity. He has also great tragic power; and those who keep their faculties about them as they read, so as to fill out by imagination what the novelist only intimates, will find that Hardy is a creator of a new force. His novels are to be carefully studied, and not a word missed.

Charlotte Brontë produced a genuine sensation in the

reading world by the production of "Jane Eyre." In the careful study of effective details she even surpasses George Eliot; and she had, what that remarkable woman had not, a vital warmth and energy, and a nervous susceptibility, which lay hold of the reader, and compel every faculty to attend upon the thrilling story she relates. If the genius which in a solitary parsonage in Yorkshire conceived and wrote "Jane Eyre" could have had a further development and wider resources in London, there might have been a series of novels of equal excellence, and Charlotte Brontë would have become a great name. But her works, as well as her character and life, are deeply interesting to thousands; and the journey to the bleak house at Haworth has become a pilgrimage.

William Black writes novels which are like finished landscapes, with human figures as accessories. The mountains, glens, and lakes of the North, and the desolate seas that lash the rocks of Ultima Thule, are the materials for his carefully studied pictures. His people are interesting, but they are not strong or new creations; and the constant recurrence of familiar adventures makes his stories flag in interest. One story and one character remain in memory as fresh and as lovely as the dreams of youth, and that is "A Princess of Thule."

Anthony Trollope, a writer of mediocre talent, was able by daily industry to produce a large number of novels, each quite resembling the other, all marked by good sense and shrewd observation, and none of them fatiguing the reader by demands on his perception or by shocks to his nerves, — a successful, kindly man, and useful to those who must have reading by the cubic foot, but leaving no work of individual or striking character.

Wilkie Collins is another voluminous writer, who aims only at climax, and who excels all other novelists in the skill with which he constructs his plots. The secret is guarded well, and the reader is often deceived in believing he is just about to surprise it; but not until the last page does the true solution come. When the book has been read, that is the end of it. There are none of the rare qualities of thought or style to tempt one to go through it again, when its mystery has been revealed.

Richard Blackmore has written a number of excellent long stories, somewhere between romances and novels, but

rather too long drawn out, and cumbered with too many details. It seems like hearing a fine story from a garrulous narrator, whom nothing will induce to move on with spirit. But "Lorna Doone" has a most singular fascination, giving one a dreamy sensation of remoteness, and it must be ranked among the very best of modern romances.

Charles Kingsley has written some famous books, and, while they are professedly novels, it is evident that the story is less regarded by the author than the moral lessons they are to inculcate. As novels they are exceedingly faulty, and even painful; and yet no one ever found "Alton Locke" a dull or uninteresting book, because it is pervaded by the yearning and uplifting spirit of democracy in the soul of a lowly-born hero. "Hypatia," likewise, is valuable as a study of primitive Christianity.

Disraeli, in his novels, as in his life and public career, was prodigal of gorgeous and theatrical effects, and concerned himself only with the fortunes of the few who are raised far above the common level by hereditary rank or enormous wealth. You are to take for granted that his people have undreamed-of resources, unheard-of luxuries, and superhuman talent. As you read you will discover that each brilliant personage is some well-known peer or prince; and, though there may be an upsetting of history and an absence of common sense and human interest, yet you are pleased as having turned over a kaleidoscope whose colored stones are stars and royal orders.

There have been several well-defined periods in English poetry in which certain individual modes of thought and expression have prevailed. The plays and sonnets of Shakespeare have characteristics not to be mistaken; there are to be seen abounding thought, unfettered imagination, and picturesque phrasing. In the time of the Stuarts there was less of luxuriance, less freedom, less irregularity. Dryden and Milton were the two great poets, both trained in classic schools, but differing greatly in genius and in results. Milton appears to have been uninfluenced, either in poetry or prose, by the works of his contemporaries. Dryden used no variety of metres, except his odes and a few minor pieces, and was at his best, like a pedestrian, only in his accustomed gait. Epigrams, antitheses, and satiric thrusts were his strong points, and the heroic measure was his foot-rule. Milton's stately prose to-day is antiquated, while his poems,

such as Comus and L'Allegro, are as fresh as Tennyson's. Dryden's prose appears free and natural, compared with Milton's, while his verse is becoming antiquated.

The literature of the eighteenth century, commonly mentioned as that of Queen Anne, was largely influenced by the genius of the French. New canons of criticism were set up, and new tastes prevailed. Shakespeare and Milton were decried and neglected. Dryden was still honored, but Pope was believed to be the greatest of English poets. The ten syllabled heroic line was the universal formula. Every poet, from graceful Goldsmith to ponderous Johnson, stepped to the same measure. They rhymed philosophy and ethics, satire and badinage, love and religion, all on the same relentless plan. They tried to prune and regulate Shakespeare, and would have been pleased to rhyme the Pentateuch.

This influence lasted long in England, and longer still in the United States.

The real glory of the literature of Queen Anne was in the delightful, easy, and idiomatic prose of Addison and Steele. In the "Spectator" the richness and variety of our language were first clearly exemplified. The sentences flow so naturally that everyone thinks he could have written them; yet they are really inimitable.

There came a reaction against the formal style of Pope, and against rhymed eloquence and logic as a substitute for poetry. It began with the romantic poems of Scott, and was continued by the songs of Moore and by the impassioned and magnificent stanzas of Byron. One earlier poet is, however, to be mentioned, — Cowper, who died in 1800. He was emancipated from the prevailing servitude to arbitrary form, and, by his unaffected style and sincere love of nature, anticipated in a measure the great movement which began with Wordsworth.

Wordsworth is the intellectual and moral leader of the present century. His poems contain passages that seem to have been inspired like scripture. High-reaching thought, noble aim, adoration and love, exquisite beauty and simplicity, are the characteristics of his best verse. It must be admitted that much that he wrote is poor and prosy, common in thought, and bald in expression; yet enough remains to entitle him to the first place since Milton, unless that belongs to Tennyson, whose merits, though so different, are perhaps

equally great. Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," are the most complete and best sustained poems written within two centuries.

The fame of Coleridge rests upon a very few poems, but they are sufficient to give him a high place. "The Ancient Mariner" is a wonderful conception, and "Geneviève" contains a picture of the passion of love which will be pored over by generations.

Shelley was a brilliant genius, apparently capable of the highest things. An electric force tingles in his lines, and his shaping hand made visible every form of natural and spiritual beauty.

John Keats was almost an Oriental in his passion for sensuous description. His "Endymion" is a perpetual delight, and, when we consider at what an early age he died, we can imagine what heights he might have reached if his life had been spared.

Robert Southey devoted himself mostly to strange stories in ungraceful forms, which have wholly faded from the memory of men. One or two short pieces preserve his name, while his complete works are seldom met with.

Samuel Rogers had a dry and unsympathetic nature, and wrote like an imitator of the eighteenth-century poets. He is seldom quoted and but little read.

Walter Savage Landor is the poet of scholars, perfect in details, clear and sure in every outline; yet his poems, wanting the element of emotion, fail to stir the heart.

Thomas Campbell wrote battle pieces and stirring lyrics, which are among the best in the language, but his longer poems do not sustain his contemporary reputation.

Alfred Tennyson (now Baron Tennyson), as has been already stated, is one of the great poets. His youthful poems were dainty, and perhaps effeminate, but he outgrew his early manner, and his subsequent productions have such distinguished merits that it is impossible to make a selection for comment. In his Arthurian legends he employed the vehicle of blank verse in such a marvellous way that it became almost the strongest feature of interest. Milton's blank verse is stately, sonorous, and grand; Tennyson's is strong and musical, as well as lithe and sinewy. How difficult the mastery of blank verse really is may be known by the numberless failures. A few short specimens may be tol-

erated in other poets, but only Milton and Tennyson have made it a natural expression of their respective modes of thought and feeling.

> "Grandly their thought rides the words, as a good horseman his steed."

Tennyson is also famed for the delicacy, musical perfection, and poetic suggestiveness of his minor lyrics. Those contained in "The Princess" have never been equalled by any poet of the English race, if by any of any race.

Robert Browning is a man of rugged energy, ample resources, dramatic force, and strong imagination. But he is so sparing of words, and so covert in movement of mind, that it is a task of the utmost difficulty to follow the thread of his powerful stories. They require the keenest attention, and will never attract any but the most intellectual and determined readers. Mrs. Browning is, intellectually, a feminine copy of her virile husband, possessing much of his genius, and following his obscure manner. She must be mentioned as a woman of marked ability, but somewhat overshadowed by her husband.

Arthur Hugh Clough, who at one time resided in Cambridge, Mass., was a poet of delicate and meditative nature, and produced minor pieces of high merit.

Jean Ingelow is a poet with a warm heart and overflowing feeling, and has won an honorable name. "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" and "Seven Times One are Seven" are deservedly quoted and admired.

Thomas Hood had capabilities which, if he had been a man of fortune, would have led to higher results. But, being poor, he had to write for his daily wants, so that he wrote much that is not of permanent value. His puns and quibbles are the best of their kind, and his comedy usually genial and agreeable. But his "Song of the Shirt," and the pathetic lament, "One more Unfortunate," are his best title to fame.

We have only mentioned the principal poets. There are many more who have obtained more or less popularity, and some of whom high hopes have been entertained. Philip James Bailey was once considered a candidate for fame on the strength of his "Festus;" but the charm did not last, especially when it was seen that "Festus" was a poor copy of Goethe's "Faust." William Morris has better claim, for his poems "The Earthly Paradise" and "Jason" have genu-

ine merit; but he has not learned the art of condensing, and his leaf of undoubted gold is beaten out too thin. Edwin Arnold has been widely known as the author of "The Light of Asia," and must have the credit of presenting the philosophy of Buddha in a fascinating way. But that poem is attractive for its Oriental cast of thought, and its serenity in view of the problem of death, and not for any marked beauty in execution. There are few quotable passages, and no finished lyrics such as enrich the works of great poets. The versification of Morris is bald and poor, and that of Bailey also. Tennyson's "Bugle Song" is as sure a proof of his genius as "In Memoriam." Arnold has written one short poem which is very striking, beginning,

> "He who died at Azan sends
> This to comfort all his friends," etc.

But Arnold shows, like the others, that the restraints of metre and rhyme are fetters to his Muse. He rhymes as he can, and not always as he would. A true poet not only has the poetic thought, but the power to mould it into shapes of beauty. That is why he is poet, or "maker."

Dante Gabriel Rosetti is the author of sonnets and other minor poems which belong to the new school; but he is not to be compared to Swinburne, either in fertility of thought or in the mastery of verse.

What is to be the future of poetry, it is impossible to predict. Some great genius may arise whose powerful influence will change the course of thought, and set up new models for imitation. It does not appear that the school of sensuous poets will be strong enough to sway the coming century.

Latterly a new school of poets has appeared. Their verses are farther than ever from the rules of the eighteenth century, but aim at the expression of melody rather than of startling thought. They scrutinize every word as to its pictorial value, and with reference to its freedom from guttural and sibilant sounds. A huddle of consonants is to be avoided like brambles. A false or weak accent gives them a painful shock. Their verses have a musical flow, like a gurgling brook. They aim to reproduce the effects of the singing bards, simple thought and affluent melody in every line. Even the refinement of Tennyson is coarse to them. Chief of these is Algernon Swinburne, who in some instances has shown that the loveliest words in daintiest metres

may cover thoughts whose sensuality would be shocking if divested of their poetic drapery. Swinburne, in culture and feeling, is a Greek, and should be imagined as clad in singing robes, with cithara in hand, and laurel-crowned. "Atalanta in Kalydon," a poem in blank verse, with occasional rhymed passages in various metres, is a remarkable production, exquisite in phrase, antique in spirit, and steeped in the love of beauty.

CONCLUSION.

Religious Liberty in England. The Progress of Reform. The Irish Problem. English Inventions. Education. The Future.

In regard to the history of the last fifty years, we know at once too much and too little. We can only chronicle events. We cannot tell yet with any certainty which of the innumerable facts and measures will greatly affect the future, and which of them were merely important in the opinion of contemporary men. There have been many obviously important changes.

The English have learned the value of religious liberty, and the injustice and folly of religious persecution. As has been mentioned, the Test and Corporation Acts have been repealed, and men of any religious belief are qualified to hold municipal offices. Roman Catholics were permitted in 1829 to enter Parliament without taking oaths repugnant to conscience. Jews were admitted to Parliament in 1859. Dissenters and Catholics later were admitted to the universities on equal terms with members of the Established Church. At each of these changes there was great excitement, and many people believed they would result in danger to the national welfare. But why should Catholics or Dissenters enter into conspiracies? They have liberty, protection, and respect. They have a share in the government, and, naturally, they love their country better now than when they were repressed and ill-treated.

In political matters, too, as well as religious, England has gone on strengthening and widening the constitution by reform bills, — laws for enabling more and more of the people of the country to vote for members of Parliament; giving them a voice in laying on the taxes they will have to pay, and in making the laws they will have to obey. The evil condition of the House of Commons was mentioned before, and the unfair way in which members were elected. Both the Earl of Chatham and his son, William Pitt, had

seen how necessary it was to reform all this; to take away the "franchise," as it is called, or the right of sending representatives to Parliament, from the wretched little villages with few or no inhabitants, and to give it to large and populous places which sent none. But they were never able to achieve it; it was not till long after they were both dead that the great Reform Bill was passed. These reforms caused a great deal of commotion. The people were bent upon having their rights, but the Conservative government, afraid of what they might do if they once got them, held back. Then the people broke out into riots, and frightened them still more. It is worthy of notice that in these conflicts the principal nobles who had possession of the miserable little "rotten boroughs" before described, and who had most of the unfair power in electing the members of Parliament, were among the very first to see how unjust these privileges and powers were, and were among the greatest promoters of the rights of the people; while some of those who had begun by being poor men, but who had risen by their talents and industry to be powerful noblemen, were the most obstinate opponents of all reform.

After the passing of the Reform Bill, the Conservatives were greatly afraid of what might be done by the new Parliament, which was really elected by the people, instead of only partly by them, and partly by the nobles and the government. They thought there would be a revolution, but they were mistaken; instead of becoming more rebellious when they had got justice, the people became peaceable, obedient, and law-abiding.

The saddest part of all English history is that which records the treatment of Ireland. From the days of Henry II. onward to the days of Elizabeth, when Spenser wrote of that "most beautiful and sweet country as any under heaven;" from the days of Elizabeth almost to our own days, we might still say, as he did, "I do much pity that sweet land, to be subject to so many evils, as every day I see more and more thrown upon her." It has almost always been, "Ireland was in disorder; Ireland was rebelling." People do not, as a rule, rebel when they are happy and well treated; and when we read this over and over again we naturally ask, Why? Unhappily the answer is not far to seek. That the Irish were wild and turbulent, and often treacherous and cruel, is undeniable; but that the English were

tyrannical, oppressive, and unjust, is quite as undeniable. Ireland was said to have been united to England in 1801; it ceased to have its own Parliament, and instead sent members to the English Parliament. But the union was really disunion, and the Irish, if possible, hated the English still more than before. England has now for many years past striven to undo her evil work of old. She has disendowed the Protestant Church, which was not the church of the people, but had been violently forced upon them, and she has sought in every way to do justice, and promote the peace and welfare of the country; but though England has now quite ceased to oppress, Ireland has not yet forgotten her old oppression, and the "United Kingdom" is not so thoroughly "at unity with itself" as it may be as time rolls on.

One of the most important changes that has been made for the good of the whole kingdom is the repeal of the corn laws. According to the ideas which had prevailed up till this time, Englishmen were bound to have no corn, or as little as possible, except what their own land could produce. This was considered to be good, not only for the farmers and landlords, but for the whole country; and it was said that if corn was brought from foreign parts the country would become dependent on those parts. But as England is a small country compared with its population, it could not produce corn enough to feed them all. Bread was sometimes so dear that the poor were half starving; while other countries had a great deal more corn than they wanted, which they would have been glad to exchange for other things which England produced. The Conservatives were averse to making any change, but there were zealous and wise men in the country who saw that it would be right, and determined that it must be done.

Another great change has come from the invention or improving of machinery and the steam-engine. Innumerable things which used to be done by hand are now done by machines. This seems as if it must save a great deal of human labor, and produce a great many more useful things; and so it certainly does; but whether the change is, on the whole, for the happiness and improvement of man, no one can now say. Work that used to be done quietly at home — a woman spinning at her door, a man weaving at his own little loom — work, too, in which the workers might take an honest pride

and pleasure — is now done in enormous factories, where people are gathered together for their long day's labor; men here, women there, children elsewhere. This must certainly have a great effect on their characters and thoughts; but we cannot yet judge what that effect will be.

A still greater change is in the spread of education. Ever since the beginning of this century the different religious bodies, the Church and the Dissenters, had founded schools for the poor; and though this was thought at first by many people a very wrong and dangerous thing to do, it is now felt by everybody to be a duty. The government first began by helping the schools which had been founded by voluntary efforts; more lately school boards have been established, which build other schools when those already in a neighborhood do not suffice, and which also employ people to look for the little wild children of the streets, and compel them to come in. Here is indeed a contrast to the old days when a serf was hindered from having his child taught to read or write! What the result will be, no one can foretell. We are sure that as the life which surrounds a man will be different from that which surrounded his grandfather, so will he himself be different in his thoughts and hope from the thoughts and hope of his grandfather.

We may be almost certain that as he is more educated he will be more gentle. Looking back on the past, we see the gradual growth of sympathy, which will surely not cease to grow. In former days the rich and noble looked with careless scorn on the poor of their own land; they were "rascals," "villeins," bought and sold like horses and sheep. In former days the Englishman hated all foreigners, looking on them as his natural enemies, and always longing to be fighting them. The races of men which he considered, or which, perhaps, really were inferior to his own, he despised, and treated as hardly human. The American Indians were "tawny pagans," "grim salvages," and "rabid wolves." It was no more sin to kill an Irishman than to kill a dog; no more wrong to enslave a negro than to yoke an ox. Against men of other religions his scorn and hatred went hand in hand. It was a glorious deed to slay a Turk or a Jew; it was doing God service to burn a Protestant or mutilate a Puritan. The lower animals had neither rights nor claims; they were mere tools, to be worn out in working for man, or tortured for his amusement.

That all this is history now, that it has all vanished out of our daily life and thoughts, we can hardly dare to say; but that it is passing away, and that much of it has already passed away, we are quite sure. If it were not so, we should be ready to say in despair, "Then has Christ died in vain." The struggle is still going on between selfishness and love. It is for the people of England to determine which shall have the victory.

CHRONOLOGICAL ANNALS

OF

ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE ENGLISH KINGDOMS.

449—1016.

449 **English land in Britain.**
457 Kent conquered by English.
477 Landing of South Saxons.
495 Landing of West Saxons.
520 British victory at Mount Badon.
547 Ida founds Kingdom of Bernicia.
552 West Saxons take Old Sarum.
565 **Æthelberht,** King of Kent, died 616.
568 —— driven back by West Saxons.
571 West Saxons march into Mid-Britain.
577 —— conquer at Deorham.
593 **Æthelfrith** creates Kingdom of Northumbria, died 617.
597 West Saxons defeated at Fethanlea.
Augustine converts Kent.
603 Battle of Dægsastan.
607 Battle of Chester.
617 **Eadwine,** King of Northumbria, died 633.
626 —— overlord of Britain.
627 —— becomes Christian.
633 —— slain at Hatfield.
635 **Oswald,** King of Northumbria, died 642.
—— defeats Welsh at Hevenfeld.
636 *Aidan settles at Holy Island.*
639 Conversion of Wessex.
642 Oswald slain at Maserfeld.
655 **Oswi, K**ing of Northumbria, died 670.
Oswi's victory at Winwœd.
657 Wulfere King in Mercia.
658 West Saxons conquer as far as the Parret.
664 Council of Whitby.
Cædmon at Whitby.
668 Theodore made Archbishop of Canterbury.
670 **Egfrith,** King of Northumbria, died 685.
676 Wulfere drives West Saxons over Thames.
681 Wilfrid converts South Saxons.
682 Centwine of Wessex conquers Mid-Somerset.
685 Egfrith defeated and slain at Nechtansmere.
688 **Ini,** King of West Saxons, died 726.
705 Northumbrian conquest of Strathclyde.
714 Ini defeats Ceolred of Mercia at Wodnesborough.
716 **Æthelbald,** King of Mercia, died 755.
733 Mercian conquest of Wessex.
752 Wessex recovers freedom in battle of Burford.
755 *Deaths of Bæda and Boniface.*
756 Eadberht of Northumbria takes Alcluyd.
758 **Offa,** King of Mercia, died 794.
773 —— subdues Kentish men at Otford.
777 —— defeats West Saxons at Bensington.
784 —— places Brightric on throne of Wessex.
786 —— creates Archbishopric at Lichfield.
787 First landing of Danes in England.
794 **Cenwulf,** King of Mercia, died 819.
—— suppresses Archbishopric of Lichfield.
800 **Ecgberht** becomes king in Wessex, died 836.
808 Charles the Great restores Eardwulf in Northumbria.
813 Ecgberht subdues the West Welsh to the Tamar.
822 Civil War in Mercia.
823 Ecgberht defeats Mercians at Ellandune.
Ecgberht overlord of England south of Thames.
824 Revolt of East Anglia against Mercia.
825 Defeat of Mercians by East Anglians.
827 Mercia and Northumbria submit to Ecgberht.
Ecgberht overlord of all English kingdoms.

828 —— invades Wales.
835 —— defeats Danes at Hengestesdun.
836 **Æthelwulf,** King of Wessex, died 858.
849 Ælfred born.
851 Danes defeated at Aclea.
853 Ælfred sent to Rome.
855 Æthelwulf goes to Rome.
858 **Æthelbald,** King of Wessex, died 860.
860 **Æthelberht,** King of Wessex, died 866.
866 **Æthelred,** King of Wessex, died 871.
867 Danes conquer Northumbria.
868 Peace of Nottingham with Danes.
870 Danes conquer and settle in East Anglia.
871 Danes invade Wessex.
Ælfred, King of Wessex, died 901.
874 Danes conquer Mercia.
876 Danes settle in Northumbria.
877 Ælfred defeats Danes at Exeter.
878 Danes overrun Wessex.
Ælfred victor at Edington.
Peace of Wedmore.
883 Ælfred sends envoys to Rome and India.
886 —— takes and refortifies London.
893 Danes re-appear in Thames and Kent.
894 Ælfred drives Hastings from Wessex.
895 Hastings invades Mercia.
896 Ælfred drives Danes from Essex.
897 Hastings quits England.
Ælfred creates a fleet.
901 **Eadward the Elder,** died 925.
912 Northmen settle in Normandy.
913–918 Æthelflæd conquers Danish Mercia.
921 Eadward subdues East Anglia and Essex.
924 —— owned as overlord by Northumbria, Scots, and Strathclyde.
925 **Æthelstan,** died 940.
926 —— drives Welsh from Exeter.
934 —— invades Scotland.
937 Victory of Brunanburh.
940 **Eadmund,** died 947.
943 Dunstan made Abbot of Glastonbury.
945 Cumberland granted to Malcolm, King of Scots.
947 **Eadred,** died 955.
954 —— makes Northumbria an Earldom.
955 **Eadwig,** died 957.
956 Banishment of Dunstan.
957 Revolt of Mercia under Eadgar.
958 **Eadgar,** died 975.
961 Dunstan Archbishop of Canterbury.
975 **Eadward the Martyr,** died 975.
979 **Æthelred the Unready,** died 1016.
980 Mercia and Northumbria part from Wessex.
987–1040 Fulc the Black, Count of Anjou.
994 Invasion of Swegen.
1002 Massacre of Danes.
1003 Swegen harries Wessex.
1012 Murder of Archbishop Ælfeah.
1013 All England submits to Swegen.
1014 Flight of Æthelred to Normandy.
1016 **Eadmund Ironside,** King, and dies.

ENGLAND UNDER FOREIGN KINGS.

1017—1204.

1017 **Cnut,** King, died 1035.
1020 Godwine made Earl of Wessex.
1027 Cnut goes to Rome.
Birth of William of Normandy.
1035 **Harold** and **Harthacnut** divide England.
1037 **Harold,** King, died 1040.
1040 **Harthacnut,** King, died 1042.
1042 **Eadward the Confessor,** died 1065.
1044–1060 Geoffry Martel, Count of Anjou.
1045 *Lanfranc at Bec.*
1047 Victory of William at Val-ès-dunes.
1051 Banishment of Godwine.
1052 William of Normandy visits England.
Return and death of Godwine.
1053 Harold made Earl of West Saxons.
1054 William's victory at Mortemer.
1054–1060 Norman conquest of southern Italy.
1055 Harold's first campaign in Wales.
1058 William's victory at the Dive.
1060 Normans invade Sicily.
1063 Harold conquers Wales.
1066 **Harold,** King.
—— conquers at Stamford Bridge.
—— defeated at Senlac, or Hastings.
1066 **William** of Normandy, King, died 1087.
1068–1071 Norman conquest of England.
1070 Reorganization of the Church.
1075 Rising of Roger Fitz-Osbern.
1081 William invades Wales.
1085 Failure of Danish invasion.
1086 Completion of Domesday Book.
1087 **William the Red,** died 1100.
1093 *Anselm Archbishop.*
1094 Revolt of Wales against the Norman Marchers.
1096 Revolt of Robert de Mowbray.
Normandy left in pledge to William.
1097 William invades Wales.
Anselm leaves England.
1098 War with France.
1100 **Henry the First,** died 1135.
Henry's Charter.
1101 William of Normandy invades England.
1106 Settlement of question of investitures.
English Conquest of Normandy.
1109–1129 Fulc of Jerusalem, Count of Anjou.

1109 War with France.
1111 War with Anjou.
1113 Peace of Gisors.
1114 Marriage of Matilda with Henry V.
1118 Revolt of Norman baronage.
1120 Wreck of White Ship.
1122 Henry's campaign in Wales.
1124 France and Anjou support William Clito.
1127 Matilda married to Geoffry of Anjou.
1128 Death of the Clito in Flanders.
1134 Revolt of Wales.
1135 **Stephen** of Blois, died 1154.
1137 Normandy repulses the Angevins.
Revolt of Earl Robert.
1138 Battle of the Standard.
1139 Seizure of the Bishops.
1141 Battle of Lincoln.
1147 Matilda withdraws to Normandy.
1148 Henry of Anjou in England.
Archbishop Theobald driven into exile.
1151 Henry becomes Duke of Normandy.
1152 Henry marries Eleanor of Guienne.
1153 Henry in England. Treaty of Wallingford.
1154 **Henry the Second,** died 1189.
1160 Expedition against Toulouse.
The Great Scutage.
1162 Thomas made Archbishop of Canterbury.
1164 Constitutions of Clarendon.
Flight of Archbishop Thomas.
1166 Assize of Clarendon.
1169 Strongbow's invasion of Ireland.
1170 Death of Archbishop Thomas.
Inquest of Sheriffs.
1174 Rebellion of Henry's sons.
1176 Assize of Northampton.
1178 Reorganization of Curia Regis.
1181 Assize of Arms.
1189 Revolt of Richard.
Richard the First, died 1199.
1190–1194 Richard's Crusade.
1194–1196 War with Philip Augustus.
1195–1246 Llewellyn-ap-Jorwerth in North Wales.
1197 Richard builds Château Gaillard.
1199 **John,** died 1216.
1200 —— recovers Anjou and Maine.
Layamon writes the Brut.
1203 Murder of Arthur.
1204 French conquest of Anjou and Normandy.

THE GREAT CHARTER.

1205—1295.

1205 Barons refuse to fight for recovery of Normandy.
1208 Innocent III. puts England under Interdict.
1211 John reduces Llewellyn-ap-Jorwerth to submission.
1212 John divides Irish Pale into counties.
1213 John becomes the Pope's vassal.
1214 Battle of Bouvines.
Birth of Roger Bacon.
1215 The Great Charter.
1216 Lewis of France called in by the Barons.
Henry the Third, died 1273.
Confirmation of the Charter.
1217 Lewis returns to France.
Hubert de Burgh, Justiciary.
Charter again confirmed.
1221 *Friars land in England.*
1223 Charter again confirmed at Oxford.
1225 Irish confirmation of Charter.
1228 Revolt of Faukes de Breauté.
Stephen Langton's death.
1229 Papal exactions.
1230 Failure of Henry's campaign in Poitou.
1231 Conspiracy against the Italian clergy.
1232 Fall of Hubert de Burgh.
1237 Charter again confirmed.
1238 Earl Simon of Leicester marries Henry's sister.
1241 Defeat of Henry at Taillebourg.
1242 Barons refuse subsidies.
1246–1283 Llewellyn-ap-Gryffyth, Prince in North Wales.
1248 Irish refusal of subsidies.
Earl Simon in Gascony.
1253 Earl Simon returns to England.
1259 Provisions of Oxford.
1261 Earl Simon leaves England.
1264 Mise of Amiens.
Battle of Lewes.
1265 Commons summoned to Parliament.
Battle of Evesham.
1267 *Roger Bacon writes his "Opus Majus."*
1268 Llewellyn-ap-Gryffyth owned as Prince of Wales.
1270 Edward goes on Crusade.
1274 **Edward the First,** died 1307.
1277 Edward reduces Llewellyn-ap-Gryffyth to submission.
1279 Statute of Mortmain.
1282 Conquest of Wales.
1284 Statute of Merchants.
1285 Statute of Winchester.
1290 Statute "Quia Emptores."
Expulsion of the Jews.
Marriage Treaty of Brigham.
1291 Parliament at Norham settles Scotch succession.
1293 Edward claims appeals from Scotland.
1294 Seizure of Guienne by Philip of France.
1295 French fleet attacks Dover.
Final organization of the English Parliament.

THE WARS WITH SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

1296—1485.

1296 Edward conquers Scotland.
1297 Victory of Wallace at Stirling.
Outlawry of the Clergy.
Barons refuse to serve in Flanders.
1298 Edward forced to renounce illegal taxation.
Edward conquers Scots at Falkirk.
Peace with France.
1301 Barons demand nomination of Ministers by Parliament.
1302 Barons exact fresh confirmations of the Charters.
1304 Final submission of Scotland.
1305 Parliament of Perth.
1306 Rising of Robert Bruce.
1307 Parliament of Carlisle. First Statute of Provisors.
Edward the Second, died 1327.
1308 Gaveston exiled.
1310 The Lords Ordainers draw up Articles of Reform.
1312 Death of Gaveston.
1314 Battle of Bannockburn.
1316 Battle of Athenry.
1318 Edward accepts the Ordinances.
1322 Death of Earl of Leicester. Ordinances annulled.
1323 Truce with the Scots.
1324 French attack Aquitaine.
1325 The Queen and Prince Edward in France.
1326 Queen lands in England.
1327 Deposition of Edward II.
Edward the Third, died 1377.
1328 Treaty of Northampton recognizes independence of Scotland.
1329 Death of Robert Bruce.
1330 Death of Roger Mortimer.
1332 Edward Balliol invades Scotland.
1333 Battle of Halidon Hill.
Balliol does homage to Edward.
1334 Balliol driven from Scotland.
1335–1336 Edward invades Scotland.
1336 France again declares war.
1337–1338 War with France and Scotland.
1339 Edward claims crown of France.
Edward attacks France from Brabant.
1340 Battle of Sluys.
1343 War in Brittany and Guienne.
1346 Battles of Cressy and Neville's Cross.
1347 Capture of Calais.
Truce with France.
1349 First appearance of the Black Death.
1351–1353 Statutes of Laborers.
1353 First Statute of Præmunire.
1354 Renewal of French war.
1356 Battle of Poitiers.
1360 Treaty of Bretigny.
1367 The Black Prince victorious at Najara.
Statute of Kilkenny.
1368 Renewal of French war.
Wyclif's treatise "De Dominio."
1370 Storms of Limoges.
1372 Victory of Spanish fleet off Rochelle.
1374 Revolt of Aquitaine.
1376 The Good Parliament.
1377 Its work undone by the Duke of Lancaster.
Wyclif before the Bishops of London.
Richard the Second, died 1399.
1378 Gregory XI. denounces Wyclif's heresy.
1380 *Longland's "Piers the Ploughman."*
1381 Wyclif's declaration against Transubstantiation.
The Peasant Revolt.
1382 Condemnation of Wyclif at Blackfriars.
Suppression of the Poor Preachers.
1384 Death of Wyclif.
1387 Barons force Richard to dismiss the Earl of Suffolk.
1389 Truce with France.
1394 Richard in Ireland.
1396 Richard marries Isabella of France.
Truce with, prolonged.
1397 Murder of the Duke of Gloucester.
1398 Richard's plans of tyranny.
1399 Deposition of Richard.
Henry the Fourth, died 1413.
1400 Revolt of Owen Glendower in Wales.
1401 Statute of Heretics.
1402 Battle of Homildon Hill.
1403 Revolt of the Percies.
1404 French descents on England.
1405 Revolt of Archbishop Scrope.
1407 French attack Gascony.
1411 English force sent to aid Duke of Burgundy in France.
1413 **Henry the Fifth,** died 1422.
1414 Lollard Conspiracy.
1415 Battle of Agincourt.
1417 Henry invades Normandy.
1419 Alliance with Duke of Burgundy.
1420 Treaty of Troyes.
1422 **Henry the Sixth,** died 1471.
1424 Battle of Verneuil.
1429 Siege of Orleans.
1430 County Suffrage restricted.
1431 Death of Joan of Arc.
1435 Congress of Arras.
1444 Marriage of Margaret of Anjou.
1447 Death of Duke of Gloucester.
1450 Impeachment and death of Duke of Suffolk.
Cade's Insurrection.
1451 Loss of Normandy and Guienne.
1454 Duke of York named Protector.
1455 First battle of St. Albans.
1456 End of York's Protectorate.
1459 Failure of Yorkist revolt.

1460 Battle of Northampton.
York acknowledged as successor.
Battle of Wakefield.
1461 Second battle of St. Albans.
Battle of Mortimer's Cross.
Edward the Fourth, died 1484.
Battle of Towton.
1464 Edward marries Lady Grey.
1470 Warwick driven to France.
1470 Flight of Edward to Burgundy.
1471 Battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury.
1475 Edward invades France.
1476 *Caxton settles in England.*
1483 Murder of **Edward the Fifth.**
Richard the Third, died 1485.
Buckingham's insurrection.
1485 Battle of Bosworth.

THE TUDORS.

1485—1603.

1485 **Henry the Seventh,** died 1509.
1487 Conspiracy of Lambert Simnel.
1489 Treaty with Ferdinand and Isabella.
1491 Henry invades France.
1496 Cornish Rebellion.
Perkin Warbeck captured.
1497 Sebastian Cabot lands in America.
1499 *Colet and Erasmus at Oxford.*
1501 Arthur Tudor marries Catharine of Aragon.
1502 Margaret Tudor marries James the Fourth.
1505 *Colet Dean of St. Paul's.*
1509 **Henry the Eighth,** died 1547.
Erasmus writes the "Praise of Folly."
1512 War with France. *Colet founds St. Paul's School.*
1513 Battles of the Spurs and of Flodden.
Wolsey becomes chief Minister.
1516 *More's "Utopia."*
1517 Luther denounces Indulgences.
1519 Field of Cloth of Gold.
1520 Luther burns the Pope's Bull.
1521 Quarrel of Luther with Henry the Eighth.
1522 Renewal of French War.
1523 Wolsey quarrels with the Commons.
1524 Exaction of Benevolences defeated.
1525 Peace with France. *Tyndal translates the Bible.*
1527 Henry resolves on a Divorce. Persecution of Protestants.
1529 Fall of Wolsey. Ministry of Norfolk and More.
1531 King acknowledged as "Supreme Head of the Church of England."
1532 Statute of Appeals. Anne Boleyn crowned.
1534 Acts of Supremacy and Succession.
1535 Cromwell Vicar-General. *Death of More.*
Overthrow of the Geraldines in Ireland.
1536 English Bible issued.
Dissolution of lesser Monasteries.
1537 Pilgrimage of Grace.
1538 Execution of Lord Exeter and Lady Salisbury.
1539 Law of Six Articles.
Suppression of greater Abbeys.
1542 Completion of the Tudor Conquest of Ireland.
1543 Fall of Cromwell.
1547 Execution of Earl of Surrey.
Edward the Sixth, died 1553.
Battle of Pinkie Cleugh.
1548 English Book of Common Prayer.
1549 Western Rebellion. End of Somerset's Protectorate.
1551 Death of Somerset.
1552 Suppression of Chantries.
1553 **Mary,** died 1559.
Chancellor discovers Archangel.
1554 Mary marries Philip of Spain.
England absolved by Cardinal Pole.
1555 Persecution of Protestants begins.
1556 Burning of Archbishop Cranmer.
1557 War with France.
1558 Loss of Calais.
1559 **Elizabeth,** died 1603.
—— restores Royal Supremacy and English Prayer-book.
1560 War in Scotland.
1561 Mary Stuart lands in Scotland.
1562 Rebellion of Shane O'Neill in Ulster.
Elizabeth supports French Huguenots.
First Penal Statute against Catholics, and first Poor Law.
Hawkins begins Slave-trade with Africa.
1563 English driven out of Havre.
Thirty-nine Articles imposed on clergy.
1565 Mary marries Darnley.
1566 Darnley murders Rizzio.
Royal Exchange built.
1567 Bothwell murders Darnley.
Defeat and death of Shane O'Neill.
1568 Mary flies to England.
1569 Revolt of the northern Earls.
1571 Bull of Deposition issued.
1572 Conspiracy and death of Norfolk.
Rising of the Low Countries against Alva.
Cartwright's "Admonition to the Parliament."
1575 Wentworth sent to the Tower.
1576 *First public Theatre in Blackfriars.*
1577 Landing of the Seminary Priests.
Drake sets sail for the Pacific.

1578 *Lyly's "Euphues."*
1579 *Spenser publishes "Shepherd's Calendar."*
1580 Campian and Parsons in England.
Revolt of the Desmonds. Massacre of Smerwick.
1583 Plots to assassinate Elizabeth.
New powers given to Ecclesiastical Commission.
1584 Murder of Prince of Orange.
Armada gathers in the Tagus.
Colonization of Virginia.
1585 English army sent to Netherlands.
Drake on the Spanish Coast.
1586 Battle of Zutphen.
Babington's Plot.
Shakespeare in London.
1587 Death of Mary Stuart.
Drake burns Spanish fleet at Cadiz.
1587 *Marlowe's "Tamburlaine."*
1588 Defeat of the Armada.
Martin Marprelate Tracts.
1589 Drake plunders Corunna.
1590 *Publication of the "Faërie Queene."*
1593 *Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis."*
1594 Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity."
1596 *Jonson's "Every Man in his Humor."*
Descent upon Cadiz.
1597 Ruin of the Second Armada.
Bacon's "Essays."
1598 Revolt of Hugh O'Neill.
1599 Expedition of Earl of Essex in Ireland.
1601 Execution of Essex.
1603 Mountjoy completes the Conquest of Ireland.
Death of Elizabeth.

THE STUARTS.

1603—1688.

1603 **James the First,** died 1625.
Millenary Petition.
1604 Parliament claims to deal with both Church and State.
Hampton Court Conference.
1605 Gunpowder Plot.
Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."
1610 Parliament's Petition of Grievances.
Plantation of Ulster.
1613 Marriage of the Elector Palatine.
1614 First quarrels with the Parliament.
1615 Trial of the Earl of Somerset.
Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke.
Sale of Peerages.
Proposals for the Spanish Marriage.
1616 *Death of Shakespeare.*
1617 Bacon Lord Keeper.
Expedition and death of Raleigh.
The Declaration of Sports.
1618 Beginning of Thirty Years' War.
1620 Invasion of the Palatinate.
Bacon's "Novum Organum."
Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.
Impeachment of Bacon.
1621 James tears out the Protestation of the Commons.
1623 Journey of Charles to Madrid.
1624 Resolve of War against Spain.
1625 **Charles the First,** died 1649.
First Parliament dissolved.
Failure of expedition against Cadiz.
1626 Buckingham impeached
Second Parliament dissolved.
1627 Levy of Benevolences and Forced Loan.
Failure of Expedition to Rochelle.
1628 The Petition of Right.
Murder of Buckingham.
Laud Bishop of London.
1629 Dissolution of Third Parliament.
1629 Charter granted to Massachusetts.
Wentworth Lord President of the North.
1630 Puritan Emigration to New England.
1631 Wentworth Lord Deputy in Ireland.
1633 Laud Archbishop of Canterbury.
Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso."
Prynne's "Histriomastix."
1634 *Milton's "Comus."*
1636 Juxon Lord Treasurer.
Book of Canons and Common Prayer issued for Scotland.
1637 Hampden refuses to pay Ship-money.
Revolt of Edinburgh.
Trial of Hampden.
1638 *Milton's "Lycidas."*
The Scotch Covenant.
1639 Leslie at Dunse Law.
Pacification of Berwick.
1640 The Short Parliament.
The Bishops' War.
Great Council of Peers at York.
Long Parliament meets, *Nov.*
1641 Execution of Strafford, *May.*
Charles visits Scotland.
The Irish Massacre, *Oct.*
The Grand Remonstrance, *Nov.*
1642 Impeachment of Five Members, *Jan.*
Charles before Hull, *April.*
Royalists withdraw from Parliament.
Charles raises Standard at Nottingham, *Aug.*
Battle of Edgehill, *Oct.* 23.
Hobbes writes the "De Cive."
1643 Assembly of Divines assembles at Westminster.
Rising of the Cornishmen, *May.*
Death of Hampden, *June.*
Battle of Roundway Down, *July.*
Siege of Gloucester, *Aug.*
Taking of the Covenant, *Sept.* 23.

1644 Fight at Cropredy Bridge, *June.*
Battle of Marston Moor, *July.*
Surrender of Parliamentary Army in Cornwall, *Sept.*
Battle of Tippermuir, *Sept.*
Battle of Newbury, *Oct.*
1645 Self-renouncing Ordinance, *April.*
New Model raised.
Battle of Naseby, *June* 14.
Battle of Philiphaugh, *Sept.*
1646 Charles surrenders to the Scots, *May.*
1647 Scots surrender Charles to the Houses, *Feb.*
Army elects Adjutators, *April.*
The King seized at Holmby House, *June.*
"Humble Representation" of the Army, *June.*
Expulsion of the Eleven Members.
Army occupies London, *Aug.*
Flight of the King, *Nov.*
Secret Treaty of Charles with the Scots, *Dec.*
1648 Outbreak of the Royalist Revolt, *Feb.*
Revolt of the Fleet, and of Kent, *May.*
Fairfax and Cromwell in Essex and Wales, *June–July.*
Battle of Preston, *Aug.* 18.
Surrender of Colchester, *Aug.* 27.
Pride's Purge, *Dec.*
Royal Society begins at Oxford.
1649 Execution of Charles I., *Jan.* 30.
Scotland proclaims Charles II.
England proclaims itself a Commonwealth.
Cromwell storms Drogheda, *Aug.*
1650 Cromwell enters Scotland, *May.*
Battle of Dunbar, *Sept.* 3.
1651 Battle of Worcester, *Sept.* 3.
Union with Scotland and Ireland.
Hobbes's "Leviathan."
1652 Outbreak of Dutch War, *May.*
Victory of Van Tromp, *Nov.*
1653 Victory of Blake, *Feb.*
Cromwell drives out the Parliament, *April* 19.
Constituent Convention (Barebones Parliament), *July.*
Convention dissolves, *Dec.*
1654 The Instrument of Government.
Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector, died 1658.
Peace concluded with Holland.
First Protectorate Parliament, *Sept.*
1655 Dissolution of the Parliament, *Jan.*
The Major-Generals.
Settlement of Scotland and Ireland.
Settlement of the Church.
1656 Blake in the Mediterranean.
War with Spain and Conquest of Jamaica.
Second Protectorate Parliament, *Sept.*
1657 Blake's victory at Santa Cruz.
Cromwell refuses title of King.
Act of Government.
1658 Parliament dissolved, *Feb.*
Battle of the Dunes.
Capture of Dunkirk.
Death of Cromwell, *Sept.* 3.
Richard Cromwell, Lord Protector, died 1712.
1659 Third Protectorate Parliament.
Parliament dissolved.
Long Parliament recalled.
Long Parliament again driven out.
1660 Monk enters London.
The "Convention" Parliament.
Charles the Second, lands at Dover *May,* died 1685.
Union of Scotland and Ireland undone.
1661 Cavalier Parliament begins.
Act of Uniformity re-enacted.
1662 Puritan clergy driven out.
Royal Society at London.
1663 Dispensing Bill fails.
1664 Conventicle Act.
Dutch War begins.
1665 Five-Mile Act.
Plague and Fire of London.
Newton's Theory of Fluxions.
1667 The Dutch in the Medway.
Dismissal of Clarendon.
Peace of Breda.
Lewis attacks Flanders.
Milton's "Paradise Lost."
1668 The Triple Alliance.
Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.
1669 Ashley shrinks back from toleration to Catholics.
1670 Treaty of Dover.
Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" written.
1671 *Milton's "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes."*
Newton's Theory of Light.
Closing of the Exchequer.
1672 Declaration of Indulgence.
War begins with Holland.
Ashley made Chancellor.
Declaration of Indulgence withdrawn.
1673 The Test Act.
Shaftesbury dismissed.
Shaftesbury takes the lead of the Country Party.
1674 Bill of Protestant Securities fails.
Charles makes peace with Holland.
Danby Lord Treasurer.
1675 Treaty of mutual aid between Charles and Lewis.
1676 Shaftesbury sent to the Tower.
1677 Bill for Security of the Church fails.
Address of the Commons for War with France.
Prince of Orange marries Mary.
1678 Peace of Nimeguen.
Oates invents the Popish Plot.
Fall of Danby.
New Ministry, with Shaftesbury at its head.
Temple's plan for a new Council.

1679 New Parliament meets.
Habeas Corpus Act passed.
Exclusion Bill introduced.
Parliament dissolved.
Shaftesbury dismissed.
1680 Committee for agitation formed.
Monmouth pretends to the throne.
Petitioners and Abhorrers.
Exclusion Bill thrown out by the Lords.
Trial of Lord Stafford.
1681 Parliament at Oxford.
Limitation Bill rejected.
Monmouth and Shaftesbury arrested.
1682 Conspiracy and flight of Shaftesbury.
Rye-house Plot.
1683 Death of Shaftesbury.
Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney executed.
1684 Town charters quashed.
Army increased.
1685 **James the Second,** died 1701
Insurrection of Argyle and Monmouth.
Battle of Sedgemoor, *July* 6.
The Bloody Circuit.
1685 Army raised to 20,000 men.
Revocation of Edict of Nantes.
1686 Parliament refuses to repeal Test Act.
Test Act dispensed with by Royal authority.
Ecclesiastical Commission set up.
1687 *Newton's "Principia."*
Expulsion of the Fellows of Magdalen.
Dismissal of Lords Rochester and Clarendon.
Declaration of Indulgence.
The boroughs regulated.
William of Orange protests against the Declaration.
Tyrconnell made Lord Deputy in Ireland.
1688 Clergy refuse to read Declaration of Indulgence.
Threat of the Seven Bishops.
Irish troops brought over to England.
Lewis attacks Germany.
William of Orange lands at Torbay.
Flight of James.

MODERN ENGLAND.

1689—1885.

1689 Convention Parliament.
Declaration of Rights.
William and Mary made King and Queen.
William forms the Grand Alliance against Lewis.
Battle of Killiecrankie, *July* 27.
Siege of Londonderry.
Mutiny Bill.
Toleration Bill.
Bill of Rights.
Secession of the Nonjurors.
1690 Abjuration Bill and Act of Grace.
Battle of Beachy Head, *June* 29.
Battle of the Boyne, *July* 6.
William repulsed from Limerick.
1691 Battle of Aughrim, *July*.
Capitulation and Treaty of Limerick.
1692 Massacre of Glencoe.
Battle of La Hogue, *May* 19.
1693 Sunderland's plan of a Ministry.
1694 Bank of England set up.
Death of Mary.
1696 Currency restored.
1697 Peace of Ryswick.
1698 First Partition Treaty.
1700 Second Partition Treaty.
1701 Duke of Anjou becomes King of Spain.
Death of James the Second.
Act of Settlement passed.
1702 **Anne,** died 1714.
1704 Battle of Blenheim, *Aug.* 13.
Harley and St. John take office.
1705 Victories of Peterborough in Spain.
1706 Battle of Ramillies, *May* 23.
1707 Act of Union with Scotland.
1708 Battle of Oudenarde.
Dismissal of Harley and St. John.
1709 Battle of Malplaquet.
1710 Trial of Sacheverel.
Tory Ministry of Harley and St. John.
1712 Dismissal of Marlborough.
1713 Treaty of Utrecht.
1714 **George the First,** died 1727.
Ministry of Townshend and Walpole.
1715 Jacobite Revolt under Lord Mar.
1716 Ministry of Lord Stanhope.
The Septennial Bill.
1717 The Triple Alliance.
1718 The Quadruple Alliance.
1720 Failure of the Peerage Bill.
The South Sea Company.
1721 Ministry of Sir Robert Walpole.
1722 Exile of Bishop Atterbury.
1727 War with Austria and Spain.
George the Second, died 1760.
1729 Treaty of Seville.
1730 Free exportation of American rice allowed.
1731 Treaty of Vienna.
1733 Walpole's Excise Bill.
War of the Polish Succession.
Family Compact between France and Spain.
1737 Death of Queen Caroline.
1738 *The Methodists appear in London.*
1739 War declared with Spain.
1740 War of the Austrian Succession.

1742 Resignation of Walpole.
1743 Ministry of Henry Pelham.
Battle of Dettingen, *June* 27.
1745 Battle of Fontenoy, *May* 31.
Charles Edward lands in Scotland.
Battle of Prestonpans, *Sept.* 21.
Charles Edward reaches Derby, *Dec.* 4.
1746 Battle of Falkirk, *Jan.* 23.
Battle of Culloden, *April* 16.
1748 Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.
1751 Clive's surprise of Arcot.
1754 Death of Henry Pelham.
Ministry of Duke of Newcastle.
1755 The Seven Years' War.
Defeat of General Braddock.
1756 Loss of Port Mahon.
Retreat of Admiral Byng.
1757 Convention of Closter-Seven.
Ministry of William Pitt.
Battle of Plassey, *June* 23.
1758 Capture of Louisburg and Cape Breton.
Capture of Fort Duquesne.
1759 Battle of Minden, *Aug.* 1.
Battle of Quiberon Bay, *Nov.* 20.
Capture of Fort Niagara and Ticonderoga.
Wolfe's Victory on Heights of Abraham.
1760 **George the Third,** died 1820.
Battle of Wandewash.
1761 Ministry of Lord Bute.
Brindley's Canal over the Irwell.
1762 Peace of Paris.
1763 *Wedgwood establishes Potteries.*
1764 *Hargreaves invents Spinning-Jenny.*
1765 Stamp Act passed.
Ministry of Lord Rockingham.
Meeting and Protest of American Congress.
Watt invents Steam-Engine.
1766 Repeal of the Stamp Act.
Ministry of Lord Chatham.
1768 Ministry of the Duke of Grafton.
Wilkes expelled from House of Commons.
Arkwright invents Spinning-Machine.
1769 Wilkes three times elected for Middlesex.
House of Commons seats Colonel Luttrell.
Occupation of Boston by British troops.
Letters of Junius.
1770 Ministry of Lord North.
Chatham proposes Parliamentary Reform.
1771 Last attempt to prevent Parliamentary reporting.
Beginning of the great English Journals.
1773 Hastings appointed Governor-General.
Boston tea-ships.
1774 Military occupation of Boston. Port closed.
Massachusetts Charter altered.
Congress assembles at Philadelphia.
1775 Rejection of Chatham's plan of conciliation.
Skirmish at Lexington.
Americans, under Washington, besiege Boston.
Battle of Bunker's Hill.
Southern Colonies expel their Governors.
1776 *Crompton invents the Mule.*
Arnold invades Canada.
Evacuation of Boston.
Declaration of Independence, *July* 4.
Battles of Brooklyn and Trenton.
Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations."
1777 Battle of Brandywine.
Surrender of Saratoga, *Oct.* 13.
Chatham proposes Federal Union.
Washington at Valley Forge.
1778 Alliance of France with United States.
Death of Chatham, *April* 7.
1779 Alliance of Spain with United States.
Siege of Gibraltar.
Armed Neutrality of Northern Powers.
The Irish Volunteers.
1780 Cornwallis captures Charleston.
Descent of Hyder Ali on the Carnatic.
1781 Defeat of Hyder at Porto Novo.
Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.
1782 Ministry of Lord Rockingham.
Victories of Rodney.
Repeal of Poyning's Act.
Pitt's Bill for Parliamentary Reform.
Burke's Bill of Economical Reform.
Shelburne Ministry.
Repulse of Allies from Gibraltar.
Treaties of Paris and Versailles.
1783 Coalition Ministry of Fox and North.
Fox's India Bill.
Ministry of Pitt.
1784 Pitt's India Bill.
Sinking Fund and Excise.
1785 Parliamentary Reform Bill.
Free-trade Bill between England and Ireland.
1786 Trial of Warren Hastings.
1787 Treaty of Commerce with France.
1788 The Regency Bill.
1789 Meeting of States-General at Versailles.
New French Constitution.
Triple Alliance for defence of Turkey.
1790 Quarrel over Nootka Sound.
Pitt defends Poland.
Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution."
1791 Representative Government set up in Canada.
Fox's Libel Act.

1791 *Burke's "Appeal from New to Old Whigs."*
1792 Pitt hinders Holland from joining the Coalition.
France opens the Scheldt.
Pitt's efforts for peace.
The United Irishmen.
1793 France declares War on England.
Part of Whigs join Pitt.
English army lands in Flanders.
1794 English driven from Toulon.
English driven from Holland.
Suspension of Habeas Corpus Act.
Victory of Lord Howe, *June* 21.
1796 Battle of Cape St. Vincent.
Burke's "Letters on a Regicide Peace."
1797 England alone in the War with France.
Battle of Camperdown.
1798 Irish revolt crushed at Vinegar Hill.
Battle of the Nile.
1799 Pitt revives the Coalition against France.
Conquest of Mysore.
1800 Surrender of Malta to English Fleet.
Armed Neutrality of Northern Powers.
Act of Union with Ireland.
1801 George the Third rejects Pitt's plan of Catholic Emancipation.
Administration of Mr. Addington.
Surrender of French army in Egypt.
Battle of Copenhagen.
1802 Peace of Amiens.
Publication of "Edinburgh Review."
1803 Bonaparte declares War.
Battle of Assaye.
Second Ministry of Pitt.
1805 Battle of Trafalgar, *Oct.* 21.
1806 Death of Pitt, *Jan.* 23.
Ministry of Lord Grenville.
Death of Fox.
1807 Orders in Council.
Abolition of Slave-trade.
Ministry of Duke of Portland.
Seizure of Danish fleet.
1808 America passes Non-Intercourse Act.
Battle of Vimeira and Convention of Cintra.
1809 Battle of Corunna, *Jan.* 16.
Wellesley drives Soult from Oporto.
Battle of Talavera, *July* 27.
Expedition against Walcheren.
Ministry of Spencer Perceval.
Revival of Parliamentary Reform.
1810 Battle of Busaco.
Lines of Torres Vedras.
1811 Prince of Wales becomes Regent.
Battle of Fuentes de Onore, *May* 5.
Wellington repulsed from Badajoz and Almeida.
Luddite Riots.
1812 Assassination of Spencer Perceval.
Ministry of Lord Liverpool.
1812 Storm of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz
America declares War against England.
Battle of Salamanca, *July* 22.
Wellington retreats from Burgos.
Victories of American Frigates.
1813 Battle of Vittoria, *June* 21.
Battles of the Pyrenees.
Wellington enters France, *Oct.*
Americans attack Canada.
1814 Battle of Orthez.
Battle of Toulouse, *April* 10.
Battle of Chippewa, *July.*
Raid upon Washington.
British repulsed at Plattsburg and New Orleans.
1815 Battle of Quatre Bras, *June* 16.
Battle of Waterloo, *June* 18.
Treaty of Vienna.
1819 Manchester Massacre.
1820 Cato Street Conspiracy.
George the Fourth, died 1830.
Bill for the Queen's Divorce.
1822 Canning Foreign Minister.
1823 Mr. Huskisson joins the Ministry.
1826 Expedition to Portugal.
Recognition of South American States.
1827 Ministry of Mr. Canning.
Ministry of Lord Goderich.
Battle of Navarino.
1828 Ministry of the Duke of Wellington.
1829 Catholic Emancipation Bill.
1830 **William the Fourth,** died 1837.
Ministry of Lord Grey.
Opening of Liverpool and Manchester Railroad.
1831 Reform Agitation.
1832 Parliamentary Reform Bill passed, *June* 7.
1833 Suppression of Colonial Slavery.
East India trade thrown open.
1834 Ministry of Lord Melbourne.
New Poor Law.
System of National Education begun.
Ministry of Sir Robert Peel.
1835 Ministry of Lord Melbourne replaced.
Municipal Corporation Act.
1836 General Registration Act.
Civil Marriage Act.
1837 **Victoria.**
1839 Committee of Privy Council for Education instituted.
Demands for a People's Charter.
Formation of Anti-Corn-Law League.
Revolt in Canada.
War with China.
Occupation of Cabul.
1840 Quadruple Alliance with France, Portugal, and Spain.
Bombardment of Acre.
1841 Ministry of Sir Robert Peel.
Income Tax revived.
Peace with China.
Massacre of English army in Afghanistan.

1842 Victories of Pollock in Afghanistan.
1845 Battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah.
1846 Battle of Sobraon.
Annexation of Scinde.
Repeal of the Corn-Laws.
1847 Ministry of Lord John Russell.
1848 Suppression of the Chartists and Irish rebels.
Victory of Goojerat.
Annexation of the Punjaub.
1852 Ministry of Lord Derby.
1853 Ministry of Lord Aberdeen.
1854 Alliance with France against Russia.
Siege of Sebastopol.
Battle of Inkermann, *Nov.* 5.
1855 Ministry of Lord Palmerston.
Capture of Sebastopol.
1856 Peace of Paris with Russia.
1857 Sepoy Mutiny in Bengal.
1858 Sovereignty of India transferred to the Crown.
Volunteer movement.
Second Ministry of Lord Derby.
1859 Second Ministry of Lord Palmerston.
1865 Ministry of Lord Russell.
1866 Third Ministry of Lord Derby.
1867 Parliamentary Reform Bill.
Ministry of Mr. Disraeli.
1868 Ministry of Mr. Gladstone.
Abolition of compulsory Church Rates.
1869 Disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in Ireland.
1870 Irish Land Bill.
Education Bill.
1871 Abolition of Religious Tests in Universities.
Army Bill.
Ballot Bill.
1874 Second Ministry of Mr. Disraeli.
1877 The Russo-Turkish War.
1878 Treaty of Berlin.
1879 War with Afghanistan.
1880 Second Ministry of Mr. Gladstone.
1881 Irish Land Act.
1882 Bombardment of Alexandria.
1884 War in the Soudan.
1885 Ministry of the Marquis of Salisbury.
Third Parliamentary Reform Bill.
General Election.

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BEFORE THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

	Beginning of Reign.
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Ethelwolf	836
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Edward the Elder	901
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Edmund I.	941
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Edward III. (the Confessor),	1042
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AFTER THE CONQUEST.

NORMANS.	
William I.	1066
William II.	1087
Henry I.	1100
Stephen	1135
PLANTAGENETS.	
Henry II.	1154
Richard I.	1189
John	1199
Henry III.	1216
Edward I.	1272
Edward II.	1307
Edward III.	1327
Richard II.	1377
HOUSE OF LANCASTER.	
Henry IV.	1399
Henry V.	1413
Henry VI.	1422
HOUSE OF YORK.	
Edward IV.	1461
Edward V.	1483
Richard III.	1483
HOUSE OF TUDOR.	
Henry VII.	1485
Henry VIII.	1509
Edward VI.	1547
Mary I.	1553
Elizabeth	1558
HOUSE OF STUART.	
James I.	1603
Charles I.	1625
Oliver Cromwell, Protector,	1653
Richard Cromwell, Protector,	1658
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Charles II.	1660
James II.	1685
William III. and Mary II.	1689
Anne	1702
HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.	
George I.	1714
George II.	1727
George III.	1760
George IV.	1820
William IV.	1830
Victoria	1837

FIRST LORDS OF THE TREASURY AND PRIME MINISTERS OF ENGLAND.

	Appointed.
Robert Walpole	Oct. 10, 1714
James Stanhope	April 10, 1717
Earl of Sunderland	Mar. 16, 1718
Sir Robert Walpole	April 20, 1720
Earl of Wilmington	Feb. 11, 1742
Henry Pelham	July 26, 1743
Duke of Newcastle	April 21, 1754
Earl of Bute	May 29, 1762
George Grenville	April 16, 1763
Marquis of Rockingham	July 12, 1765
Duke of Grafton	Aug. 2, 1766
Lord North	Jan. 28, 1770
Marquis of Rockingham	Mar. 30, 1782
Earl of Shelburne	July 3, 1782
Duke of Portland	April 5, 1783
William Pitt	Dec. 27, 1783
Henry Addington	Mar. 7, 1801
William Pitt	May 12, 1804
Lord Grenville	Jan. 8, 1806
Duke of Portland	Mar. 13, 1807
Spencer Perceval	June 23, 1810
Earl of Liverpool	June 8, 1812
George Canning	April 11, 1827
Viscount Goderich	Aug. 10, 1827
Duke of Wellington	Jan. 11, 1828
Earl Grey	Nov. 12, 1830
Viscount Melbourne	July 14, 1834
Sir Robert Peel	Dec. 10, 1834
Viscount Melbourne	April 18, 1835
Sir Robert Peel	Sept. 1, 1841
Lord John Russell	July 3, 1846
Earl of Derby	Feb. 27, 1852
Earl of Aberdeen	Dec. 28, 1852
Viscount Palmerston	Feb. 8, 1855
Earl of Derby	Feb. 26, 1858
Viscount Palmerston	June 18, 1859
Earl Russell	Nov. 6, 1865
Earl of Derby	July 6, 1866
Benjamin Disraeli	Feb. 27, 1868
William Ewart Gladstone	Dec. 9, 1868
Benjamin Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield)	Feb. 21, 1874
William Ewart Gladstone	April 28, 1880
Marquis of Salisbury	June 23, 1885

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